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THE

NOVEMBER 1971

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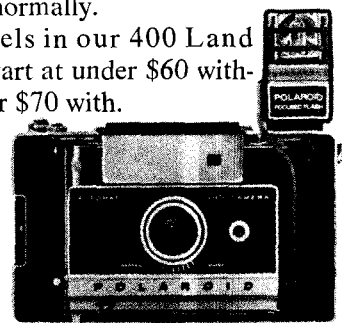


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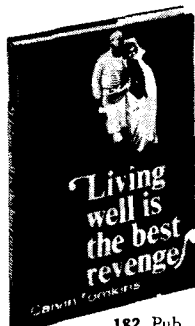
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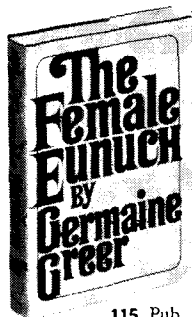


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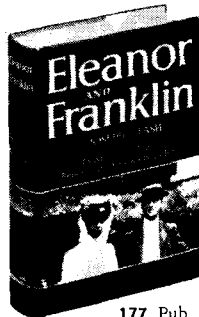
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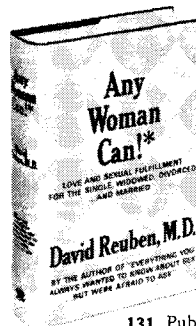
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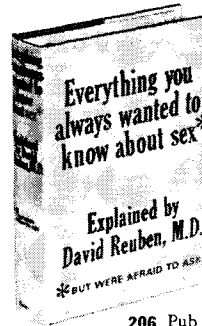
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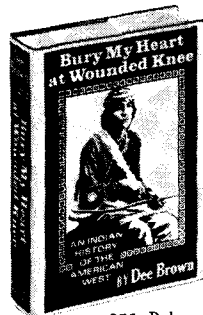
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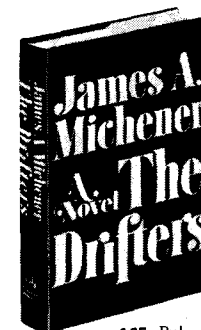
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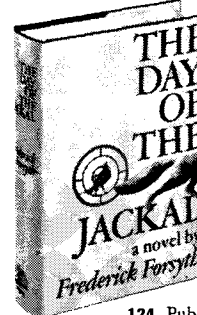
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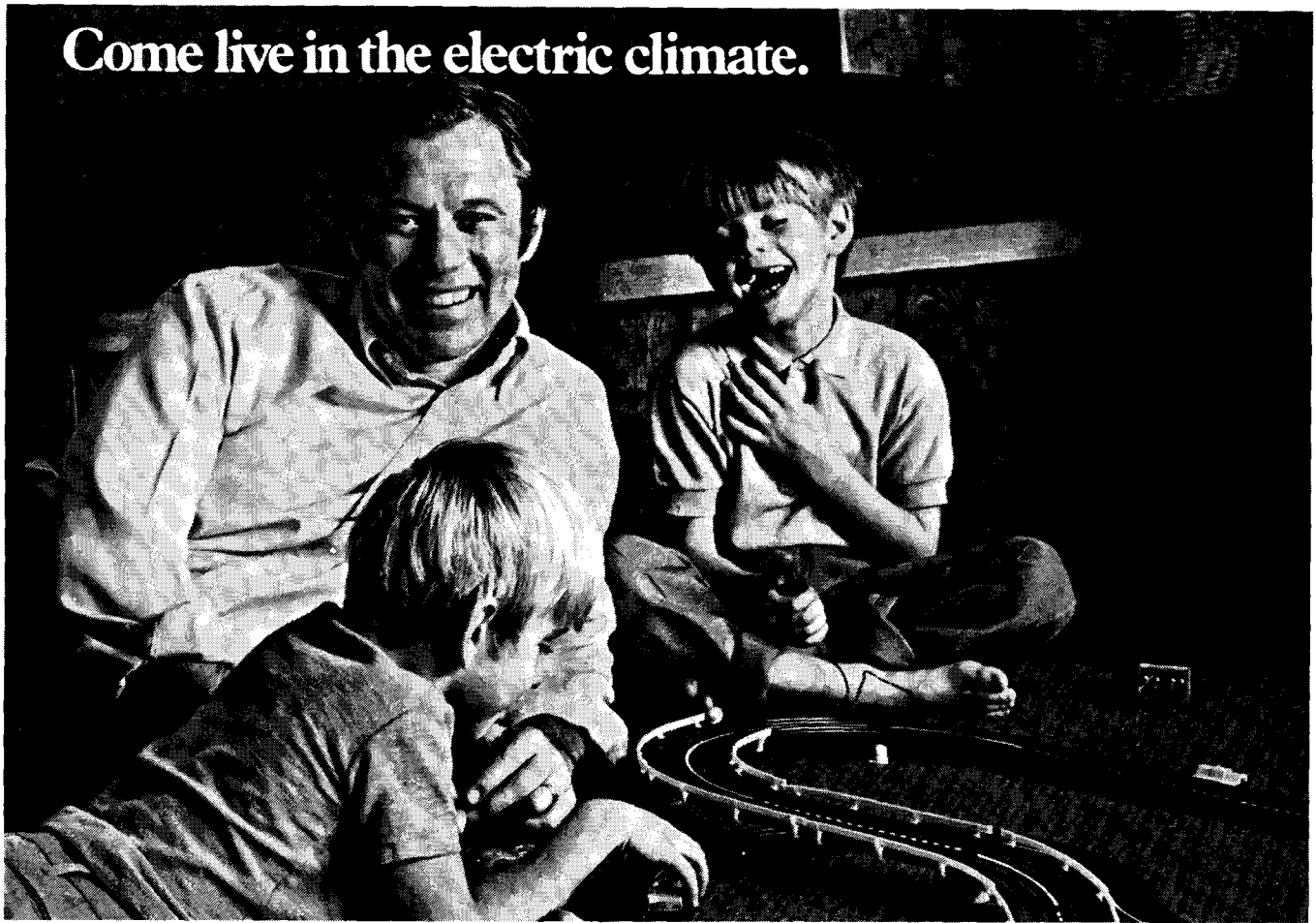
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

What is going on in China? As this issue goes to press, the speculators in newspaper offices, the tarot-card readers in Hong Kong and in foreign ministries are puzzling over mysterious signs that something special is occurring in the country whose doors have been closed to the West for nearly a quarter century. By the time you read this, we may have the answer: the death of Mao Tse-tung? a convulsion within the Communist government? revolt in a Chinese province? or perhaps just another of those flurries of insubstantial certitude that result when blind men lay hands on an elephant?

Fortunately, with the gradual reopening of the China mainland to journalists from America, we may begin to assemble a realistic sense of what has happened to China under some twenty years of Communist control and what life is like for the 800 million people of China. Beginning on page 90, Contributing Editor Ross Terrill tells firsthand of the people, the sights and sounds, the activities, the interviews (with officials, workers, and scholars) he experienced in a six-week, 7000-mile tour of China as *The Atlantic's* correspondent. Unlike most of the handful of journalists who have visited China since the Ping-Pong thaw, Professor Terrill went with the background of a China scholar as well as a journalist, a knowledge of the Chinese language, and the opportunity to contrast the China of 1971 with the China he saw during a substantial visit in 1964, before the Cultural Revolution. His article on life in China today will be followed soon by a second, reporting his meeting

with Chou En-lai and other Chinese leaders and their view of the world and of their country's future.

* * *

To the surprise of no one in this shop, reactions to Professor Richard Herrnstein's article on I.Q. (September) are, to use an old sportswriter's favorite phrase about a prizefighter, pounding in like the surf. They take the form of dozens of newsclippings, scores of letters, and to date, one strident but orderly protest demonstration on the sidewalk before this ordinarily tranquil brownstone in Boston. Some applaud or approve, some smolder with disagreement, some suggest that suppression of the article or a good old-fashioned book-burning ceremony would have been preferable to publishing it. A representative condensation of the responses will appear in the December issue.

* * *

This marks an anniversary, the 114th for *The Atlantic Monthly*, and we fondle with affection the yellowed pages of Vol. 1, November, 1857, No. 1, whose contents include, among other features, an appreciation of the British wit and editor Douglas Jerrold; the first of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" offerings; an article on Florentine mosaics; a primer on money. Those were quieter days—but not for long. Not for long.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

CYPRUS

There is a joke in Cyprus that if the island's Greeks would return to Greece, and its Turks to Turkey, and then if the Israelis were resettled on Cyprus, the whole Middle East problem would be solved. Aside from the fact that this would cause serious unemployment at the U.S. State Department, the joke has a point. It is hard to see what else would solve the situation, and that is the beginning of understanding of the Cyprus problem, and of the Middle East.

The Cyprus problem, like that of the Middle East, is always there. From time to time, it shifts into the category of "crisis." In the past few months, there were all the indicia that it had done so. The regional correspondents of various newspapers and newsmagazines had come through and written stories saying, "Cyprus Coming to the Boil Again," and so on. There was a rise in the number of dangerous incidents between the Greek and Turkish communities on the febrile island. Archbishop Makarios, Cyprus' president, was issuing Delphic statements and taking conspicuous trips outside Cyprus. Diplomats in Nicosia, Athens, Ankara, and Washington were tense.

It is Cyprus' misfortune, as it has been throughout history, that its location in the Eastern Mediterranean has made its fate subject to the maritime exigencies of greater powers. The Americans, the Russians, the British, the Greeks, and the Turks are successors to the Romans, the Venetians, the Egyptians, the Phoenicians, and others in their concern with the question of who controls the island and the access to its ports. The difficulties between the island's Greeks and Turks would amount to a mere

bedroom quarrel were Cyprus somewhere else.

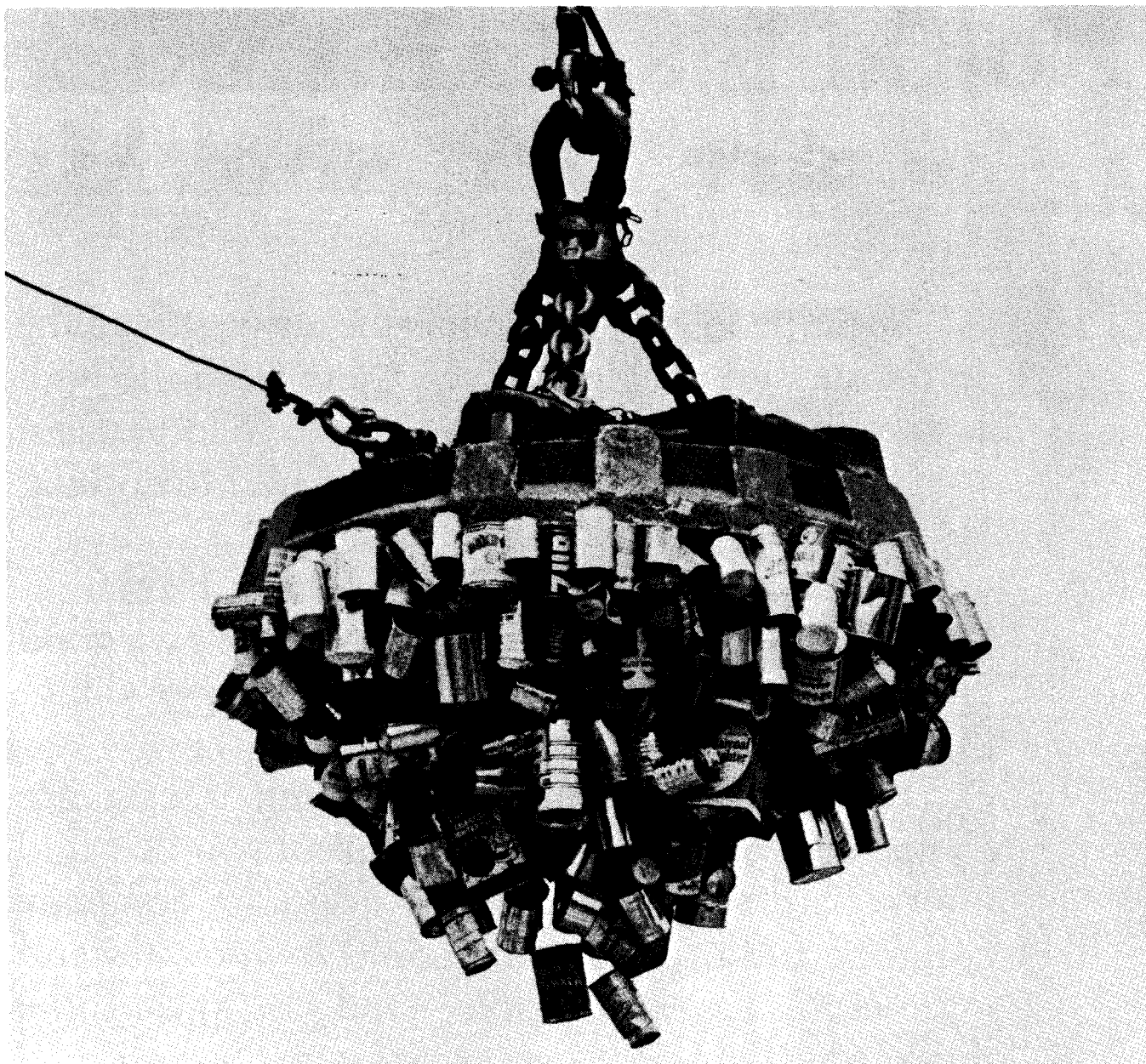
The formal issues between the two communities stem from the terms on which Great Britain gave Cyprus its independence in 1960. The Turks, with only 18 percent of the island's population, were given special constitutional protections which amounted to an effective veto power over the workings of the government. Greece, Turkey, and Great Britain were given unilateral rights to intervene to maintain the *status quo*. This blocked union with Greece, called *enosis*, which most of the island's Greeks are believed to have preferred. The Turkish Cypriots object to *enosis* because of the minority status it would consign them to within a greater Greece. Their position is backed by Turkey, which, beyond having brotherly feelings toward the Turkish Cypriots, does not, for reasons of its own, want Cyprus to become a Greek island. Turkey, only forty miles away—on a clear day its mountains can be seen from the north coast of Cyprus—is thus in a position to prevent *enosis*.

The right of intervention was an anachronism reminiscent of the nineteenth-century Treaty Port diplomacy in China, and in the long run perhaps as vulnerable. As for the domestic arrangement, the Greeks claimed that the Turks were being obstructive and the Turks that they were being discriminated against, and both were right. In 1963, Makarios declared the arrangement unworkable. There ensued five years of hostilities between the two communities. Twice Turkey threatened to intervene, and both times it was stayed by the United States, its NATO ally. Both sides were persuaded to appoint a negotiator to try to work out their disagreements, and there was a period of

relative calm until this past summer, when it appeared that the talks were breaking down. In September, General George Grivas, a strong *enosis* opponent of Makarios, slipped back into Cyprus from Greece, to which he had been expelled for his part in the bloodshed of the sixties.

"The troubles," as Cypriots, like the Irish, refer to the violence of the sixties, left scars on the island, and it is difficult to see how any amount of talk, internal or international, could erase them. Most of the Turks withdrew into enclaves from which they bar Greeks and which they defend with their own armed force, and they set up a separate administration for these areas. The various Greek and Turkish sectors of the island are marked by armed Greek sentries in blue-and-white-striped boxes, or armed Turkish sentries in matching red-and-white-striped boxes. It would seem to be a game of toy soldiers but for the bloody background. It is another of those surface absurdities of the Mediterranean—like the obstacles to entering Arab countries if one's passport has been defiled by an Israeli stamp—with tragic underpinnings. It especially galls the Greeks that the Turks control one of the main roads, between Nicosia and Kyrenia on the north coast, forcing Greeks to drive the long way around, taking twice as long, or to travel the main road in a slow convoy conducted twice a day by the United Nations.

Along the Turkish-controlled road are signs which read: "Welcome to the Free Turkish Territories"; "There are Two National Communities in Cyprus: Greeks and Turks"; "Visit the Barbaric Museum in the Turkish Quarter of Nicosia." Where the road reaches Nicosia, the juncture is nar-



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CYPRUS

rowed by oil drums and sandbags, so that the identity of passers-through can be checked. The telephone-telegraph building in the nearby Greek sector is surrounded by sandbags; on its roof is a UN patrol. In the Greek quarters, ΕΝΟΣΙΣ is in fresh paint on the walls. In one Greek Cypriot army encampment there were banners which read: “Greece for the Greeks and Christians”; “Long Live April 21” (the day the colonels took over the Greek government in 1967).

In 1964 a British General drew a green line on a map to mark off the Greek and Turkish sectors of Nicosia, and now the area of demarcation is known as “the Green Line.” It is marked not by any line but by oil drums, burned-out trucks, and barbed wire. But the other sides of human nature persist. “The troubles” resulted not only in a division of people but also in an apartheid of soft-drink concessions. In the Greek sector there are Coca-Cola and 7-Up; in the Turkish there are Bel Cola, which tastes like a cross between Coke and Pepsi, and Bubble Up, which tastes like Sprite. On Easter and Bairam, a Muslim holiday, Greeks and Turks meet at the barricades and exchange soft drinks.

It takes very little traveling about Cyprus to see that the Turks are demonstrably worse off than the Greeks, their villages or quarters of the larger cities poorer, drabber, more lifeless. “They brought it on themselves,” said one Greek Cypriot, reflecting the general Greek view. “Their leaders have closed them off to bring pressure on us. They can come into the Greek sectors. They could enter into the life and economy anytime they choose.” Greek Cypriots also offer explanations for the state of the Turks that are not unfamiliar to American ears: “They” live differently; “they are more squalid”; “they” don’t care as much about educating their children.

When the Turks withdrew into their enclaves in the sixties, the Greeks cut off their power and access to building materials and in other ways made their existence more difficult. Rauf Denkash, a lawyer who is the leader of and negotiator for the Turkish Cypriots, argues that even before the enclaves were set up,



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CYPRUS

Turkish areas were given second-class treatment. The Turkish reaction to the pressure was—as is often the case—tight discipline and determination not to capitulate. Now the Turks are loath to give up diplomatically what they struggled to maintain. Thus the intercommunal talks have foundered over the issues on which they began: how much power and autonomy the Turkish minority should have.

Yet the longer the situation continues as it is, the worse the condition of the Turkish Cypriot community becomes. Turkey, which sends an annual subsidy of about \$25 million to the island Turks, is pressing for a solution. Many of the brightest young Turkish Cypriots give up and go to the Turkish mainland. There is no tourism—a major source of Cyprus' income—in the Turkish sectors, and virtually no way for a Turk to participate in Cyprus' current development. And the gulf between the communities deepens. "When I was a young boy," said Denktash, "I had Greek friends and contacts. I went to a mixed school. We knew the language, and we could get on in the market. When the struggles started, my eldest boy was twelve; he's now twenty. The youngest boy was four; he's now twelve. All this generation has not had contact at all, except hearing 'the Greeks have killed,' 'the damned Greeks,' and so on."

Peacekeeping

In addition to the Greek-Cypriot and Turkish-Cypriot standing armies, each roughly 10,000 strong, there are private armies, guns, and guns for hire all over the island. That the two sides have not been at each other's throats more often of late is due both to the fact that their leaders have been discouraging conflict and to the presence of the United Nations peacekeeping force. There are about 3100 in the United Nations force in Cyprus, about 200 of them civilian policemen. The civilian police come from Australia, Austria, and Denmark; the soldiers are professionals from England, Canada, and Ireland, and a large number of mercenaries from Scandinavia. The six-month tours are not bad work, the pay is

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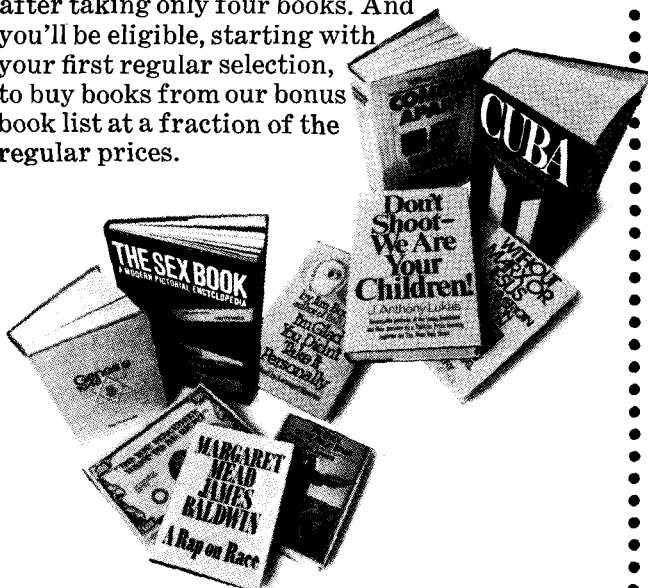
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pretty good, and there are Cyprus' lovely beaches and cool mountains, its inexpensive cafés and plentiful wine. The force tries to keep the peace by preventing minor incidents from mushrooming into major ones. Its men are spread throughout the island, getting to know what is going on in each village, befriending its *mukhtar* (leader), dealing with arguments between Greeks and Turks over everything from the theft of a sheep or diversion of water to murder. Its presence permits both sides to save face; their leaders can explain to more hotheaded constituents that they would have done this or that but for the interference of the UN.

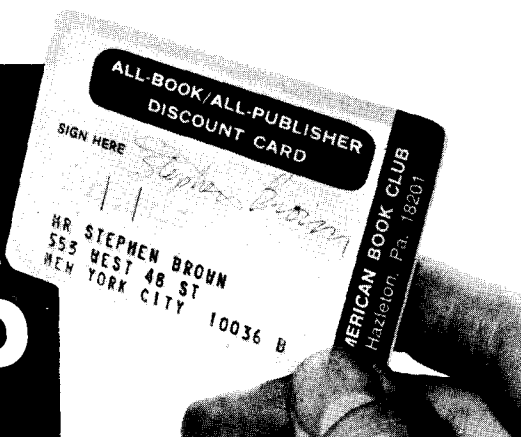
During this past summer, the number of incidents which came across the UN blotter was about double what it had been in similar periods. In one of the worst incidents, a busload of Turks in uniform, one of them carrying a gun, was intercepted and detained in a Greek village. Turks in the surrounding area thereupon went out onto one of the main highways and took Greek hostages. The scene, as an exhausted and still shaken UN officer described it the following day, was one of hysteria, "Hogarthian." The UN men went back and forth to the various villages, into the screaming mobs, spending several hours straightening out the mess, which, after several hours, they did. American representatives in Nicosia, Athens, and Ankara followed the incident closely and urgently discussed it with the three governments. Such are the wide ripples from a domestic quarrel in Cyprus.

One is constantly reminded that the assignment of the UN force is one of peacekeeping, not peacemaking. There have been UN political representatives on the island, but they have been no more successful than anyone else at "solving" the Cyprus problem. All manner of proposals have been drawn up for what ought to be, but they are consistently sunk by what is. And even the peacekeeping capacities are limited. What, I asked a UN officer, did the UN do in 1967, when the fighting was bad and Turkey was threatening to intervene? "We pulled in our heads," he replied. And what would they do if fighting broke out again? "We would

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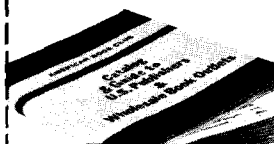
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CYPRUS

pull in our heads again," he said. "If the two sides want to have at each other, they'll have at each other."

Like the intercommunal talks and the patience of either side, the UN presence is another factor of questionable durability. The operation is already \$25 million in debt, and the troop-contributing countries are growing weary. The roseate notion of an international peacekeeping force collides with practicalities. There are in fact few countries which can be called upon to contribute. The United States considers itself too large, too visible, and too controversial to take part in such peacekeeping forces. (But the United States, interested as it is in the stability of Cyprus, does pay 40 percent of the bill.) Some, like Russia and France, refuse to get involved. There is an unspoken color bar on Cyprus, and the Archbishop will not admit black troops. The UN's current mandate, periodically renewed for six-month terms, runs out in December; no one is sure what will happen next. There is talk of a reduced observer force, which no one thinks will work as well.

After *Bitter Lemons*

To talk of Cyprus in terms of freighty international questions, however, is to miss the feel of the place. One soon grows as accustomed to the sentry boxes as if they were traffic lights; and away from the officials and their fretful talk, it is easy to forget that this is a "crisis spot." The tourists, most of them British, still arrive in large numbers, stopping at the sprawling, yellowing Dome Hotel in Kyrenia, with its overstuffed velour chairs protected by antimacassars, or in Famagusta on the eastern shore, with its astonishing Miami Beach-like row of high-rise hotels. Cyprus is in one part of the Mediterranean that is not yet polluted. In Karavas, a small mountain village, the Miss Lemons contest proceeds, and in Famagusta, where Othello's tower is reputed to be, someone has opened Othello's Self-Drive Cars right next to Smokey Joe's Restaurant.

In the peaceful village of Bellapais, in the mountains behind the north Kyrenia coast, the only reminder of outside crisis is the nocturnal

drunken singing of three Greek soldiers who, at a camp further up the hill, "guard" the village. By 9:30 each evening all is still, even the soldiers, except for the sounds of donkeys and roosters and water rushing down the irrigation channel. Bellapais was the setting of Lawrence Durrell's book *Bitter Lemons*, and it has not entirely escaped either fame from the book or the booms in tourism and land speculation that are threatening to ruin much of Cyprus' beauty.

Durrell lived in the village and described its people, its ways, and its café in the village square just across from the ruins of a great French abbey. The café, where the men of the village gather to drink, smoke, talk, play backgammon, or do nothing, is Dimitri's, and the large tree outside under which the men sit has been called by the villagers and Durrell the "tree of idleness." Now, inevitably, there is a brassy new establishment in the square called the Tree of Idleness Café, catering to tourists, young UN soldiers in their powder-blue berets, an occasional American congressman on an inspection tour of something or other, and even some Cypriots who come up the hills from Kyrenia for lunch or dinner. The souvenir shop next door sells three hundred copies of *Bitter Lemons* a year.

Dimitri's remains the social center for the village men, many of them aging shepherds. In the afternoon, they string their chairs across the square to catch the late sun, and watch impassively as the cars and tourist buses nearly collide at the blind intersection of the steep road from Kyrenia and the village. Dimitri's is to be torn down to make room for the buses.

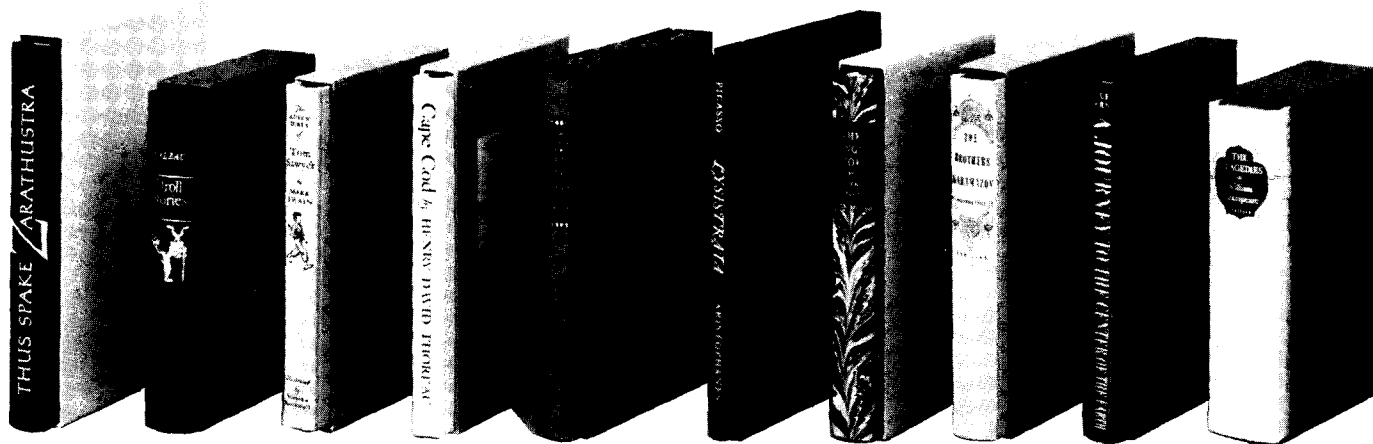
But the extraordinary Cypriot hospitality has not changed, nor has the readiness to go to great lengths to help. It is difficult to conduct any transaction—hire a car, book a telephone call in one of the cafés, buy groceries—without being proffered coffee, lemonade, wine, cigarettes. Messages are delivered by a runner who comes up the steep donkey path from the new café, or placed on the dashboard of one's car, which has somehow been found at the Kyrenia Harbor. When I wanted a birthday cake on a Sunday for my hostess in Bellapais, Anthemos, the village grocer, arranged to open his shop, and since he did not deal in cakes, to get one from Kyrenia and have it delivered to the

house at the appointed time. Anthemos and I discussed the project over thick, sweet Cypriot wine, which he poured from a cask in his shop. John and Vivian Guthrie, both retired Scottish doctors, came to the village in 1951 and bought their house for £200. (They preceded Durrell, who does not mention them, perhaps because it would have detracted from the inference one takes from *Bitter Lemons* that he was the first outsider to settle in the village.) One of the memorable days in village history is the one when they all came out to carry John Guthrie's grand piano up the donkey path.

It is when one deals with up-to-date matters that Cyprus is just like home. Its brand-new direct-dial system yielded a perpetual busy signal. In booking airline tickets, Cypriots can create nightmares rivaling those anywhere else in the world.

Whether the villagers of Bellapais know it or not, or so wish it, no fewer than five nations, each with its own interests, are concerned with their island's future. In both Greece and Turkey, Cyprus has long been an emotional, important political issue. But both governments are currently disinclined to get dragged into a war over it by their island clients, and both, being military dictatorships, are in a position to overlook public opinion. They are concerned with preventing NATO, in which they are both members, from falling apart over Cyprus, and with standing together in the face of the increased Soviet presence in the Mediterranean area. This is, of course, what American officials very much like to hear.

The American government cares about Cyprus to the extent that it is a factor in the endurance of NATO and the Mediterranean Sixth Fleet, both of which have fallen on hard times. Greece is the only country in the Eastern Mediterranean where the Sixth Fleet may count on landing. Theoretically it can land in Turkey, but demonstrations against the large American military presence there have been of a magnitude that not even the military government can ignore. The new government of Malta has invited the NATO headquarters out, and before that the Libyan government asked NATO to depart from the Wheelus air base there. "The trend in the area," said an American official, "is not in the direction of NATO."



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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
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CYPRUS

The Soviet fleet is all about, and now the Russians have bases in Egypt. For the American government, this makes hanging on to whatever allies and access it maintains in the area a matter of the greatest urgency. In this context, Britain's maintenance of its naval bases on the ninety-nine square miles of Cypriot soil it reserved for itself at independence is to the United States, as it is to Great Britain, of paramount importance. While the bases are not, strictly speaking, part of NATO, they are in effect a NATO surrogate.

Beyond all this are some of the other accouterments of power that define our diplomacy. The United States maintains a radio station on Cyprus which relays messages to the State Department from its diplomatic representatives throughout the Middle East. It also maintains there something called the Foreign Broadcast Information Service, which monitors daily radio reports in the Middle East and forwards them to Washington. Whether or not these arrangements are very important, the point is that American officials have come to think that they are, and policy positions flow from that. It has been the same with the regional CIA listening post in Greece as it was with the Peshawar communications facility in Pakistan, from which the U-2's used to take off. When, as in the cases of Peshawar and Wheelus, the host country asks us to leave despite our efforts to please, American officials discover that our republic survives. But until such realities have to be faced, the diplomatic preference is for the *status quo*, and that is what the United States seeks in Cyprus.

Thus it has been anxiously following the intercommunal talks within Cyprus and encouraging the Athens and Ankara governments in their efforts to pressure the Cypriots to come to an agreement. This in turn affects our relations with those governments. The American government has been grateful to the Greek military regime for its restraint in the face of the Turkish threat in 1967. For the Greek government, the motivation was not just global statesmanship but also the knowledge that if it did enter into a war with Turkey, which has a four-to-one edge in strength, it would get

clobbered. Andreas Papandreou's failure to see Cyprus our way (he was closely allied with Makarios) and his lack of enthusiasm about NATO were among the reasons why Washington was so dry-eyed when the colonels seized power to prevent his election in 1967.

In June, with the Greek and Turkish governments—with the clear approval of the United States—pressing for some solution on Cyprus and threatening to impose one themselves, Makarios went to Moscow. He returned with a communiqué stating that the Soviet Union would "actively oppose" any solution of the Cyprus problem that was not acceptable to the Cypriot people.

The Archbishop

It was a characteristic stroke. Through a sense of theater, judicious travels, and a capacity to fend off solutions to his famous crisis, Makarios has managed to keep himself at center stage. The leader of an island with a population of only 600,000, he is one of the world's important people and dean of the nonaligned leaders, the rest of the crowd having died or been deposed. He is said to have been responsible for the downfall of more than one Greek government.

An interview with Makarios is a rather unusual procedure. First, I was asked to submit the questions in advance. Then, while I was waiting at the palace for the interview, the representative from the Public Information Office remarked that His Beatitude would present me with written responses. That raised some question as to what the "interview" would be about, but I was told that His Beatitude would elaborate on the answers.

Makarios, as it turns out, is, in an interview at least, a relaxed man with a frequent deep, chesty laugh. At one point, I referred to one of the questions I had submitted. "You will find," the Archbishop replied, breaking into the laugh, "that my answer isn't very informative." This could be said of a number of his responses, but the result of the interview was at least a good view of the games the Archbishop is playing.

"I cannot say," he said, for example, "that I am happy with a long-range British retention of those bases"—a statement likely, as intended, to send a chill through Whitehall and Foggy Bottom. "I do



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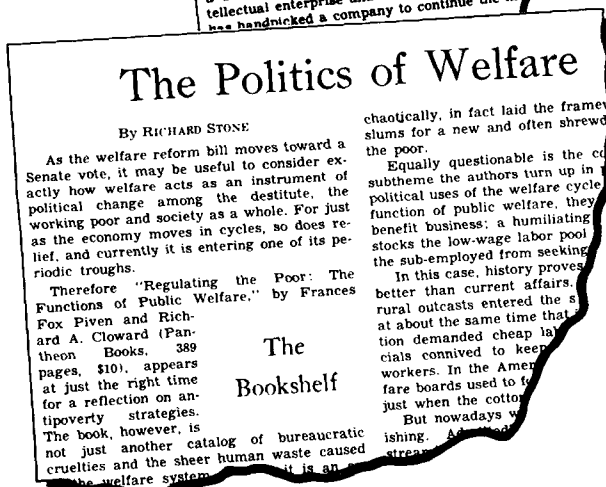
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CYPRUS

not think," he replied to a question about the Soviet communiqué, "that I should try to define the way in which the active opposition of the Soviet Union would be manifested in the event of outside attempts for imposing a solution on Cyprus. As to the implications of the Soviet presence in the area, I could only say that the situation in this region is not anymore the same as it was in the past, and whatever therefore happens may have wider repercussions. I did not ask the Soviet government which way they would react. So you can give your own interpretation."

Makarios' relations with the current Greek government have been, at best, strained, and his invitation to the Russians to get into the Cyprus problem was no doubt the cause of near apoplexy on the part of the colonels. (Nor could the Americans be said to have been pleased.) "The Greek government," the Archbishop said, "would like me to make some more concessions in which I do not agree." In what ways, I asked, could they bring pressure? "They can't pressure me," said the Archbishop. He laughed very hard at that.

Makarios made his own contribution to the tensions of the past summer by raising once more the prospect of *enosis*, the one thing that most sets the Turkish community on edge. While many Greek Cypriot leaders concede that *enosis* is not feasible in the foreseeable future, and some even say this out loud, none dare forswear it, as the Turkish Cypriots demand. He would not rule out *enosis*, even if to do so would remove a major obstacle to peace on the island, said Makarios in the interview, "because I don't want to insult the national aspiration of the people."

Whether *enosis* is Makarios' aspiration is another question. If Cyprus were Crete, Makarios would be a mere provincial church leader. There is every indication that the current situation, crisis and all, suits his interests. "In my personal view," he said, "the current situation will continue for a long time. It will be the permanent solution of the Cyprus problem on a temporary basis."

So the question is how long the Archbishop's juggling act will—or will be allowed to—go on. He was very

nearly assassinated last year, and with enemies like his, and a place like Cyprus, his safety is not at all to be taken for granted. (The exact motivating force of his almost-assassin is not clear. It is widely believed on the island that the Greek government was involved, but this has never been proved.) The Turkish Cypriots are known to be considering maneuvers to fix a line of demarcation that would establish, *de facto*, the northeast corner of the island as their own, and the Turkish government is known to have contingency plans to provide air cover. The United Nations forces have prepared for the event, not to prevent it but to minimize the bloodshed. It is a reasonable speculation that such a partition solution would not be all that displeasing to either the Greek or American government, if it were not too messy. But such affairs usually are messy—as in Palestine and the Indian subcontinent. About 50,000 Greek and 50,000 Turkish Cypriots (including the Greek villagers of Bellapais) would be caught on the wrong side of the line.

Moreover, Russia has a stake in the current disorder and would like eventually to dislodge NATO's friends from their moorings on Cyprus. The Cypriot Communist Party won 40 percent of the vote in last year's parliamentary election, so the Soviet Union has reason to play for time. She would not like partition, and if it were tried, her fleet might show up. The alternative to flexibility on the part of the Archbishop or partition is Turkey's abandonment of its clients, but that could mean relinquishing its hold on strategic territory forty miles away.

The Mediterranean struggles over turf will go on, as they always have. Americans learn with difficulty that they can't solve problems, but they are no more likely to freeze into place and time a solution for Cyprus than they are for the rest of the Middle East. The history of the area will not stand still, and its conflicting interests and hatreds are deeper than anything else in our experience—as yet. This is something the Mediterranean mind understands; Mediterraneans are often amused by our earnest meddling. To the Mediterranean, for whom the medieval period is relatively recent history, we were born yesterday. "There is nothing new in the Cyprus

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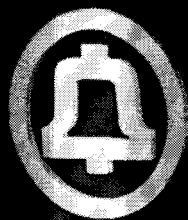
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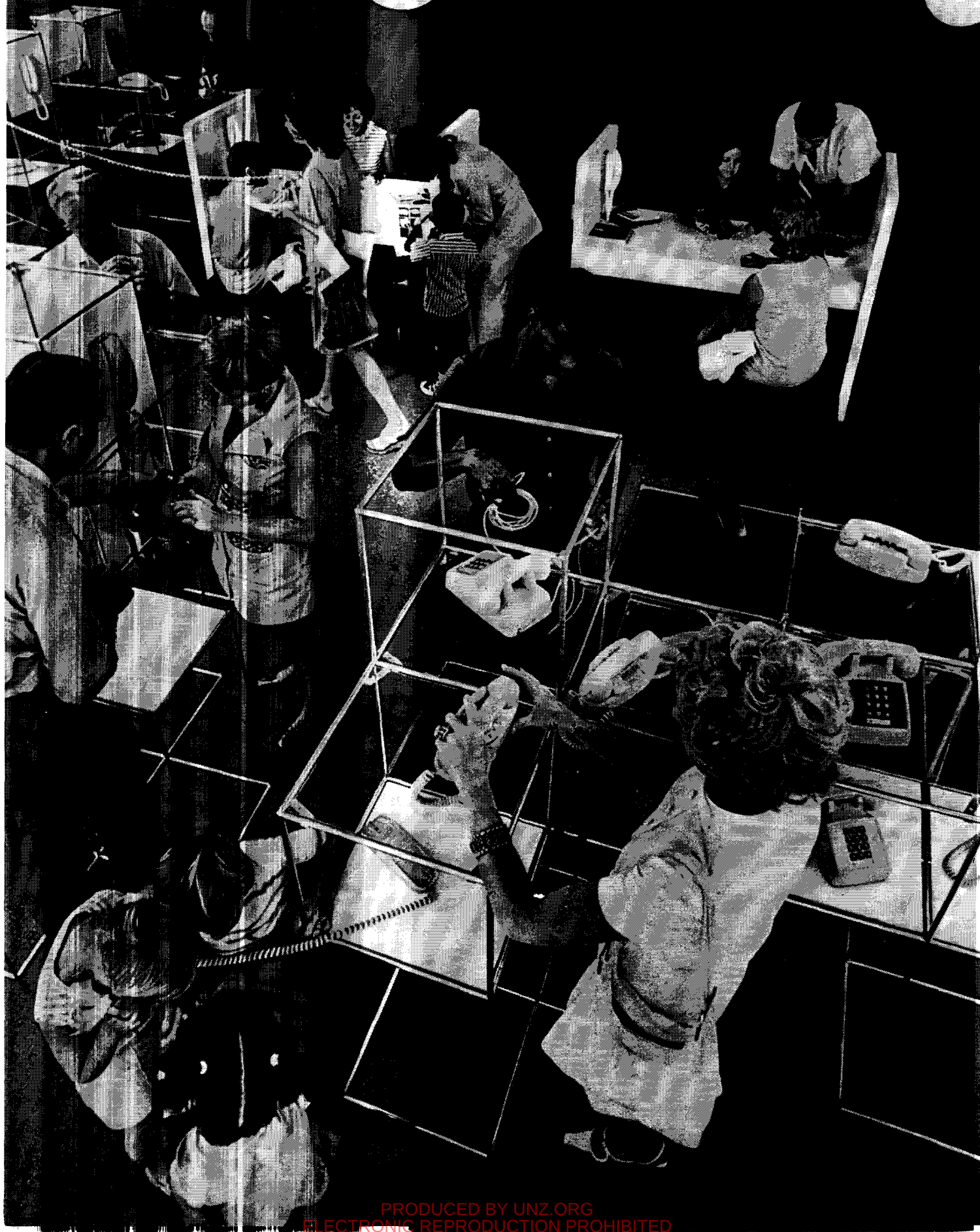
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Make a quick call to the PhoneCenter to verify that everything's working, and your new phone's ready to use.

Because the jacks are already in place, you can go back to the PhoneCenter for an extension phone any time you want one.

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problem," said one Greek Cypriot. "The Russians are now fulfilling a Czarist dream," said another over dinner. "They are here, and there is nothing you can do about it. You Americans have no sense of history. These things in the Mediterranean have been recurring and will keep recurring. You persist in thinking you can fix everything, and you can't. Have some more wine."

—ELIZABETH DREW

MEMPHIS

Two bullet holes marring a slab of glass outside the room where Martin Luther King was murdered are not associated with that event. "You know how those things happen," said the brother of the manager of the Lorraine Motel, lately down from Detroit, as he unlocked the door to the shrine hung with a heart-shaped arrangement of yellow plastic flowers. The marble plaque in the window bears the quotation from Genesis: "They said to one another, behold, here cometh the dreamer. . . . Let us slay him . . . and we shall see what shall become of his dreams." Inside, preserved under glass, are the dishes from which King ate his last meal (including salt and pepper shakers), the bedspread in which he was wrapped before being taken to the hospital, amateur photographs of King lounging on a bed in his shirt sleeves. The room also contains a donation box, the library belonging to the motel's late owner—Lorraine Bailey, who died of a heart attack the day of King's funeral—and two pairs of her shoes encrusted with rhinestones. An altar in the alcove supports a purple cross, dusty plastic lilies, the Home Bible for Family Reading open to the Prophets.

A few blocks to the north stretch the remains of Beale Street. The old First Baptist Church dominates a razed plain east of Hernando Street that a year ago was crowded with ramshackle houses sporting elaborate unpainted latticework, and was full, on weekends, of the smell of ribs or blue cat cooking over wood fires. The corner of Beale and Main Streets is claimed by the new building, housing the city's light, gas, and water department, that squats in the midst of geometric landscaping unconducive to loitering, though the loiterers have all

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

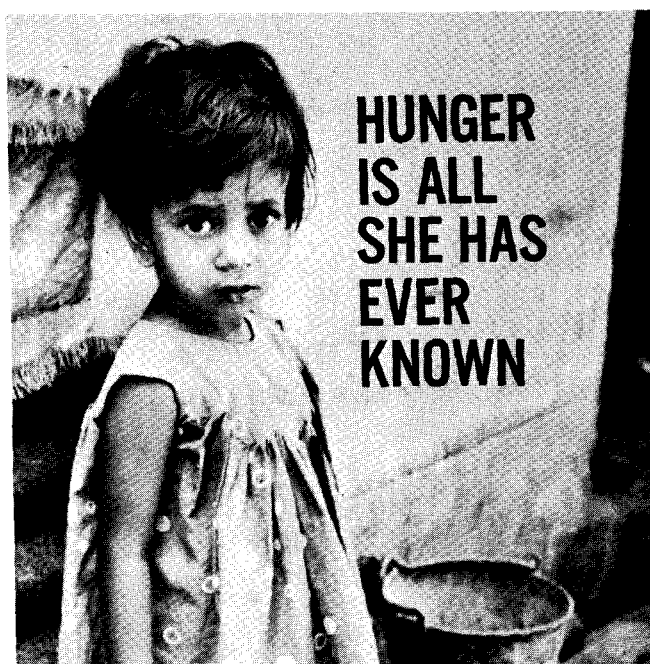
Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each home is required to submit an annual audited statement.



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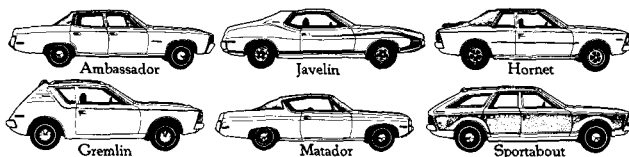
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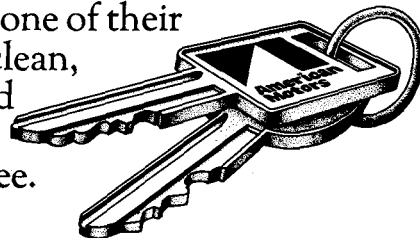


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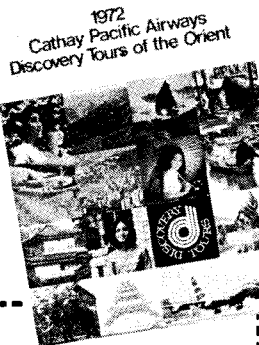
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MEMPHIS

moved on; the restaurants—Red Johnny's, the Green Castle—and the Elks and Victory Clubs have all gone with them. Lanski Brothers prospers (Elvis still drops by to pick up a tapered shirt or an ensemble in crushed velvet, according to Bud), but the faces lurking in the pawnshops look particularly haggard. Saplings planted in Handy Park shade the bronze statue of W. C. himself clutching his trumpet; occasionally a youngblood preacher in a black suit and a high starched collar will show up on Saturday afternoon to harangue the few remaining citizens with fierce Old Testament logic.

Both sides of Beale between Second and Fourth Streets have been declared part of a national historical monument. The Memphis Housing Authority plans to incorporate the monument into its Beale Street Urban Renewal Project and to create there a "Bluelight District," a shopping plaza "calculated to memorialize Beale Street as it was back at the turn of the century." One businessman, a Housing Authority brochure boasts, "bought a small building classed as sub-standard, tore it down and announced his plans to replace it with an outdoor-indoor restaurant catering to lovers of barbecued meats." Investors "want to see the Blues brought back to its rightful prominence," and one entertainer "has expressed interest in establishing 'the plushest nightclub anyone in Memphis has ever seen.'" Traffic will be prohibited; colonnades of modern design will be attached to the fronts of the old buildings and will run the length of the street, permitting shoppers and tourists to browse in any weather. Overhead, sections of some transparent material will let in light.

Overton Square, further east, is not really a square but an intersection containing a traffic island near old Overton Park, once the promenade for the city's burghers who settled about it in stolid middle-class neighborhoods later drained by the allure of the suburbs. A group of affluent Young Turks who attended Memphis University School together bought up moribund shops along Madison Avenue and had them converted into restaurants and boutiques with cunning facades and names like

T.G.I. ("Thank God It's") Friday. Architecturally, Overton Square is an enclave of bright contemporary yesterday, flourishing and unabashed in the middle of an archetypal American commercial setting: any Memphian with the wherewithal can fork down Shrimp Alice or buy a hand-carved birdcage priced in four figures and never lose sight of a gas station or a lot displaying camping trailers.

"Southern Middletown"

The original inhabitants of Memphis were soldiers, survivors of the War of 1812, and their Indian women, who settled on the lower Chickasaw bluff. Propertied families that eventually took root and prospered—what Gerald Capers refers to in his *Biography of a River Town* as Memphis' *petite noblesse*—were disrupted by the Civil War and decimated by the yellow fever epidemics which wiped out the poor Irish and drove the Germans north to St. Louis. These early settlers were replaced by rural outlanders more interested in a public display of morality and in building a good sewage system than in revelry or in supporting a professional theater. By the turn of the century Memphis was becoming, says Capers, "a Southern Middletown. In losing its filth and some of its notorious viciousness it also lost . . . that unnamable quality which conspicuously differentiates Boston, Charleston and New Orleans from Pittsburgh and Kansas City."

Faulkner disliked Memphis—so the story goes—and came up only to buy whiskey. The city isn't typically Southern: there's more than a touch of the West in these vast glazed skies, the feeling of raw energy, and the anarchic sprawl. Memphis' chief link with the Deep South—King Cotton—hardly exists anymore, but the memory lives on in the annual Cotton Carnival, a poor relation to New Orleans' Mardi Gras, featuring parades, balls, and an elite of businessmen and high school beauties who assume the names of Egyptian deities and ride about town in open convertibles. Memphis has become a general commercial center, a Baptist convention town growing up, where eighteen-year-olds can buy their sloe gin across the bar and horse racing can at least be contemplated. Schlitz is building a \$60 million brewery in Memphis; the

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MEMPHIS

city has been chosen as the headquarters for a U.S. postal district and a computer center for the Internal Revenue Service. And it is third in the nation in the sale of municipal bonds, birthplace of an indigenous bit of fauna known as the "Bond Daddy." Bond Daddies are easily recognized on their turf—Friday's—by their parked El Dorados, their gold Rollexes and red-white-and-blue saddle Oxfords, and by their confidences: "Look, you call up this little Po-dunk bank down in Mis'sippi and tell them you got some such 'n' such bonds for sale. Then you get your good buddy to call up that same Po-dunk bank and tell them he wants to *buy* some such 'n' such bonds. Pretty soon that little Po-dunk bank is back tinklin' your bell . . ."

Memphis supports thirteen Holiday Inns. Until recently there were fourteen, but Holiday Inns, Inc., arranged to give an outmoded structure, worth approximately \$1 million, to Memphis, the city in which its world headquarters are also located. Holiday City, in East Memphis, is a complex of buildings resembling fenestrated cereal boxes; the office of one of the co-founders, Wallace E. Johnson, combines opulence with a sense of transience—a supermotel room containing a massive veneered desk that supports three volumes of the *Christian Book of Knowledge*, two Bibles, and a tin of the official Holiday Inn candy, Peanut Pillows. Johnson, seventy and expansive, lounges behind the desk with the avuncular ease of a man whose future reservations have all been confirmed. He wears a tie stamped with the Holiday Inn imprint and the words, "It's a wonderful world"; with little provocation he incants, "A Holiday Inn room is completed somewhere in the world every twenty minutes out of every twenty-four-hour day. . . . A living unit is produced every twenty minutes out of every eight-hour day, five days a week. A sickbed is provided every fifty-five minutes out of every eight-hour day. In stock values we're worth about \$1.25 billion, but that doesn't include things like mortar." He swivels and assaults the adding machine. "Let's see, what's \$17,500 multiplied by 180,000? How did we do it? Well, because Memphis

has aggressive banks and is full of people dedicated to our cause. It's a progressive city, with more churches than filling stations." When Wallace Johnson speaks of himself, he seems to include the city: "I don't have any problems; I have only opportunities."

Most Memphians have never heard of the Hammer Report. Few indeed know that it cost the Chamber of Commerce \$17,000—a negligible percentage of the \$4 million raised immediately after King's murder to "sell" Memphis to a disapproving world ("There's hardly any way to spend that much money," admits publicist Herald Latham)—or that the report went through three revisions before it was considered tolerable even for the select few who read it. Prepared by a marketing research firm in Washington, D.C., the Hammer Report predicts that Memphis can become one of the biggest and most prosperous of American cities, but that now it is "in a period of crisis" because of "problems that have been around for a long time and left unsolved . . . problems such as bad housing, bad environments, and inadequate training and job opportunities."

Hardly amazing discoveries in modern America, but for the Chamber to finance such an exposition was revolutionary. When the report appeared two years ago, according to one source, "you had to know somebody to get one," and now it is almost impossible to obtain a copy. Since its appearance there has been a purge of old Chamber leaders, with a new executive director brought in from Florida; the traditional Chamber practice of counting smokestacks—or in Memphis' case, cotton warehouses—has been abandoned. The new motto is "Better before bigger," replacing what AFL-CIO representative William T. Ross, Jr., terms "that old the-population's-bigger-and-the-weather's-better crap."

"For years those of us tagged as liberals have been fighting a conservative Chamber, and now the Chamber is working with labor, which is real progress. . . . You've got to understand that there's a hell of a conservative element in Memphis." This Chamber has also officially recognized the existence of a black community and was instrumental in getting Negroes appointed to a traditionally all-white school board.

The Hammer Report also speculates that for Memphis to solve existing problems the city needs "a leadership commitment not easy to make. The major block . . . is what might be called the 'traditionalist' approach, the normal predisposition of community leaders to look at today's problems in the same way that they looked at yesterday's problems."

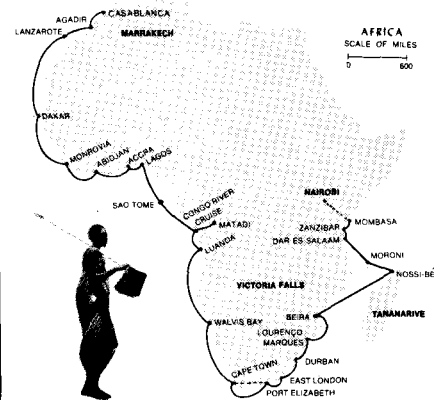
"I'm not a hack"

The late Ed Crump, mayor and boss of Memphis and Shelby County in the 30s and 40s, operated in the classic style of the Southern plantation owner—a shrewd patriarch and benefactor who ruled until his end and left behind a community happy in its complacency, and no strong political heirs. Today the mayor, Henry Loeb, opens his office to the public every Thursday afternoon, a custom that has carried over from the days when Crump boasted that his door was never closed to people with problems. The mayor's chambers are now housed in the new City Hall, an amalgam of marble and metal fins set down in the wasteland of North Main Street populated almost exclusively by policemen, lawyers, and city employees; suppliants forgather on the mezzanine and are led by an attractive blond secretary into Loeb's inner office, where they stand on thick crimson pile until asked to sit.

The mayor's desk is flanked by two bodyguards and backed by a display of plaques, the Boy Scouts' Silver Beaver being the most prominent. The mayor enters wearing a blue button-down shirt open at the throat and a thin paisley print tie—a uniform that once might have associated him with Eastern statesmen instead of his family's immensely lucrative laundry business, which is, in fact, Loeb's *métier*. Shades of Valentino in the black hair molded to his skull; the wide shoulders and wide-set, unfocusing eyes of a man with a mission (and the motto "Let's all work together"). He quickly agrees to back a charity drive for Memphians with defective kidneys, refuses to intercede for a man and his nephew seeking an audience with the governor ("I don't set up appointments. I'm not a hack politician"), allows a middle-aged resident of suburban Whitehaven wearing an embroidered white pants suit "to just visit a little bit." When an old

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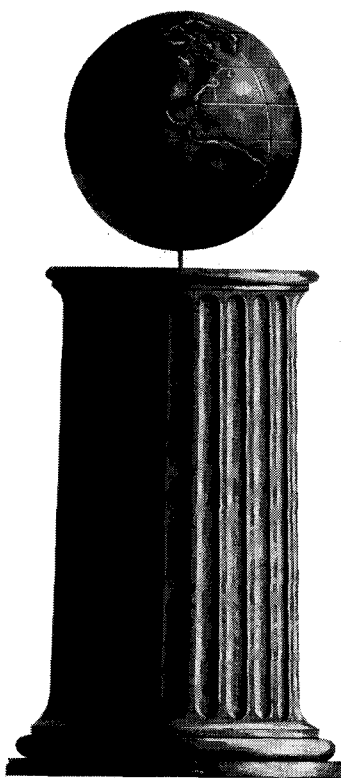
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MEMPHIS

Negro woman says, "I been 'lected queen of the Southside Baptist Church and I wanted to ask you to donate a plastic flower," Loeb tells her, "I'm not going to donate flowers to a church in election year. It would look like I was trying to buy votes. I'm not going to buy votes from anybody, do you understand?" A stump of a man wielding a damp, ragged cigar asks for a stoplight to be installed near his home, and Loeb says, "I'm not going to have any light installed for political reasons. Danny Thomas asked me to have a light put in at the foot of the bridge, and I didn't even do that."

The man suggests that Loeb has "politicking phobia." He drags his foot across the carpet, says, "If I had some of this in my house, I'd think I was in heaven," and makes for the door. Loeb comes around the desk after him, stalks him with slow, purposeful strides. He overtakes the man (who wails, "Now I think I'm in hell!") grasps his right hand and begins to saw, and says, "I want you to feel free to come on down here any Thursday you like."

Later Loeb, when asked by an out-of-town reporter for his opinion of the influence of the death of Martin Luther King on Memphis, sucks on an empty pipe for fully ten seconds and then says through his teeth, "I don't have any opinion!"

Feeling secure

Forty percent of Memphis' 600,000 residents are black. When Craig Leake, a young white filmmaker for WMC-TV (owned by Scripps-Howard, as is a local radio station and both the morning and afternoon newspapers), made a film presenting black people's views entitled *40 Percent Speaks*, he was asked almost immediately to make another film entitled *60 Percent Speaks*. Another of Leake's documentaries, *Our Good Abode* (from the old Memphis cachet, "City of Good Abode"), dealt with substandard housing in the predominantly black neighborhoods of north and south Memphis; in the film a white landlord says that Negroes "like hearing the next family fighting through the thin wall. . . . It's the only way they feel secure." The day after the film was shown on local tele-

vision, says Leake, Mayor Loeb telephoned the station manager and told him, "Don't send that little son-of-a-bitch up here to interview me again."

Memphis' schools are integrated. There are black people in government and in business (the Metro Shopping Plaza is owned mostly by Negroes) and even in Cotton Carnival, but there is still no such thing in Memphis as a black plumber. Fewer than 15 percent of union carpenters are black. The electricians are just beginning to accept black apprentices. Unemployment among blacks between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five is as high as 40 percent.

Dr. Hollis Price, for twenty-seven years president of all black LeMoyne College and, according to a Commercial Appeal survey, one of the forty-two most influential men in town, views the situation as "a matter of class. The lot of the skilled black has improved, but the mass of black people has been largely unaffected by recent innovations." By his own admission Price has been for years "the Negro" appointed to boards and committees dominated by white men ("We like his *mind*," is the common accolade). "I never took a dog-in-the-manger attitude," says Price, relaxing in his office in a local television studio, where he acts as the newly created Director of Urban Affairs.

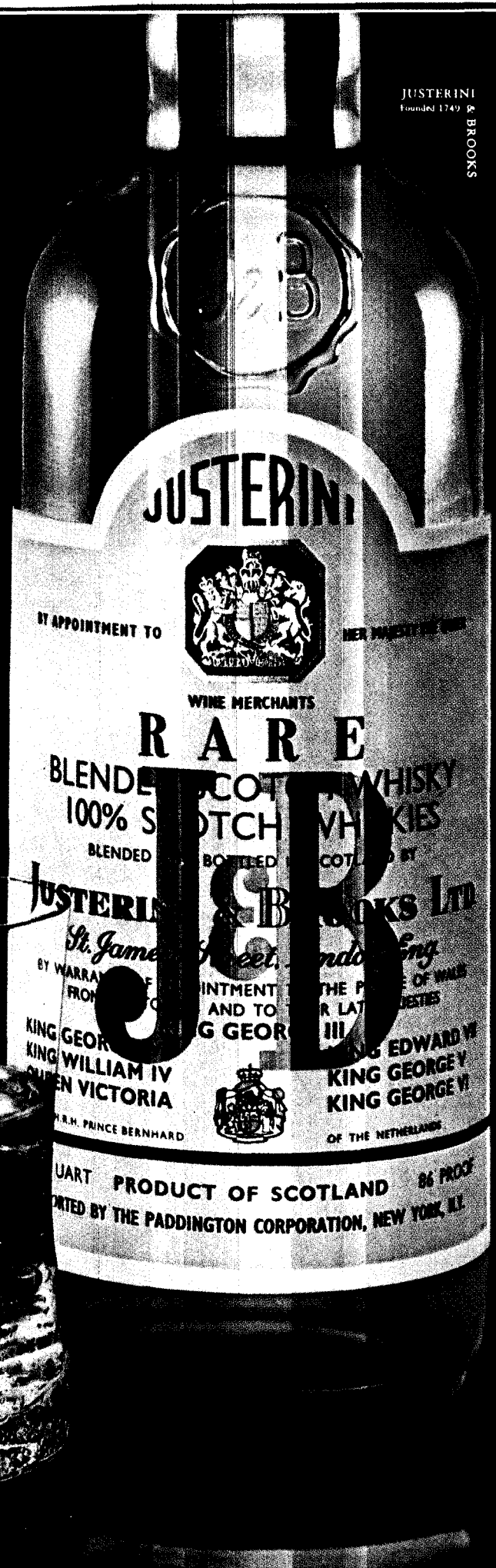
The new president of the Junior League, probably the most exclusive of the many women's clubs, obviously speaks the truth when she says, "I don't really know any black people." She describes the Junior League as "a training organization for educated and interested young women who want to participate in the community" (when a member turns forty she becomes a so-called "sustainer"), proffers a "no comment" when asked what the reaction of the 930 members would be if a Negro were proposed for membership.

The diminutive, driven woman operating out of a set of cramped, anonymous offices on Vance is Mrs. Maxine Smith, executive secretary of the Memphis branch of the NAACP. She maintains that "the soul of Memphis hasn't changed in fifty years. As far as furthering the goals of Martin Luther King, I can't point to a single direct result of his death. Just this year the city consented to name a leg of the expressway after him, and when it was opened they didn't even

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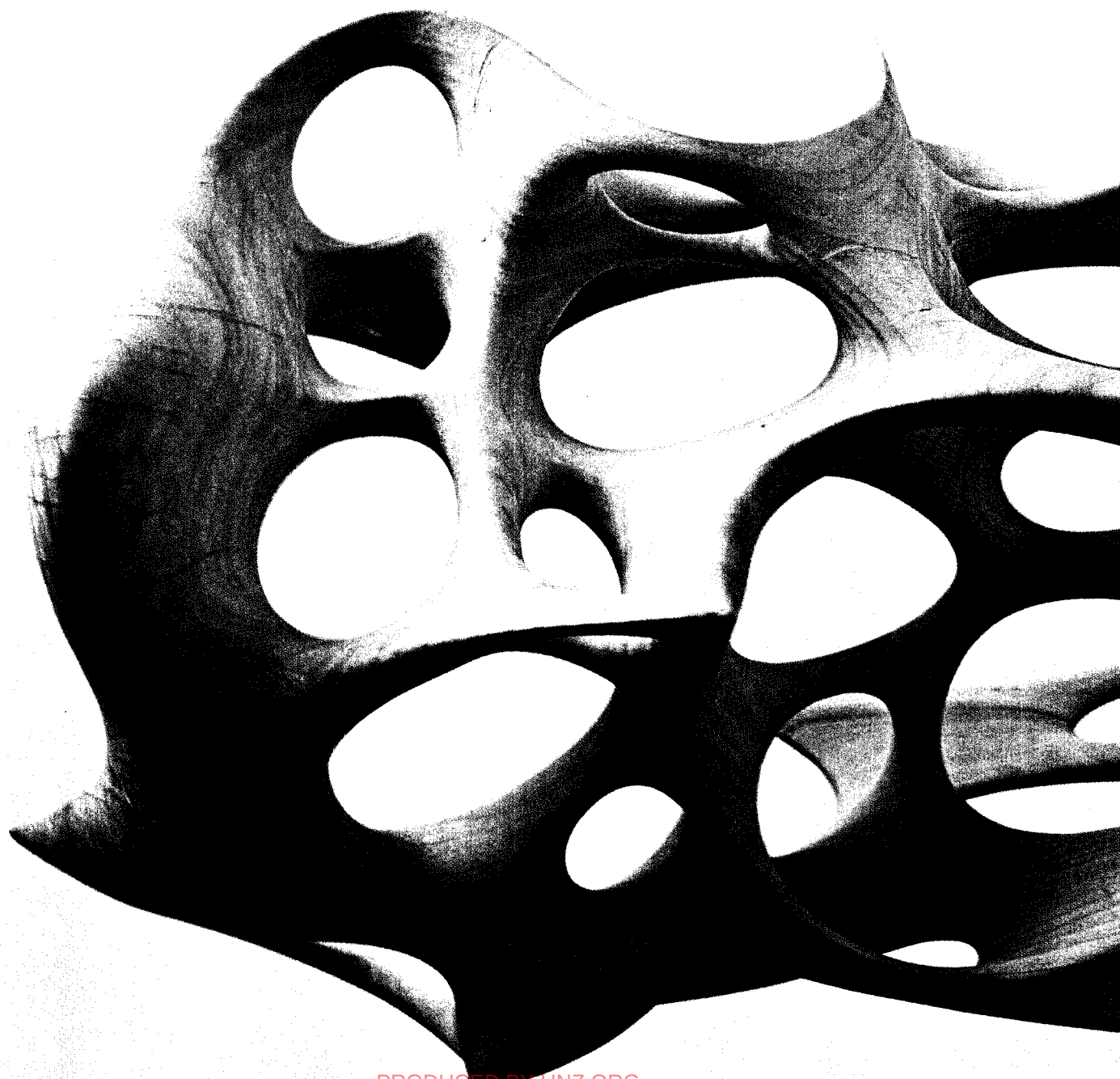
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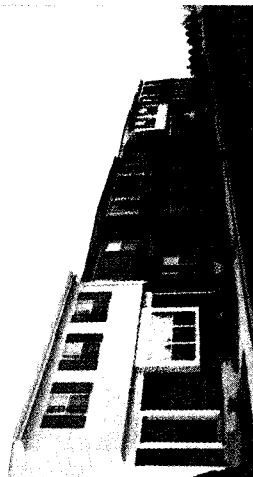
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have any signs made. Black students are still excluded from athletics and cheerleading; they're suspended and physically abused. Blacks are barred from churches—eleven o'clock on Sunday morning is still the most segregated hour in town. The Baptist, Methodist, and St. Joseph's hospitals—all good Christian names—for years wouldn't accept blacks, and now we can't get blacks on their staffs. We still have to file complaints against restaurants for discrimination." She relents, makes a weary gesture of dismissal. "I can give you a whole list of barriers we have overcome, but we're still fighting on the same fronts, and the fight is harder because it's more subtle."

The Memphis Panthers, a local contingent of the NCCF (National Committee to Combat Fascism), meet in a two-story house on McLemore with drawn shades and a poster demanding FREE THE MEMPHIS 16 hanging behind a dingy window pane; the entrance hall is papered with the covers of the Black Panther news sheet; the sitting room contains many copies of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and one of *Amy Vanderbilt's Everyday Etiquette*. Janice Payne, a dominant voice, insists that the white community thinks of King "as just another nigger dead," and that there was no real rioting in Memphis in 1968. "Riots? Man, that was just a little flare-up. The police killed one black boy, but that happens all the time. One reason why Memphis hasn't gotten more federal money for urban renewal—which means 'nigger removal'—is that there *hasn't* been any rioting."

The Memphis 16—all but one of whom are out of jail—squatted with black families in a new but unoccupied housing project. The following day the *Commercial Appeal*, the morning newspaper, ran an editorial stating that it was regrettable that it took the Panthers to draw attention to the fact that public housing was not being utilized. "That editorial really surprised me," Janice Payne admits. "Really, it knocked me right over." Their rhetoric is Marxist ("All we need is paper, pencil, and ideology"), but they are working within black churches to bring about change. Another member says, "White people think of us as pistol-toting fools, but it's not true."

The Memphis Police Department

is one of the few law-enforcement bodies in the world to use a hollow-point bullet as regular issue. A young, unarmed warrant officer in plain clothes explains that it is not a "dum-dum" bullet, designed to do maximum damage to its object, but a nonricocheting slug developed by Remington to provide maximum safety to bystanders. He talks freely of police procedure over coffee in the canteen, interrupting himself occasionally to glance over his shoulder. "In the '68 riots we discovered that overreaction in terms of manpower was the best solution. We developed a system based on tactical units of five or six squad cars containing five men each, which gave us a single striking force of approximately thirty men—enough to disperse most gatherings. Now there's a certain amount of Peter Principle built into any large organization, and in my opinion the Police Department is riddled with it. An emphasis on education is slowly changing this. The older officers with only a high school degree or less are fighting it tooth and nail, but the word is that if you want to move up in the Department, you better get your butt into school. The old guys are just as prejudiced as ever, but they're trying to cover it up. Each group of recruits is less prejudiced than the last. I'm convinced it's a matter of education."

Anticipation

Memphis in June is predominantly green. Viewed from a revolving bar atop an office building in East Memphis, it is a carpet of vernal profusion pierced by an occasional steeple or high-rise apartments. The totalitarian complex of Memphis State University and the shopping centers (56 at last count, one of them covered to maintain 72 degrees year-round) have sprung up like autonomous city-states at the frontier's edge. To the west, where a half dozen office buildings interrupt the sun's descent into the rice fields of Arkansas and seem as insubstantial as their halos, the Mississippi River hems the city; to the east, there is nothing to stop Memphis' growth.

The Strip is a section of Highland Avenue near the University where flamboyant young people and policemen come to clash. It used to be an unincorporated whistle-stop with the

unlikely name of Normal, Tennessee, and since the city swallowed it, it barely qualifies as suburban—a community of produce and sundry stores converted to pinball arcades, record stores, boutiques, and the inevitable head shops. The Strip is notorious as Memphis' "drug center," which means that kids with vague connections with MSU smoke mostly pot in the neighborhood, though one of many patrolling policemen will tell you, "You got the money in your pocket, you can buy anything you want along here." American flags abound in front of the remaining "straight" stores; there is an unmistakable air of charade, as if the participants—cops and kids—realize that they have missed the real thing.

The dominant mood in Memphis today is anticipation, an abiding confidence in the city's potential, economic and political; the belief of many citizens is that Memphis should be judged not by what it is but by what it is becoming.

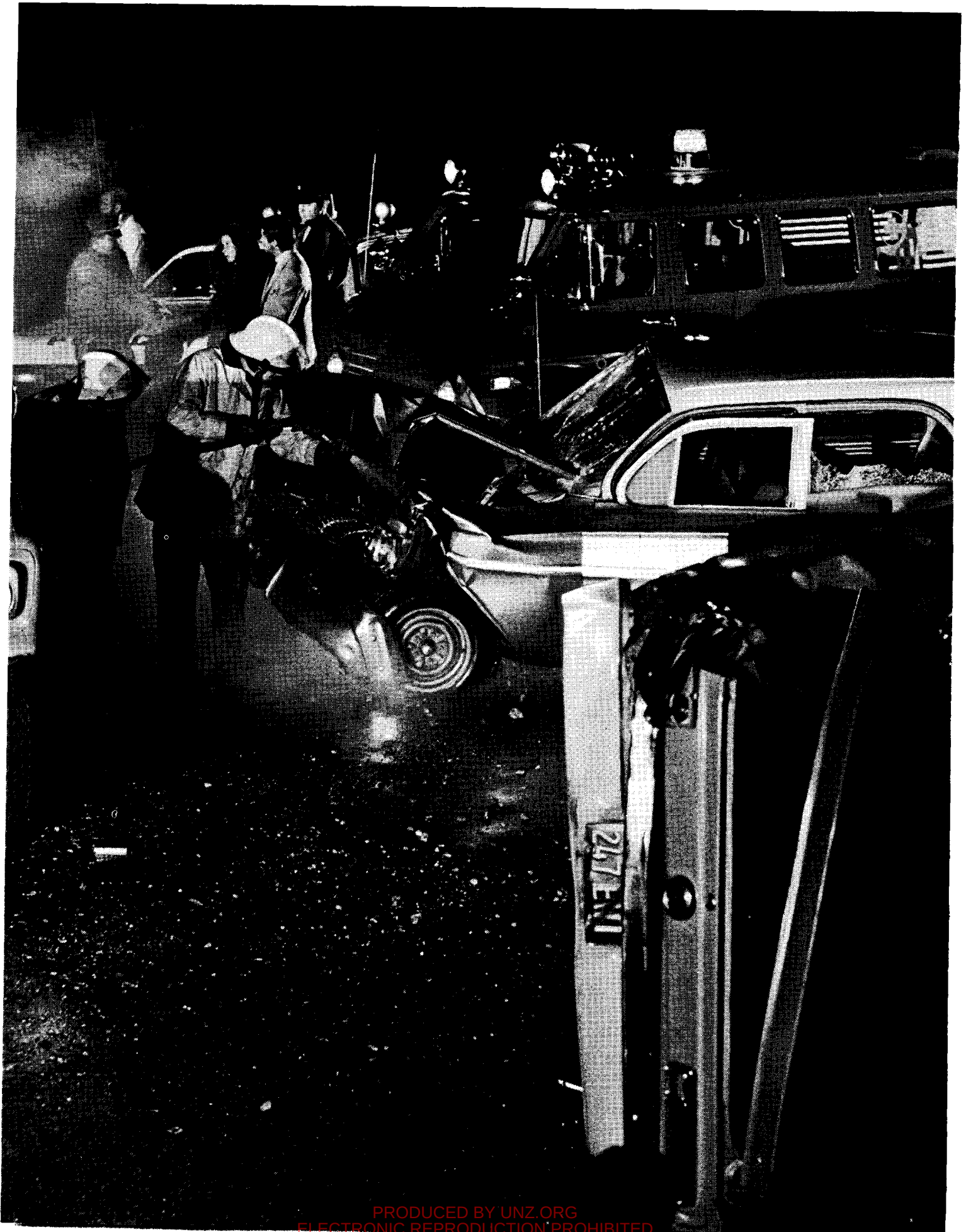
Freshman City Councilman Jerred Blanchard, who came into office with Loeb and now faces a stiff battle for re-election, was the first white councilman to join the three black ones in support of the sanitation workers in 1968. He believes that "in the long run" Memphis will fare better than Northern cities in race relations, and he offers a variation of an old adage: "Blacks and whites have lived here together for years. I think we fear each other less."

—JAMES CONAWAY

BURMA

An Indian merchant in Rangoon recently gained considerable local fame by paying (so one version of the story goes) 210,000 *kyats* for a five-year-old Alfa Romeo which the Revolutionary Government of Burma was auctioning off. "And the funny thing is," my informant, an Asian diplomat, said with only the faintest trace of a smile, "the engine block cracked after two weeks." I was so intrigued by the high price (at the official rate of exchange it's about \$46,000) that I asked several other people if they had heard of the Indian and the Alfa. Everyone I spoke to had heard, and other, lower prices were quoted, but the difference was only a few thousand dollars. Even if

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BURMA

the Indian had bought his *kyats* from a pouch-wearing Tamil money changer on a Singapore pavement, at three or four times the official rate, that is still a lot of money to pay for a used car with a defective engine block.

Burmans, and foreigners in Burma, compulsively quote prices. In a country where no overt political talk is tolerated, it is a form of political discussion. "See this motorbike?" I was asked (it was a ten-year-old Triumph). "Guess how much?" I named a fair price. The Burman cleared his throat with pleasure, spat, and took me by the wrist. A month before he had paid 4500 *kyats* (approximately \$935) for the battered machine. Then he lifted my wrist and said, "Omega"—a nice eye for watch brands: another Burmese characteristic—"how much?" I told him it wasn't for sale. We were standing at the foot of Mandalay Hill, before two towering stone lions and a sign FOOT WEARING IS FORBIDDEN. I took off my shoes—"Stockings too," said the Burman apologetically—and socks, and began climbing the holy stairs. He kicked off his rubber sandals and followed me, muttering, "Omega, Omega."

And spitting. "Foot wearing" is forbidden, but bicycles are not—provided they are pushed and not ridden—and neither is spitting. Dodging great gouts of betel juice, I climbed, and soon others joined us. A troop of boys quickly took up the Omega chant. On every landing there is a temple, a soft-drink stall ("Dagon Pure Orange—Bottled in Rangoon With Distilled Water"), and a sugar-

water machine which squeezes split canes in a contraption that resembles an old laundry wringer. Halfway up the hill I stopped, had a Super Soda, and examined some statuary in wire cages, life-sized plaster figures, brightly painted and horrific as a Tiger Balm ointment tableau: a supine figure sticking his tongue out at a crow perched on his chest and tearing bright blue intestinal coils, yards of shiny hose, from a gaping hole in the man's belly; another satisfied man with a cutlass, squatting next to a disemboweled deer. I slipped a coin into a cast-iron machine, and three figures in a window were set into motion: a clockwork man swept a path with a wire broom, a clockwork saffron-robed monk shuffled on the path, and a clockwork devotee raised and lowered his clasped hands to the monk.

We set off again, stopping once for a boy to piss on the sacred hill (according to legend, Buddha climbed the hill and pointed down at what was to become the Center of the Universe, later Fort Dufferin, and now Burmese Army Headquarters for the Northwest Command). In the temple at the top of the hill, where there is a massive gold Buddha pointing toward the army barracks, I collapsed onto a bench in the 106-degree heat. I was surrounded by Burmese quoting ridiculously high prices for my watch. Very clearly I said, "My mother gave me this watch," and in a moment they were gone.

They had told me how much they had paid for their *longyis*, how much their shirts cost; I turned the conversation to politics for, since the textile industry is nationalized and all the prices are determined by the government, surely this was a political matter. They were silent. One said, "We can't say," and that was that. I had broken the rules by mentioning politics; one must mention only high prices for government goods. In a Burmese house in Mandalay, I asked about former Premier U Nu. "That," said my host, "is a political matter." He smiled; end of conversation. His son, a law student, broke in: "Burmese people! Happy people! Never sully, always jolly!" He told me afterward that his father had been destroyed financially by General Ne Win, the present Premier, and had decided to spend the rest of his life "in meditation."

Mandalay, according to the official Revolutionary Government *Guidebook* (printed in Calcutta by Sri L.C. Roy at Gossain and Company, 7/1 Grant Lane), "is now inevitably putting on a mantle of modernity." I was dining one evening in Mandalay with some doctors. Outside the hotel, on the dirt road (the *Guidebook*: "... curiously enough, alphabetically named A, B, C, D etc.") where that morning I had seen a dead dog, its hindquarters in a paper bag, a *tonga* clattered past—a pony cart with two tiny kerosene lamps aglow next to the driver. The doctors worked at the Mandalay General Hospital (built in 1924), and their talk was of amoebic dysentery and hepatitis. I asked about cholera. The doctor next to me said, "This isn't the season . . . but it's coming."

"We have been suffering, oh, we have been suffering," said a doctor across the table. He poured himself a glass of warm Mandalay Pale Ale. "Suffering. Not for a decade, but for a century, I should say. For a century."

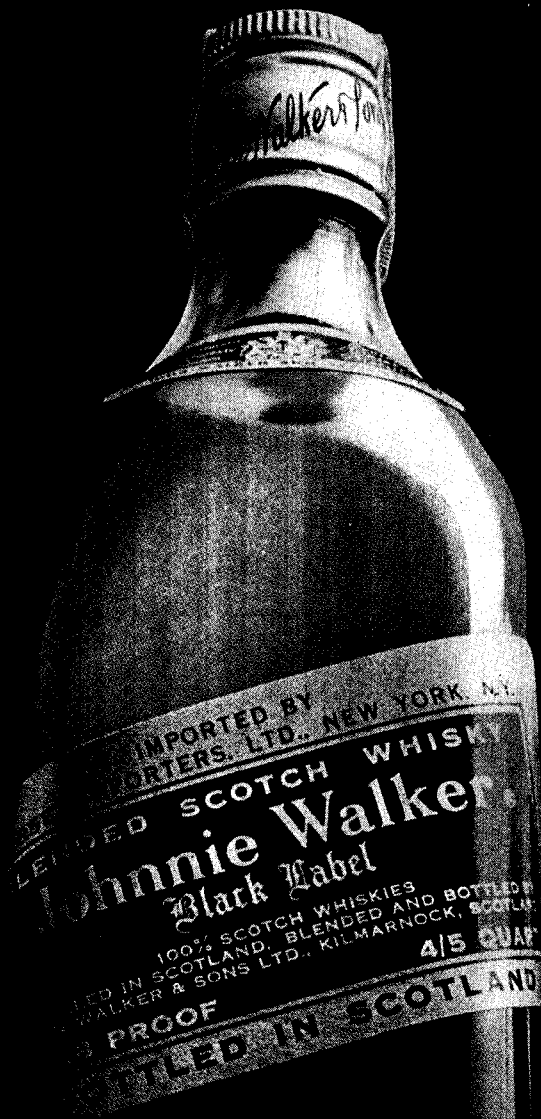
I was interested, and asked him to explain. This produced a silence at the table. A fork scraped, and finally there was a voice: "Mr. Paul, where are you domiciling?"

Tempo

In Rangoon (the *Guidebook*: "... Mandalay has not the fast tempo of Rangoon"), crouched on the steps of a huge mock-Edwardian building, were a languid prostitute and three pimps. "Go-betweens," said the Burman with me. I made a feeble joke about the girl, wondering aloud whether she had been nationalized yet. "Social and economic upheaval," said the Burman, raising his hands. I asked about the buildings around us: so many, so empty! "Social and economic upheaval," he said. I asked about the disenfranchised Indians; his reply was the same.

The decrepitude of the buildings in Rangoon is almost grand. The surfaces are shabby, but the shapes are extravagant, and the workmanship is obvious (Corinthian columns support one veranda; another, very graceful, is of wrought-iron lyres); their dereliction has splendor. Some have spires and others a score of ambitious balconies with pockmarked balusters or flowery balustrades, peeling yellow





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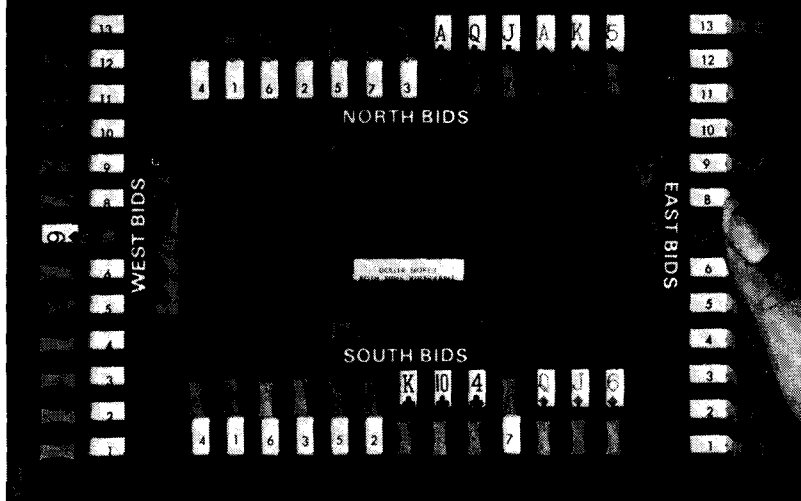
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BURMA

shutters, and lines of motionless wash hung out to dry—the clotheslines strung from the blossom of a cornice to the studs of that ornate pillar. Dates and names are given in medallions at the top of each building: 1903, 1914, 1922, 1927; Irrawaddy Chambers, Dawson's Bank, and The Chartered Bank (both painted out but legible). The defunct Burma Herald Building is high and white-washed, and black metal urns decorate the parapet of the roof. The General Hospital is a seedy palace with towers and spires, bridges and buttresses and yellow cornices, and parked in front are three *tongas*, a 1936 Chevy, and fifty patients. The High Court and the Secretariat, both with domes and spires, red brick, yellow trim. And dozens with names like The Suleiman Building, The Abdullah Building, Arya Samaj Hall, The Neogy Building; those signs are painted out too, and green government signs in white Burmese script are hung on the porticoes: National Bank, Revolutionary Government Reading Room, National Teak Marketing Board. On Sule Pagoda Road, there is a bizarre three-story building that would have made Wren wake up screaming: mullioned windows, crazily framed and blacked out, lozenge-shaped openings in crenellated towers, red battlements. This building bore two painted-out plaques—J. E. de Bain and The Castle—and one green government signboard—National Insurance Company.

On Bogyoke Aung San Street (formerly Montgomery) the Central Jail is being pulled down. The workmen were surprised to get a visitor and willingly showed me around the six enormous cell blocks which radiate in clumsy spokes from a central courtyard and administration building. They pointed out scratchings on the cell floors made in the teak planks by bored prisoners, the Burmese equivalent of tic-tac-toe. One man told me the place was one hundred seven years old—the seven gave the date a certain credibility; in fact, I couldn't imagine the Burmese pulling down a building less than a hundred years old. The only market in Mandalay is the Zegyo Bazaar, designed and built in 1903 by an Italian, Count Caldrari (who was also the first secretary of the

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Mandalay Municipality). I stole a small sign from over a cell door in the Central Jail. It reads: 56' BY 26½' BY 12'—CUBICAL CONTENTS 17967—ACCOMMODATION FOR 28. It is only a short hop from the Central Jail to the Pegu Club, now an Officers' Mess of the Burmese Army. The Pegu Club was to Rangoon what the Selangor Club was to Kuala Lumpur and the Tanglin Club to Singapore (but these two are still going strong). The sentry said that he would have let me look around, but as it happened, a senior officer (the sentry bulged his eyes to illustrate how senior) had just arrived and was inside.

"What is your country?" is a question the stranger will ask as you pass him on the street (also: "Change money—good price?" and "Want girl? Chinese, Burmese, Indian, anything?"). To frustrate Omega-hunters and those (many it seemed) who desired to buy my trousers when I refused to sell my watch, I said that I came from Singapore. They know that Singapore is mostly Chinese, and the Burmese have opinions about the Chinese. "Chinese, let me tell you about the Chinese," said a Burman whose name was U Georgie. "They save a lot of money, a lot of money." He made a wrapping motion with his hands and then threw the invisible wrapped thing away. "Then they throw it away. Gambling." He looked at me. "How do the Chinese make money? Easy. A Chinaman wants a cheroot. He sees a broken one in a monsoon drain. He picks it up and wipes it off. He smokes it. He saves a few *pyas*. Easy. And Indians. Do you know what the Indians do with their women. . . ?"

All the Burmese have racial opinions, but this is not unusual in a country with such a mixed population and with cities yet divided into ethnic districts: Chinatown in Rangoon; a walled-in Gujarati community in Mandalay announcing its vegetarianism with a sign BE KIND TO ANIMALS BY NOT EATING THEM; Tamil and European districts, the most elegant being the American compound for Embassy personnel. (There is an American Club and a private American commissary which stocks peanut butter and cornflakes. The lowliest person at the American Embassy has a car and a driver—officially, Rangoon is "a hardship post.") Whole towns in Upper Burma are populated

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BURMA

with Nepalese—the remnants, children and grandchildren, of demobbed colonial soldiers.

A very large number of Burmese speak English. I met several enterprising fellows who had started English Institutes (they were civil servants; their "Institutes" started classes at six in the evening). In Nyaungu, signs in English announce a literacy campaign; the English is for the many tourists who visit Nyaungu's ruins. (It is expensive to be literate in Burma—a cheap Burmese paperback costs at least one U.S. dollar.) I complimented one pavement bookseller on his English; pleased with the compliment he recited this sentence: "I am enduring exposure . . . to the sun's powerful rays . . . before I reach my destination." He removed his spectacles and repeated it, looking at the sky.

Much of their English may be learned from British and American films. On the train to Mandalay I met the manager of a Bhamo cinema. "Cowboy films are very popular," he said. An Anthony Quinn Western ran eighteen days, four shows a day, in his cinema. "Maybe the Burmese like Anthony Quinn," I said. No, said the manager: *The Visit* (Anthony Quinn and Ingrid Bergman) ran only two days. He was returning to Bhamo after a week of film-going in Rangoon and was anxious to discuss the films he had just seen: *What A Way to Go* (an all-star cast, including Shirley MacLaine, Paul Newman, Robert Mitchum); *Our Man Flint* ("America's Playboy Hero!"); *The Adventurers* (Alain Delon, from the book of the same name by Harold Robbins); *King Kong Escapes* (directed by Ishiro Honda); *Five for Hell*, *Cosa Nostra*, *An Arch Enemy of the FBI* ("The Untold Story of the FBI's Crackdown on the Kings of Crime . . ."). There are many Indian and Burmese films, and there is a fairly large Burmese film industry (the pictures of film stars adorn the temples they have visited), but all Burmese films have to include at least 60 percent socialism (a Burman's statistic: I didn't question it).

Not surprisingly, the cinema manager had an American accent. He was on his way back to Bhamo to screen *That Darn Cat*, which he had picked

up from the Film Distribution Board of the Revolutionary Government. We were having a lively talk about films, and I was marveling at his knowledge of directors and actors. The train had just stopped at Toungoo, where we had each picked up a supply of cold Mandalay Pale Ale which we were drinking (he through a straw) in the Buffet Car of the train. Our talk was interrupted by the train guard, who told the manager to take his beer elsewhere: it was forbidden to drink beer in the Buffet Car. The reprimand was in Burmese, but the tone was unmistakable and I started to creep out with my bottles. Both train guard and manager were deeply hurt; both motioned me to my seat and urged me to drink. And the manager said, "You are an exceptional case."

"See Burma"

Tourists are welcome, treated with enormous courtesy, invited to Burmese homes, photographed, and squired around and given special privileges. I was told that I needn't worry about getting a seat on the plane from Mandalay to Nyaungu because if the plane was full I would be given the seat of a Burmese who would be ordered out and requested to wait for the next plane. This sounds much worse than it works out in practice: on the *Fokker Friendship* from Mandalay to Nyaungu I was the only passenger. The pretty stewardess spent the trip eating her lunch (which she invited me to share) from a palm leaf. I asked her how she liked her work. "Sometimes," she said, "I get fed up."

Package tours fly in daily from Bangkok, and the tourists are whisked by plane from town to town where waiting Japanese buses take them from sight to sight; then lunch from a hamper packed in Rangoon; then a hotel (average price about \$13 a night, with breakfast). "See Burma in Four Days," is the boast of one travel agency in Bangkok.

"Wake up, Father, here's the plane," I heard an elderly lady say to her sleeping husband at the airport in Nyaungu. The man was curled up on the bench next to her. One sees the package tourists in most of the large towns; they have an exhausted, cheated look in their eyes, and many seem beyond caring what Burma has

to offer. It was fun to watch the American man, sixty-five if he was a day, playing solitaire with his back to the blood-red sun spectacularly dissolving into the Irrawaddy at Pagan. But not all the tourists come in packages, and most of Burma's visitors fit V. S. Naipaul's description, in *An Area of Darkness*, of the "new type of American whose privilege it was to go slumming about the world and sometimes scrounging, exacting a personal repayment for a national generosity."

I witnessed an American girl being asked by two Burmese whether they could buy a piece of batik cloth from her. Their price seemed fair; she was burdened by a bulging rucksack; but she was unreasonably indignant. I asked her why she didn't sell. "When I go to a place," she said, "I don't expect to give people things. I'm a guest—I expect them to give *me* things." Her next stop was to be Calcutta.

In Pagan I spent some hours with an American hippie. Here was no scrounger; he had just come from New Zealand and Australia, where he had been, he said, "dealing" (selling drugs). He showed me a wad of money and a sheaf of air tickets. One ticket was for Switzerland, "where we have a villa." He wore only a pair of shorts, and his hair was fixed with what my mother used to call bobby pins. I learned a little bit about current LSD prices from him after he pointed to my head and said, "You got this temple here . . . you should find out what's inside it . . ." I noted his figures: a dealer gets one ounce of acid; this costs \$2000 but is good for making 4000 tablets ("tabs," "hits") which can be sold for five to seven dollars apiece. He was thoroughly contented with his lot; his grievance was with Asians, whom he had come to dislike. He explained this to a Burmese architect who was in Pagan to supervise the building of a luxury hotel: "I used to think you Asians knew where it was at . . . and now I been all over Asia and, like, now I can see you're all f - - - in the head."

The architect became attentive.

"Like . . ."—his speech came in bursts and grunts; his fuddled brain couldn't seem to keep track of more than four words at a time—" . . . I try to talk to you . . . you know, I try to"—a batting motion with the hands—"I try to *hit in* . . . but, Jesus, you're heavy"—a weighing gesture—

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BURMA

"you Asians are really heavy . . . hung up on gadgets . . . *heavy* . . . I can't talk to you. You're too . . . heavy . . ."

Then why was he in Pagan?

"Getting . . . some really good vibrations," he said. "There were some . . . good people here . . ."

"Yes, Buddha," said the architect.

He was off to Katmandu very soon, he said. But surely Nepalese were Asians? No, he said, he was going to Katmandu to meet up with the Hog Farm, an American commune which had just set up there.

The tourist trade, just beginning, might manage to accomplish what Kubla Khan, centuries of Chinese invasions, British colonialism, and the Japanese occupation could not do—make the Burmese solly instead of jolly. I was talking to the barman in the long bar of the Strand Hotel; I was wondering what was the name of the song the Bengali orchestra was playing in the empty lounge (was it "Roses From the South"?), and he was saying, "I don't know, but it's an old tune." A tall American walked in resolutely and shook a fistful of chits in the barman's face.

"You've made a mistake. I've just worked it out. I've been drinking with my friends for half an hour and the bill comes to twenty-five American dollars. That's impossible."

The barman put on a pair of glasses and examined the chits. "Almost a hundred *kyats*. It's correct."

"That's highway robbery."

Wearily, the barman took a tattered drink menu and handed it over. "Here are the prices. You work it out. You'll see it's correct."

"You're cheating me! This is outrageous."

"I am *not* cheating you," said the barman, weariness giving way to annoyance. "This is a government hotel. Those are government prices."

"Then you should get a new government!" The American threw down the required amount and left as the barman, raising his voice, said, "They'll lock you up for that."

Rats and cheroots

In Asia a city should be judged not by the number of rats scuttling in its streets but on the rats' cunning and

condition. In Singapore the rats are potbellied and sleek as housepets; they crouch patiently near noodle stalls, certain of a feed: they are quick, with bright eyes, and hard to trap.

In Rangoon I sat in an outdoor café toying with a glass of beer and heard the hedge near me rustle; four enfeebled, scabby rats, straight off the pages of *La Peste*, tottered out and looked around. I stamped my foot. They moved back into the hedge; and now everyone in the café was staring at me. It happened twice. I drank quickly and left, and glancing back saw the rats emerge once more and sniff at the legs of the chair where I had been sitting.

At five thirty one morning in Rangoon, I dozed in the hot, dark compartment of a crowded train, waiting for it to pull out of the station. A person entered the toilet; there was a splash outside; the door banged. Another entered. This went on for twenty minutes, until dawn, and I saw that outside splashings and pools of excrement had stained the tracks and a litter of crumpled newspapers—*The Working People's Daily*—a bright yellow. A rat crept over to the splashed paper and nibbled, then tugged; two more rats, mottled with mange, licked, tugged, and hopped in the muck. Another splash, and the rats withdrew; they returned, gnawing. There was a hawker's voice, a man selling Burmese books with bright covers. He shouted and walked briskly, not stopping to sell, simply walking alongside the train, crying out. The rats withdrew again; the hawker, glancing down, lengthened his stride and walked on, his heel yellow. Then the rats returned.

Cheroots are handy in such a situation. Around me in the compartment smiling Burmese puffed away on thick green cheroots and didn't seem to notice the stink of the growing yellow pool just outside. At the Shwe Dagon Pagoda I saw a very old lady, hands clasped in prayer. She knelt near a begging leper whose disease had withered his feet and abraded his body and given him a bat's face. He had a terrible smell, but the granny prayed with a Churchillian-sized cheroot in her mouth. On Mandalay Hill, doorless outhouses stand beside the rising steps, and next to the outhouses are fruit stalls. The stink of piss is powerful,

but the fruitseller, who squats all day in that stink, is wreathed in smoke from his cheroot.

A shortage of cheroots might provoke an uprising; no other shortages have so far. Food is cheap and seems to be plentiful; and inexplicably in the Dry Zone, four hundred miles long and seventy-five broad, where it had not rained for over five months, one sees Burmese pouring pailfuls of water over their heads to cool themselves (I tried it: one shivers with cold for a minute and then dries and continues to gasp and perspire in the heat). In Mandalay the source of water is the moat which surrounds what used to be the Golden City: the moat is a bright putrescent green, and I was advised by a Burmese doctor not to touch it but to go on drinking Super Soda.

There are shortages of everything else: spare parts, electrical equipment, anything made of metal or rubber, and worse, cotton cloth. In the YMCA in Rangoon one is given a room; the fan is broken, cockroaches frolic in the adjoining shower stall, and on the bed is a dirty mattress. The mattress cover is torn; there are no sheets, no pillowcases. The manager is helpful; he says, "Sleep downstairs in the dormitory. There are no sheets there either, but it only costs two *kyats*." I demand sheets. "Expensive," he says. But the room is expensive! He demurs: "All the sheets are at the laundry."

And the sheets are at the laundry again in Mandalay, at Maymyo, at Nyaungu, and Pagan. But on the lines of wash in these towns there are no sheets.

There are Germans here, a Burman told me, studying ways of increasing textile production. In the meantime, I said, you could import cloth. "No, no! Burmese socialism! We import nothing!" And yet, in the Rangoon Airport, while I was waiting for my suitcase, I saw four large wooden crates. The stickers showed that these had just arrived, airfreight, from Japan, and each contained 1200 yards of blue poplin. For whom? And why airfreight? No one knew. And the tourists' buses and tourists' cornflakes and the brand-new bull-nosed Dodge army trucks that one sees Burmese army officers using for ferrying their families to the temples: made in Burma?

I was in Rangoon at the suffocating

height of the Burmese summer, which may account for my impression of the city being one of lassitude and exhaustion. But Richard Curle used those same words when he visited in 1923. In *Into the East* (preface by Joseph Conrad) he speaks of the city over which hovers "so queerly the breath of stagnation." The rats and pariah dogs wait for the cool of the evening to scavenge; during the day only the crows are active, soaring in the blazing sun, in a perfectly cloudless sky. It must have been a bustling place in the twenties, as those dates on the medallions show and as Curle maintains (" 'Boy, give me a chit,' resounds here and there . . . "); but the medallions have been painted out, and the green signs of the Revolutionary Government have begun to fade and peel. The city is moribund, flanked by coffee-colored rivers on which there is not a shadow of a ripple; and most of the buildings in Rangoon are demonstrably more decrepit than the eleventh-century temples at Pagan.

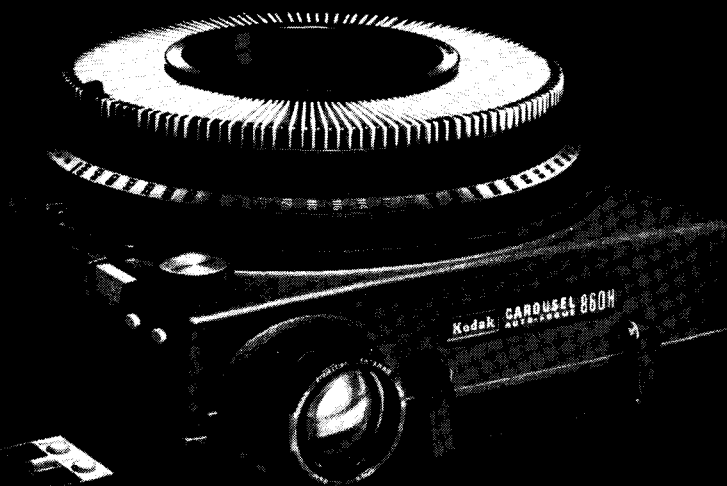
But the people—generous, hospitable, curious, so alert and quick to smile, neatly dressed in a place where all cloth is at a premium—they are in such contrast to the dead city that it is as if they have, all of them, just arrived and are padding down those sidewalks for the first time. Their appreciation of the city's few beauties is acute: the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the several lovely cathedrals, the Scott Market, the flowering trees in Maha Bandoola Park—clusters of heavy yellow blossoms hanging in bunches on the trees like grapes on a vine. In Maha Bandoola Park there is an obelisk, the Independence Monument. "Look at it closely," said my Burmese friend.

I looked. "Very pretty."

"Look again," he said. "You see? It's not straight. It bends."

The remark was, I decided, profoundly political. He had said that he drank beer once a year, one bottle. I asked whether he had had this year's bottle yet, and when he said no, we went to the Strand Hotel—both of us for the first time (but he had lived several blocks away for thirty-five years)—and squandered three dollars on two small bottles of pale ale. A few hours later the orchestra was playing Rudolf Friml, and down Strand Road clattered a 1938 Nash.

—PAUL THEROUX



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Innocent Bystander

A Novembrist Manifesto

by L. E. Sissman

November is the unsung month. October has, by courtesy of Helen Hunt Jackson, otherwise the author of *Ramona*, its "bright blue weather"; December has its tiny, weary army of worn-out Christmas carols, suitable for rasping reproduction on shopping-mall speaker systems. But nobody has a good word, verbal or vocal, for November, that uneasy interregnum, at least in allegedly temperate areas, between fire and ice.

Nobody but me, apparently. I hereby confess to a sneaking liking for the eleventh month, as Walt Whitman would call it, though its name means "ninth." November is, in the best sense, a natural month. For nature, it is a time of necessary death and burial. For men, it is a time for return to roots, if rooms are roots, from the temporary playground of summer's outdoors. It is a month without the pressures of anticipation of, say, March, when spring becomes unbearably promising because withheld. It is a month without the recirculated tedium of holidays—except Thanksgiving, a sad and modest feast—to be got through. Best of all, it is a month worse than its precursors, better than its successors, a month that breeds resignation, evaluation, and acceptance.

In the northern latitudes, it divides itself, if unpredictably, into three segments. The first begins on All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day—a twenty-four-hour transit from the sublime to the subterranean—when the debris of Hallowe'en, shattered front-porch pumpkins and toilet-paper streamers, nests on the leaf-covered, frost-whitened stubble of the still green but dy-

ing lawn. The nighttime frosts rise into mists under the sun, warming to the watery, chill haze of a late Indian-summer day, falling and cooling again to ice at night. This cycle runs a week or so, when it mutates overnight into the first real long-range forecast of a long, hard winter: those days of boundless, pewter-colored stratus cloud that lay lead darkness on the land and shut out the sun except at rise and set. In the dank chill of those ten days or more at the heart of most Novembers, the bone first feels its fallibility, cold's intimation of mortality, absent all summer long. But, at the same time, the eye sees, and delights in, the subtle colors of another mortality on the face of the earth. There, underfoot and all around, are the paling greens of dying leaves, the whited ochres and umbers of dead ones, the sturdy yellows and russets of weed stems and umbels long past seed-bearing, the silvering boles of maples and ashes, and the barely pink-tinged tips of apple shoots. Under the snow cloud too thin to give snow, everything is subdued, diminished, reduced to Dürer colors, given pause until spring. And people, also given pause, imbued with fear by the hostility of the cutting cold and the death color in the air, are driven indoors to their artificial summer by the fire, driven in upon themselves. Though November's final days will bring another change—this time to a small-eyed, distant sun in a faded sky from which fierce winds and an unanticipated snow squall or two may blow—we stay indoors now to confront ourselves.

In the dark day of November, it is often three o'clock in the morning. We sit alone, freshly reminded of our mortal state, in inconsolable judgment on the waning sources of our unfounded pride. Our achievements wither and dry and shrivel to insignificance until they'd fit the head of a pin; our ego, a summer roarer, now sits, a bad boy, in the dunce's corner; our petty crimes against ourselves and others now pass in review at regimental strength before our routed-marshal's eyes.

It is the Phoenix all over again, of course. Out of our chastened ashes, out of our misspent summer's dust, rises a puny, unfledged chick, a blue and bony shadow of our potential to renew ourselves and redeem ourselves by humble, dogged application

to our last—and to our next, since every métier constantly dies to be reborn.

In his essay on Arthur Koestler, George Orwell compares Koestler's *The Gladiators* unfavorably with Flaubert's *Salammbô*; in seeking an explanation for the superiority of the nineteenth-century novel, he ventures the suggestion that "Flaubert could think himself into the stony cruelty of antiquity, because in the mid-nineteenth century one still had peace of mind. One had time to travel in the past. Nowadays the present and the future are too terrifying to be escaped from, and if one bothers with history it is in order to find modern meanings there."

How true: the present and the future are not only too terrifying but also too insistent, too mind-and-body consuming, to be escaped from into meditation, consideration, and remembrance. Except, I think, in such a pause as November, a limbo in nature which induces an answering limbo—a break with the immediate past that confers perspective on the more distant past and hence on the present and future—in our minds.

The ice-gray light falls levelly in the study windows, forbidding us from the outdoors for the duration of a winter. It chisels the outlines of books, pictures, furniture. It provides deep shadows for the fire to prosper in. It creates an utter calm that is diametrically opposed to the furor of the world, a calm that is at first mistaken for despair and then seen clearly as a hope of hope. To buoy ourselves up and carry our frail selves through the rising insupportability of life, we take on, through the year, a thick, false costume of defenses crowned with a raffish, reckless, smiling social mask and founded on false pride and false belief in our immortal *Geist*. In November, all that falls away, and we sit alone with the knowledge of a failing body and a failed mind that has hardly begun to attack its objectives.

Then, of course—the larder bare, the slate wiped clean—the hope is free to start. Once our attention has been distracted from the screaming, constant claims of self, we can begin again from square one of our humble, real, deflated self. We suddenly have time—for the first time in a year—for pity that is not coextensive with ourselves. We have time to stop taking

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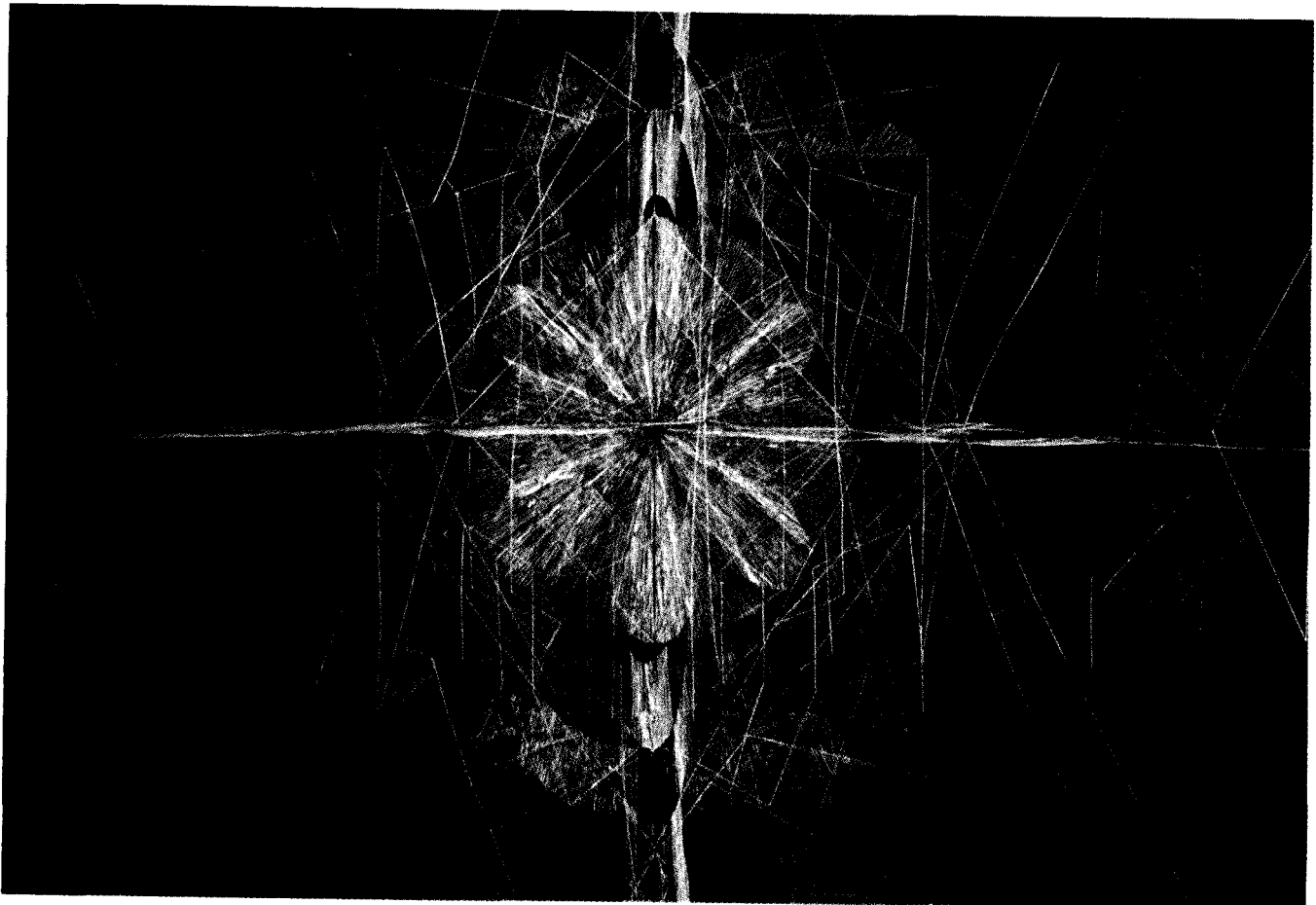
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BYSTANDER

others for granted or for pawns in our personal politics and to see them, objectively and shamefully, as more steadfast and less self-blandished than we are. We have time to pay our respects, our too-long-deferred tributes, to the people who have sheltered and nurtured us in spite of our pretensions. We have time to read books and judge them with impartiality and a sense of wonder and to pay homage to the writers who must, against all odds, have snatched success from the jaws of failure to create them. We have time, in a time when the garden is a scurf of blackened, white-rimmed leaves, to cultivate our own neglected garden, ignored all blazing summer long, and to plant the first seeds of a project, an idea, a far-off achievement that could conceivably redeem us from that most sterile and barren of all moonscapes, the waste of time.

Another November comes. Whether it proceeds through its three traditional segments or throws the book away, I welcome it because it will restore me to the company of a friend and companion of my youth who is a virtual stranger now. I mean, of course, myself. And, when I sit down at the end of the long, gray month with that old self and my rediscovered friends and intimates to eat turkey and cornbread stuffing and squash and pumpkin pie, I will offer mentally a kind of left-handed thanks: not the "I'm all right, Jack" thanks for abundance, but the tentative, self-doubting thanks for the return to normal size and sanity that November brings.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover—Terry Brown, design
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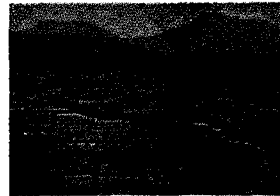
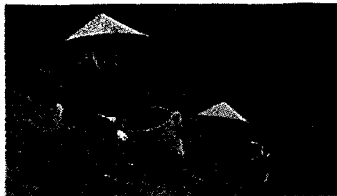
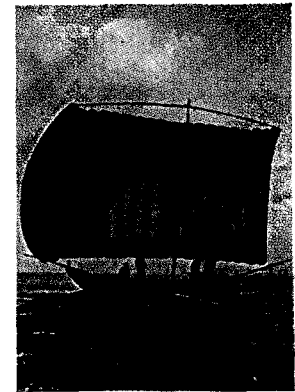
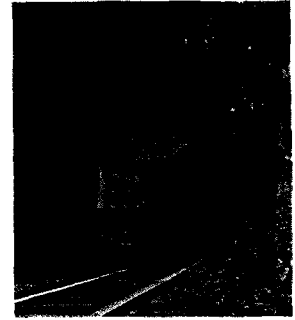
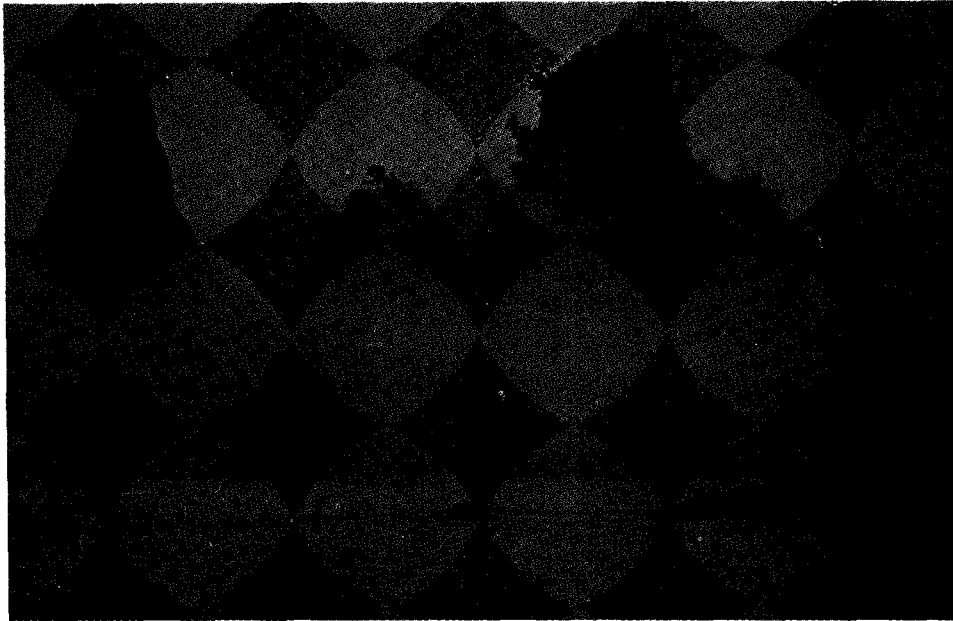
86—Gillhausen,
Black Star

89—Marc Riboud,
Magnum

103—Richard Sanderson

121, 122, 123—Adrian Taylor

Beyond Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka



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A Japan few tourists see.

THE MAIL

SEX AS HUMANIZING

SIR: It is amusing to read L. E. Sissman's polemic against sexual manipulation, "The Sex Biz" (August *Atlantic*), in the same issue with an excerpt from Updike's new novel *Rabbit Redux*.

Updike's skill in mixing fundamental biological information with plain comedy illustrates one point Mr. Sissman has overlooked. Much of the sex in highbrow fiction of the last decade has had a missionary paramedical goal—to sweeten the horrors, sentimentalities, and evasions of the sex manuals, to humanize the whole business and bring it down to earth.

There is a subliminal Marie Stopes or Havelock Ellis in most of these novelists.

In *Couples*, and even more in *Rabbit Redux*, Updike is writing a *sottisier* in the style of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, ridiculing the more lethal commonplaces of sexual enlightenment.

Unfortunately, his purposes are mixed. He still clings to the exhortatory voice of the "Scandinavian" manuals. His natural missionary temper displaces itself in that direction, from straight religion (which attracts him) toward therapeutic sexual rhapsody. *Rabbit Redux* is more coherent than *Couples*; his hostility toward voyeurism comes more clearly into line with Mr. Sissman's ideas. The novel is purer comedy.

Mr. Sissman is too devout a liberal social-serviceman to entertain the possibility of radical comedy resulting from the mania he hates. A man of commerce himself, he sees all, or almost all, sin as commercial or commercializing. Updike, a stern, Puri-

tanical but good-natured man, rather outflanks this point of view, as for that matter do Mailer, Roth, and several others.

ROBERT FLINT
Cambridge, Mass.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

SIR: Dan Wakefield was right ("Taking It Big: A Memoir of C. Wright Mills," September *Atlantic*); C. Wright Mills was a unique human being, and he made a very special impact on those of us who studied with him.

I took a seminar with Mills when I was a senior at Columbia College (1958-1959). In reflecting on those weekly meetings, I realized that I had always felt overwhelmed—transfixed by a presence somehow more than human. He never wore a tie. Usually he needed a shave. More often than not, his clothes looked as if he had slept in them. It wasn't that he had; it was just one of the things which didn't matter to him. In contrast, two of the most stimulating hours of my undergraduate career were spent in his class trying—very systematically—to determine why "older women" were good for young men.

JOHN L. ERLICH
Associate Professor
The University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: The main thing I'll remember about C. Wright Mills is that he advised Dan Wakefield to get a *girl* to cook his week's supply of stew. Apparently Mills's compassion extended to everyone except half the human race.

VIRGINIA LAKE KENNEL
Republic, Wash.

SUPERFLUOUS MAN

SIR: Like too many critics of welfare, Irving Kristol ("Viewpoint," August *Atlantic*) assumes as given the patriarchal family pattern—in which a man supports a dependent wife and children—and the sexual stereotyping that goes along with it (a man who cannot support his family is "unmanned"). Within this context he discusses welfare exclusively in terms of its projected effect on the male psyche. Yet it is women, particularly mothers, who—as a direct result of their dependent position in a society based on the patriarchal family—are most affected by the welfare system.

In this society, a woman is supposed to have children only if she is subsidized by a man. Most jobs open to women do not pay enough to support a family, and there are virtually no provisions for communal child care. If a mother cannot get or does not want a man to support her, her only choice is likely to be welfare.

In taking care of her children the welfare mother is performing the same social and economic function as other full-time housewives and mothers, but because she does not have a man, or because her man is unemployed, she is considered a parasite; instead of receiving a fair wage for her work (and making a home for children *is* work) she is doled a grudging subsistence. Still, welfare at least provides mothers with a minimal alternative to getting or staying married. Kristol realizes this and implies that it might be a good idea to limit welfare in the interest of "strengthening the family." Apparently it does not occur to him that a woman who must have a husband to survive has neither freedom in

Atlantic
Brief Lives:
*A Biographical
Companion
to the
Arts*

EDITED BY
**Louis
Kronenberger**
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Emily Morison Beck

Atlantic
Brief Lives:
*A Biographical
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Arts*

**All reference
works
are factual.
This one
gets personal.**

When John Updike writes a short biography of Kierkegaard, it's a labor of love, because he's personally involved. It's also a first-class piece of writing—entertaining, literate, and highly informative. The same goes for Stephen Spender on Baudelaire, Jacques Barzun on Berlioz, Francis Steegmuller on Degas, or Walter Kerr on Euripides.

The editors of *ATLANTIC BRIEF LIVES*, Louis Kronenberger and Emily Morison Beck, first selected the 1,081 figures who have made major contributions to the field of arts and letters throughout Western history. Then 129 of the best scholars and writers of our time were asked to write on 211 leading figures who interested them personally.

The result is a book that gives you the best of both worlds—reference and reading. Here you will find a listing of the major works of the painter Longhi beside a sensitive appraisal of Garcia Lorca by Francis Fergusson; the plays of Sheridan beside a historically perceptive

analysis of Sholem Aleichem by Irving Howe; the poetry and criticism of Edwin Muir beside Frank Kermode's brilliant essay on Mozart.

ATLANTIC BRIEF LIVES is a big, beautiful book—928 pages containing over half a million words in 1,081 entries arranged alphabetically from Lord Acton to Zurbarán. There are alphabetical lists of the essayists and their subjects; and there is a full (and elegant) introductory essay by Louis Kronenberger.

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choosing a mate nor the power to demand an equal relationship, and that marriage under such conditions is a euphemism for prostitution and domestic slavery.

No intelligent discussion of welfare can omit an analysis of discrimination against women. Unfortunately, Kristol chooses to avoid a lot of painful questions by focusing his solicitude on the "superfluous man."

ELLEN WILLIS
Napanoch, N.Y.

SIR: Irving Kristol's competent explanation of welfare's inherently destructive nature was marred only by his failure to state the obvious conclusion: there is no ethical or pragmatic case for forcing people to share honestly earned incomes with others.

The crimes against labor and enterprise which have been committed in the name of "poverty relief" amount to billions of wasted dollars. Parasitic liars administering this fraud have the gall to pretend liberality and humanism, while forcibly extracting more hidden taxes from the poor than are returned in welfare benefits. Responsibility and effort are discouraged, and the resulting dropouts from productive life are rewarded, thus creating the welfare spiral.

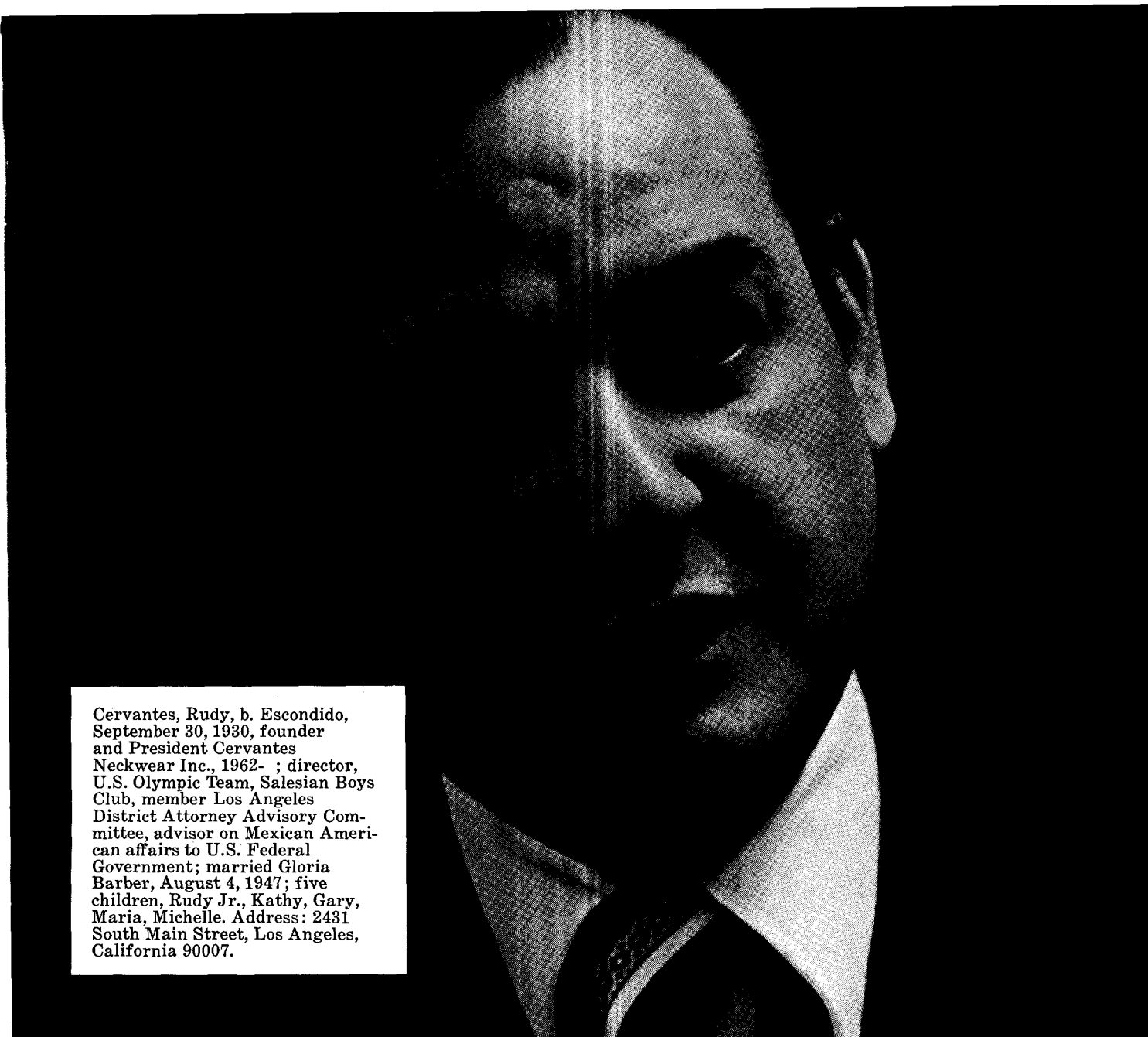
Those who deny that prosperity and voluntary aid would flourish by returning stolen taxes to the people are simply voicing their contempt for humanity and their faith in bureaucratic coercion.

ALAN REYNOLDS
Sacramento, Calif.

SIR: Irving Kristol's article "Welfare: The Best of Intentions, The Worst of Results" bothered me very much—the net effect being to heighten the general enmity toward the poor, undermine the efforts of those seriously trying to explain, understand, and remedy the poverty problem, and finally to reactivate or reaffirm a mythological approach to poverty as a philosophical problem dependent more on the character of the poor than on economic forces.

Mr. Kristol's quotation from Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward regarding their new theory of the economic pressures governing poverty relief is well illustrated in the state of California, where the meth-

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Cervantes, Rudy, b. Escondido, September 30, 1930, founder and President Cervantes Neckwear Inc., 1962- ; director, U.S. Olympic Team, Salesian Boys Club, member Los Angeles District Attorney Advisory Committee, advisor on Mexican American affairs to U.S. Federal Government; married Gloria Barber, August 4, 1947; five children, Rudy Jr., Kathy, Gary, Maria, Michelle. Address: 2431 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California 90007.

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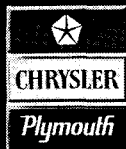
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ods described by Piven and Cloward are presently being implemented by new legislation "cutting the 'able-bodied' off the rolls, whether or not there are jobs, and whether or not the wages offered are sufficient for survival." The theory that welfare relief can be used to force work for low wages may be bluntly put by the authors, but the objections to it are *not* "too numerous to mention," and Mr. Kristol should mention at least one.

"Welfare explosion" is a term denoting the surfacing of the *existing* poor. It is not offered by Piven and Cloward as an explanation of the *causes* of poverty, as Kristol assumes, but indicates their increased visibility. The "welfare explosion" was not the work of the Welfare Rights Organization, the Office of Economic Opportunity, or of social workers, as Kristol suggests—they can only take credit for the *discovery* of so many poor, not their *creation*.

Kristol mistakes the goal of welfare reform to be the reduction of welfare rolls and payments and costs regardless of what becomes of the poor. The actual goal pursued by students of the complex problems of poverty is reduction in the number of financially dependent citizens—not more or less welfare, but fewer poor people. To have more people on welfare receiving more generous payments is no answer to the underlying forces causing poverty, and Kristol should know better than to suggest that this would satisfy anyone.

MARY W. MILLER
Newport Beach, Calif.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Professor Will C. Jumper ("The Mail," August *Atlantic*), in his letter patronizing Melvin Maddocks' excellent essay "Proust: A Prophet Remembered" in your July issue, wonders whether Maddocks has ever read Proust in *French* because "all of the quotations are from an unidentified translation . . . and some are plain inaccurate." His example of inaccuracy is Charles Swann's outcry against Odette, the closing lines of the section in *Swann's Way* entitled "Swann In Love." His cavil is against the English version used by Maddocks: "the greatest love that I have ever known has been for a woman who did not please me, who was not in my style!"

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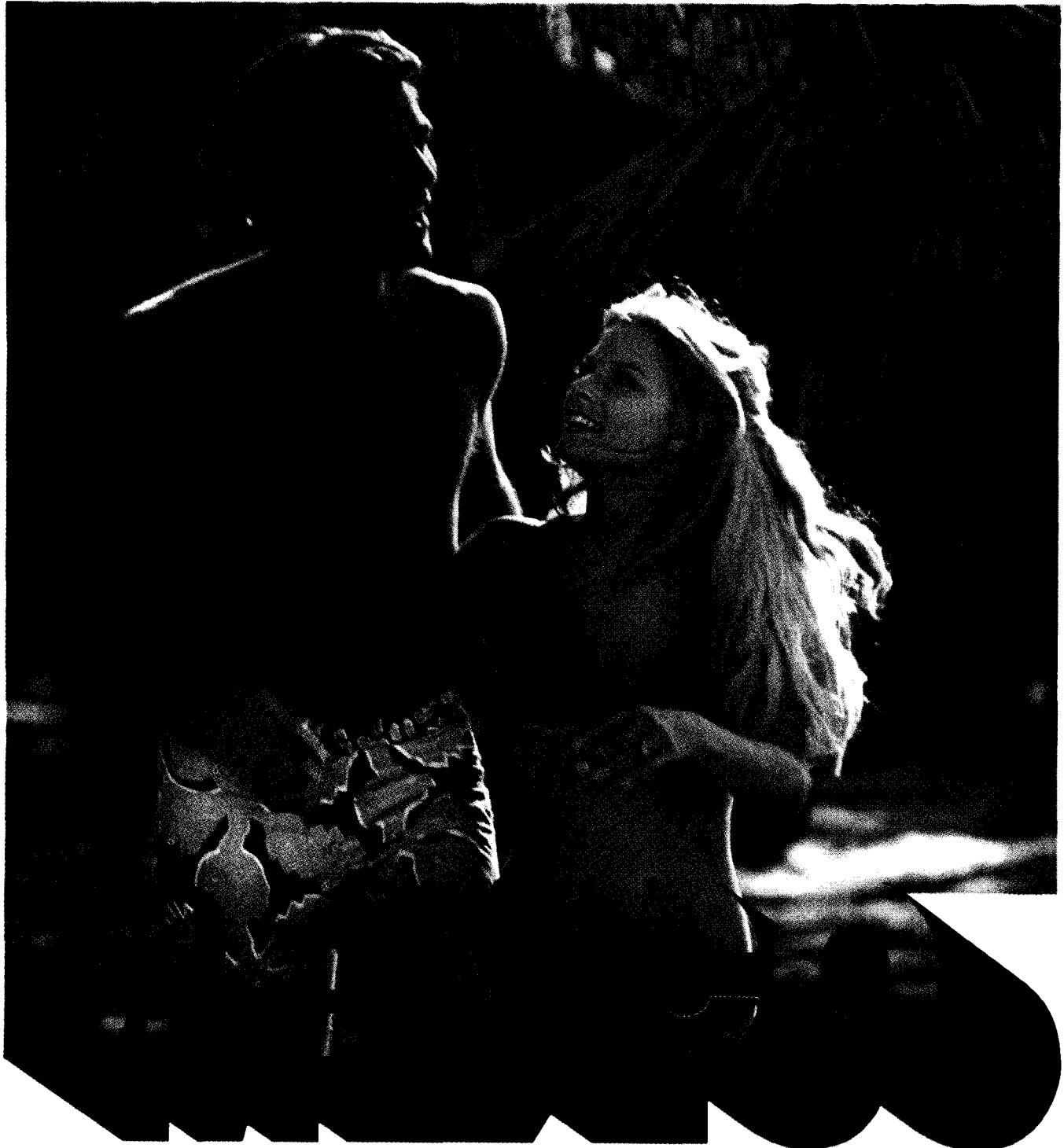
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The translation in question is immediately identified by anyone who has read Proust in *both* French and English as that of Charles K. Scott-Moncrieff (cf. *Swann's Way*, Modern Library, copyright 1928, page 549). As for Professor Jumper's translation of the fragment he uses as his example, there is no way "... qui ne me plaisait pas" can be contorted into "... a woman who was alien to me," and if it could it would be redundant in meaning with the clause immediately following: "qui n'était pas mon genre."

Proust clearly has Swann say that the woman he loved almost to death did not please him, a paradox hardly "clownish," to quote Professor Jumper, to anyone who has gone through such an experience.

What Professor Jumper has done is not translate Proust but rewrite him, which in his case is the height of presumption.

MARLAND S. WOLF
Chatham, Mass.

SIR: I am tired of supercilious writers like Paul Hemphill, writing on Merle Haggard in your September edition,

categorizing working people as being incapable of making intelligent decisions on the great issues of our time such as the war, politics, racial relations, and hippies.

His implication that a few beers mixed with the songs of a C & W recording artist could inspire people to some sort of antisocial conduct has no basis in fact, and rather than worrying about them going out under this influence to get some hippies, I think he should be more concerned with their rising up in righteous indignation and marching to Sutton Place armed with tar and feathers looking for some smarty-pants writers.

JOSEPH R. OLSON
Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Atlantic welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

Contributors

ELIZABETH DREW, our Washington editor, was recently in Cyprus.

JAMES CONAWAY grew up in Memphis and is the author of a novel, *The Big Easy*.

PAUL THEROUX's latest novel, *Jungle Lovers*, was published in the spring.

CHARLES REMBAR's *The End of Obscenity* is a book about literary trials in which he represented the publishers before the Supreme Court.

JAMES DICKEY's collection of essays, *Sorties*, will be published this month.

STEPHEN DIAMOND is the author of *What the Trees Said*.

ROBERT BAGG's book of poetry is entitled *Madonna of the Cello*.

ANTONIA CHAYES, the mother of five children, teaches political science at Tufts University.

MARY GRAY HUGHES' stories have appeared in several magazines.

NADINE GORDIMER's latest collection of stories is *Livingstone's Companions*.

ROSS TERRILL teaches government and East Asian studies at Harvard.

CALVIN TRILLIN's "Nation of Shopkeepers" appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

GUNTHER STENT is professor of molecular biology at Berkeley.

PETER DAVISON is the author of three books of poetry.

MELVIN MADDOCKS is a critic for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

MARYA MANNES' new book is an autobiography, *Out of My Time*.

FRANK KERMODE teaches English literature at London's University College.

EDWARD WEEKS, PHOEBE ADAMS, DAVID DENBY, and L. E. SISSMAN appear regularly in our pages.

Does an Italian wine go with gourmet food?



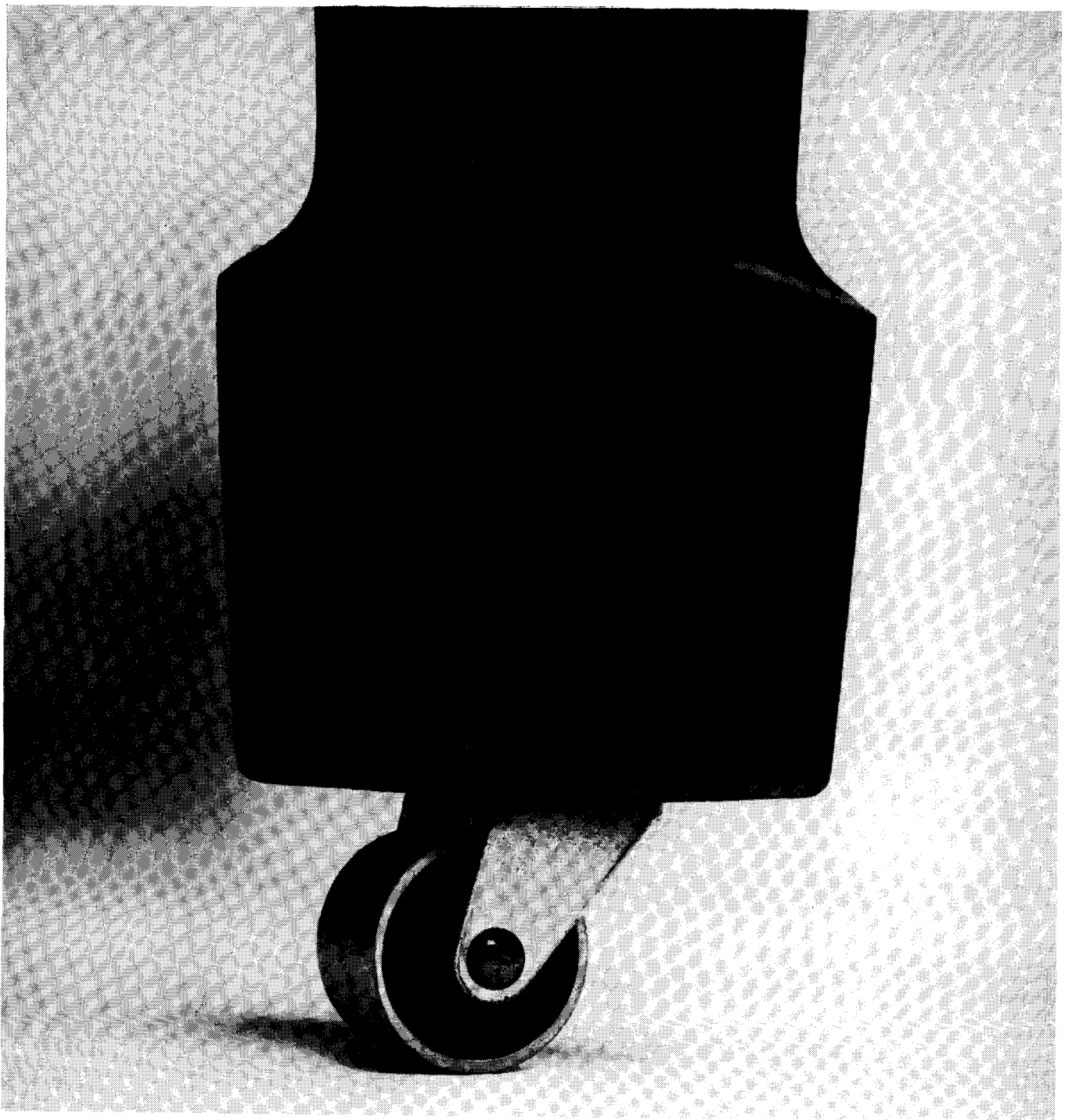
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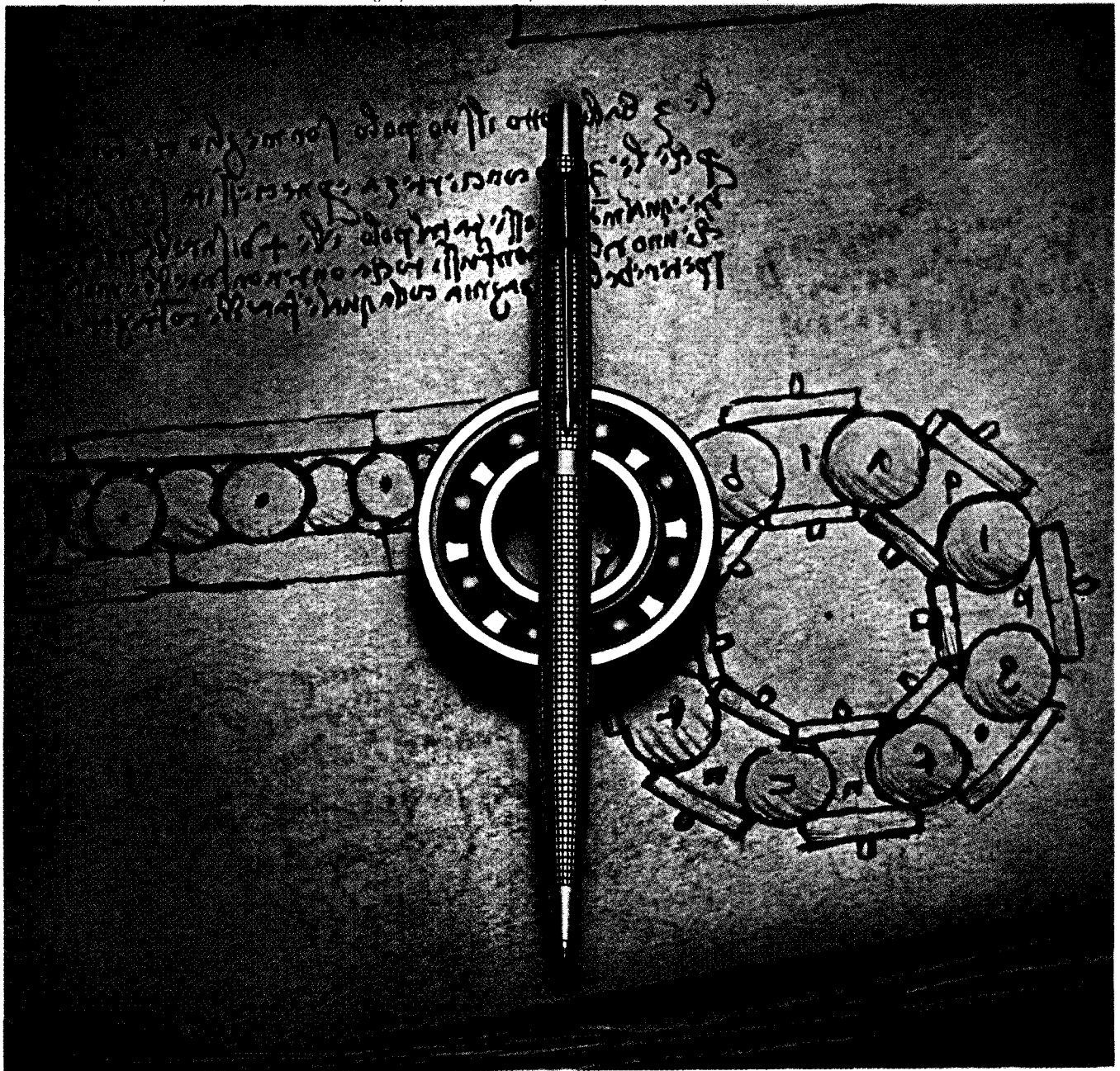
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PAPER VICTORY

The United States v. the New York Times and the Washington Post

by Charles Rembar

How do you read the First Amendment?

This summer solstice we knelt before the Doctrine of Prior Restraint and rose amid hosannas. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* (hereinafter called "the papers") had begun to publish the Pentagon Papers (hereinafter called "the Papers"). The Government went to court to enjoin the publication. Do not grant the injunction, the papers urged, because the heavenly prohibition in our Constitution is that there shall be no prior restraint. The judges agreed, more or less, but adequately more; the printing of the Papers was allowed to go ahead. A great legal victory was won, we were told, a great constitutional victory. Applause cards were lifted all around.

There were some, however, who did not cheer. The President and his Attorney General seemed downright grumpy. One maintained a sulkily silence; the other threatened to put some people in jail. But a losing law firm is never cheerful, even when, as in this instance, it has had considerable experience in losing.

Nixon & Mitchell brought a case they had to lose. There might have been differences over whether a temporary stay should have been granted, and for how long it should have remained in force. But there was no chance that the government could have won what it was after—a permanent injunction. Even the dissenters stopped short of saying the Pentagon Papers should not have been published. They objected, mainly, to being pressed to respond so fast.

There was no occasion for the hurrahs at the decision. There was occasion for remorse. The publication was certainly important; the judicial victory was

not. The legal arguments that the newspapers made were paltry. The Justices' opinions were too narrow and too broad, and in thought and writing far below the usual level of Supreme Court opinions. A great chance was fumbled. Nixon & Mitchell did their part. The opposition failed. So did the Supreme Court. The judges below acted well. A remarkably good performance was given by the very first to whom the matter was presented, Judge Murray Gurfein of the New York District Court. (It was all the more remarkable because he was a newborn judge. He was sworn in on Thursday, ascended the bench the following Monday, and on Tuesday heard the government demand that he enjoin the *New York Times*.) But these were cases plainly destined for the highest Court, and it was there that the decision would be made and the opinions handed down that could have so great an effect on the future of our freedoms.

Not that the decision itself—the final disposition of the case—was wrong. It was utterly right. The government's suit for injunction should have been dismissed, and was. No unexcited lawyer with a knowledge of the First Amendment should have expected any other outcome. But opinions in Supreme Court cases, as well as the decisions, have immense significance. Here our Justices failed us.

It might have been the rush. If the Justices had had another week to work, there would have been, in all likelihood, a worthier set of opinions. But the dissenters, denouncing the speed the majority forced upon them, were not asking for another week to think about the matter. They were referring to the entire litigation, from the District Courts on up. As Mr. Justice Blackmun put it, the cases should have

been remanded, to resume “. . . on a schedule permitting the orderly presentation of evidence from both sides, with the use of discovery if necessary. . . .” “Discovery” embraces a set of procedures by which each litigant investigates the other—has documents produced, examines witnesses under oath, goes to court for rulings when objections are made—in effect, has a pretrial trial. Then comes the trial itself. Then you wait for a decision. Then you have appeals. No matter how “expeditious” the handling of the matter, the dissenters’ prescription could use up months, and the First Amendment does not contemplate that free expression should slowly choke on legal process.

Nor was there any need for what the dissenters were demanding. It is a hard thing to say—especially of a judge as able as John Harlan—but the dissenters overlooked a fundamental aspect of our law. It is simply this: the plaintiff must make his case. We—the Americans and the English—use an adversary system. There are different legal systems elsewhere, under which the judges are inquisitors who investigate and find the facts themselves. Our method depends instead on the thrash and wrangle of the litigating parties. Trial by combat has never ended. The plaintiff must show the court what he complains about. The defendant must show that what the plaintiff says is false, or, if true, that it does not matter. The court has a comparatively passive role. Some of the Justices complained that the Pentagon Papers filled forty-seven volumes. But there was no need to take the time to read all forty-seven volumes. The government occupies no privileged position, under our law, when it comes to court. It must, like any other plaintiff, make its case. Both trial judges gave the government ample opportunity to do this. When it finished pointing out, specifically, those parts of the Pentagon Papers that were likely to do damage, the record was complete.

Nor should the government have been heard to say that the short notice would not permit it to make its case. It was not dealing with strange material; these were its own documents. Could the government find no one in its employ who had studied them? If they were of so little interest that no such person could be found, that fact in itself should have ended the case. But actually the government had been reviewing the Pentagon Papers since Senator J. William Fulbright, a year and a half before, had asked for a look at them. (What is called “the United States” or “the government” in these cases is not, of course, the nation, or even the entire government; it is merely the Executive, one branch of three.)

A major defect in the Justices’ opinions was the talk about the possible criminal liability of the newspapers. Since the function of our courts is to decide the cases put before them, judges are properly laconic. It is not that they must write

short opinions; it is rather that their opinions, generally, should be addressed to the litigated questions. They frequently remind us that they do not rule on matters not in issue. Mr. Justice White, unaccountably, came close to doing exactly that. Moreover, Mr. Justice Stewart joined in White’s opinion; Chief Justice Burger said he was “in general agreement” with what White said “with respect to penal sanctions”; Mr. Justice Blackmun said he was “in substantial accord with much that Mr. Justice White says, by way of admonition”; and Mr. Justice Marshall devoted part of his opinion to “whether a good-faith prosecution could have been instituted.”

The greater part of Mr. Justice White’s opinion was addressed to the matter of whether the newspapers had committed crimes. No facts were presented on the issue of whether a crime was committed; no legal arguments were made. It would have been legitimate, as part of a judge’s reasoning, to say that while he felt no injunction should be granted, this did not mean that there was no violation of a statute. But Mr. Justice White went further. If he did not explicitly invite the Department of Justice to prosecute the newspapers, he at least supplied a number of helpful hints on how to argue in support of such a prosecution. Assuming the newspapermen are indicted, there is a question whether any person who reads this opinion can properly serve as a juror.¹

Another weakness is that several of the Justices—on both sides of their division—wrote opinions on power rather than on the First Amendment. The Constitution deals with governmental power in two ways: it confers it, and it puts restrictions on its exercise. The Constitution as originally drafted dealt mostly with the grant of power—to Congress, to the Executive, to the Judiciary. The Bill of Rights, on which the states insisted before they would approve the Constitution, contains most of the restrictions. Accordingly, an act of Congress or an order of the President, brought under constitutional scrutiny, must pass two tests: does the power exist, and has it been exercised in such a way as to violate some prohibition? The existence of the power does not tell us whether its exercise is lawful.

¹ The opinion concludes with a disclaimer: “I am not, of course, saying that either of these newspapers has yet committed a crime or that either would commit a crime if they published all the material now in their possession.”

But one may wonder at the effect of such a disclaimer when it comes at the end of a long discussion of criminal liability, a discussion containing such remarks as: “However, these same members of Congress appeared to have little doubt that newspapers would be subject to criminal prosecution if they insisted on publishing information of the type Congress had itself determined should not be revealed.”

Or, again: “If any of the material here at issue is of this nature, the newspapers are presumably now on full notice of the position of the United States and must face the consequences if they publish. I would have no difficulty in sustaining convictions under these sections on facts that would not justify the intervention of equity and the imposition of a prior restraint.”

Nevertheless, two of the Justices, Harlan and Marshall, gave the Bill of Rights only a very curt nod and then became engrossed in power questions. They came out with different answers. Mr. Justice Marshall, concurring in the majority decision, found that Congress had "specifically refused to give the Executive authority to ask, or the Court authority to grant, the injunction that was sought." Mr. Justice Harlan, dissenting, found that the Executive had the power to prevent the publication, subject only to the Court's satisfying itself that the matter lay "within the proper compass of the President's foreign relations power," and that there had been a determination by "the Secretary of State or the Secretary of Defense—after actual personal consideration by that officer" that disclosure would irreparably impair the national security.

So Harlan would issue the injunction and Marshall would deny it, but the two opinions have much in common, principally a demeaning of the First Amendment. Marshall was not the only Justice to spend a lot of time on what Congress had or had not done. But where expression is constitutionally protected, no amount of legislative effort can change the situation. The First Amendment says that "*Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . .*" If enjoining the publication of the Pentagon Papers is an abridgement, the fact that Congress has made just such a law means only that the law is void.

If, on the other hand, the Amendment does not bar the way, the Executive branch of the government would seem entitled to the injunction. If it has lawful power to keep some things confidential, why can't it ask the courts for help? Any private person can. No statute is necessary to prompt a court to issue an injunction where some right of property needs protection; it is part of the ancient jurisdiction of the courts of chancery, a jurisdiction inherited by contemporary federal courts. Businessmen go to court to get decrees against disclosure of trade secrets. Landowners get injunctions against obtrusive acts of neighbors. The Executive, concerned for the safety of all the people, should have no less standing in our courts than a plaintiff complaining that his real estate will fall in value. The preoccupation with statutes (by both Court and counsel) seems to have been unfocused.

Yet, granted the Executive has power to obtain a decree of court in a proper case, the question remains whether under the First Amendment this was a proper case. It is not conceivable that we can be silenced, where Congress could not silence us, by the Secretary of State or by the Secretary of Defense, or by the President himself.

But the principal defect of the opinions was their concentration on prior restraint. And here the Justices may be excused, because it was that hollow legalistic doctrine on which (with

"power" arguments) the papers made their stand. Altogether, the quality of the litigants' argument was less than it should have been. The presentation of a case, even to a court as independent and capable as the Supreme Court, has an effect not only on the outcome but on the opinions the judges write. It has an effect greater than is generally acknowledged, greater, probably, than the judges themselves may realize. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold—distinguished lawyer, distinguished legal scholar, former dean of Harvard Law School—began his argument with a discussion of copyright law. The First Amendment is not absolute, Griswold said; it must admit of some exceptions. But the illustration in no way proved his point. Copyright does not keep information from the public. There are two kinds of copyright, one granted by Act of Congress, the other by the common law. Statutory copyright keeps nothing secret. On the contrary, it requires publication; it is only publication, with appropriate notice, that gives the right at all. Common-law copyright, in contrast, lasts until there is a publication; the courts will shield an author who does not want his work to see the light of day. But it shields authors, not governments. Moreover, both kinds of copyright apply only to the art of the expression, to the form and not its substance. There is no information—no fact, idea, opinion, sentiment—that the law of copyright restricts. It supplies no precedent, no analogy, no instructive illustration that bears upon the case.

The weakness of Griswold's opening is symptomatic of the weakness of his argument throughout. One more example: reducing broader claims made by other government attorneys, he said the case came down to "ten specific items." But one of the items he "specified" consisted of four volumes. This may some day come to be a joke for after-dinner speeches, and in time will be discounted as apocryphal.

The most plausible explanation is that Griswold had no heart for the case he had to argue. If that is so, he should not have handled it. He should have turned it over to his boss, the Attorney General, who could have handled it with enthusiasm. Better still, Griswold might have resigned.

But it was the lawyers on the other side, with their clients, who had the job of defending freedom of the press. (It was not a matter of acting for a client who merely wanted to win his case; the clients here publicly assigned themselves a larger role.) The defense lawyers' arguments were narrow and timid, in manner and in scope. Take one example. Mr. Justice Stewart, excellent in the questioning of counsel, put a tough question:

Let us assume that when the members of the court go back and open up this sealed record we find something there that absolutely convinces us that its disclosure would result in the sentencing to death of a hundred young men whose only offense had been that they were 19 years old and had low draft numbers. What should we do?

William Glendon, for the *Washington Post*, who argued last, had the benefit of hearing the question put to Alexander Bickel, for the *New York Times*, who preceded him. Glendon answered, in effect, that the hypothetical case was not the case before the court. This is a sound beginning, but it is not a sufficient answer. To support it, one must show the difference between the question posed and the case before the court. But even that is not enough; if the hypothetical question is not too far removed, and this one was not, it also deserves an answer of its own. Glendon did not undertake a direct answer, and Stewart did not press him, perhaps because there was a diversion; at this moment the Chief Justice came in with another question.

Professor Bickel was less fortunate. He could not avoid the question. After some colloquy he said:

No, I am afraid that my inclinations to humanity overcome the somewhat more abstract devotion to the First Amendment in a case of that sort.

Sentimentality has never had a finer moment, at least not in the Supreme Court.

First, counsel might have asked the Justice to put his question into context. (Stewart, indeed, in his subsequent comments, suggested this himself.) It is tragic indeed that a hundred young men might die. It is more tragic still that thousands have died and many more have lost arms and legs and eyes, and that a country has been ravaged. Whether any man must die—young or old, drafted or enlisted, in war or for other reasons—is terribly important, but Stewart's question must be considered not in some other situation or some other world, but in this situation, in this world. There is destruction in Southeast Asia; these hundred deaths would be part of that destruction. The publication of the Pentagon Papers might bring an earlier end to the destruction; these hundred deaths might save a thousand lives. Or the publication might have an opposite effect. No one knows. We do not abandon freedom of speech—for which many men have died—on a supposition.

This brings us to the second answer to the question. We are dealing with a rule of law, laid down by the First Amendment. Any rule of law must cover a multitude of situations; otherwise it is no rule. The word "law" implies abstraction and generalization, in government as well as science. If each concrete dispute is to be decided on its own, without regard to any other, we have no law; rights and duties then have little content; no one knows just where he stands. We must generalize to create a rule of law.

But once we have a rule of law, we must accept that there are situations in which the general prescription works harshly, in some quite badly. The First Amendment is an abstraction. It carries with it suffering and peril. Some speech, some writing, will divert minds from the truth, will lead to bad behavior, will create injustice, will destroy. The theory of

our system of free expression is that these are risks worth taking.

Thus the Supreme Court has, in certain situations, abolished the protection that the libel law had given, because the First Amendment demands the fullest liberty to speak on public issues, even where the plaintiff's reputation may be—by falsehood now protected—altogether ruined. The Court has also told us that the Amendment reduces antiobscenity laws severely (in the case of writing, to negligibility), though for many people the world would be a pleasanter place if things that now assail their senses were not thrust upon them. The Amendment safeguards the seductive utterance of heretical opinion, though millions believe that souls thereby are doomed to everlasting torment. And it protects the spread of false and cruel ideas. The American Nazis are permitted to speak their piece. Father Coughlin was not hindered by the courts. A vigorous advocate of return to black slavery would not be silenced.

We allow all this—indeed, shelter it—because our Bill of Rights embodies the decision that it is better to run these risks, to suffer these injuries, than to allow the government to determine what one should say, what one should write, what the public should hear and read. The majority is not permitted to silence the minority, no matter how convinced of rectitude the majority may be. There is greater danger in suppression, the axiom embodied in the First Amendment proclaims, than in the publication of what some of us, or most of us, or even almost all of us, believe to be dangerous or horrid. An argument the other way can be made. But this is our system; this is our law. Mr. Justice Stewart put the legal question; this should have been the lawyer's answer.

It is true, of course, that not every utterance is protected by the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech and freedom of the press. Congress certainly can, and has, made laws abridging the con man's freedom of speech; they are called the Securities Acts. No stock swindler has ever successfully urged the First Amendment. There is still a private law of libel. Cigarette companies have no constitutional right to sell their goods in packs that bear the legend "Tar and Nicotine Are Good For You." If one person persuades another to commit an ordinary crime, the instigator's speech itself amounts to crime. Espionage, which all agree is not protected by the Bill of Rights, is conducted by talking or by writing; there is a valid conceptual distinction between clandestine communication and public statement.

These things are not really exceptions. They can be accounted for semantically, simply by not inflating the words "speech" and "press" to their utmost literal capacity. Words should not be taken out of context, and the context here is the Bill of Rights.

But then there are some utterances which the First Amendment does not shield, and which cannot be accounted for this way. Assume, for example, that we are at war and a newspaper lets the enemy know that

we have broken their secret code. This is public statement; this is unquestionably "the press." Here the language of the First Amendment will not help us. We must simply recognize that there are exceptions. There is, and should be, some expression that the law can move against. But given the broad, plain words of the guarantee, and the need for free expression in a political system such as ours, the exceptions must be rare and narrowly limited.¹

All the Justices accepted, expressly or by implication, the proposition that exceptions should be rare and narrow (apart from the two who would permit no exceptions at all). And a majority (a majority at least; it appears that even the dissenters might have gone along if the procedure had satisfied them, if matters had not been so rushed) agreed that the case against the publication of the Pentagon Papers did not qualify as an exception.

That exceptions to the First Amendment should be rare and narrow is a valid rule. The decision to deny the injunctions sought was a sound application of the rule. The Court, however, put both the rule and its application not in terms of First Amendment freedoms generally but in terms of prior restraint. This is the ultimate failure of these cases. The decision should have said: the press is free to publish the Pentagon Papers. Instead it said a lesser thing: the press is free from suit for an injunction. And, most of the Justices added, the publishers had better watch their step; they may very well go to jail after they exercise their freedom.

Every Justice spoke in terms of prior restraint. All the cases cited in the *per curiam* opinion are cases of prior restraint. Everyone agreed that prior restraint has a special place—the Justices, even the most libertarian; the lawyers in their arguments; the newspapers themselves in their statements about the case; the commentators.

Here it is necessary to speak slowly, since there is such massing of opinion going the other way. Let us go back in history. In sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England, the government controlled the presses. Printing was a licensed business. If a printer tried to act without a license, his press would be seized and what he printed con-

fiscated. (He could also be prosecuted for his crime.) In 1694 the licensing statute was permitted to expire. In part, the end of licensing was a product of the Glorious Revolution of 1688. Immediately, however, it seems to have been the result of administrative problems; licensing was becoming difficult to enforce. But criminal prosecution for speech or writing offensive to the government continued. Seditious utterance and heretical utterance had always been criminally punishable; early in the eighteenth century, obscene utterance was added to the list of common law crimes.

The doctrine of prior restraint—more accurately, the doctrine of no prior restraint—now came to full flower. It reached its most quoted statement in William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. Blackstone has had a tremendous, and unfortunate, influence on our law. He was in fact an unsuccessful practitioner who shrewdly turned to teaching law; his lectures became the famous *Commentaries*. Twentieth-century scholars have demonstrated the fatuity of much of what he wrote, but his doctrine of prior restraint has somehow escaped the demolition. The core of his statement (with his italics) is this:

The liberty of the press is indeed essential to the nature of a free state; but this consists in laying no *previous* restraints upon publications, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matter when published. Every freeman has an undoubted right to lay what sentiments he pleases before the public: to forbid this is to destroy the freedom of the press: but if he publishes what is improper, mischievous, or illegal, he must take the consequences of his own temerity.

I suggest that the distinction is not good, in early times or now.

In early times, prior restraint was a more certain method, and subsequent punishment a more fearful deterrent, than either is today. The prior restraint was utterly effective (at least regarding future publication) because the printer lost his press. A subsequent punishment for seditious utterance could be, and on occasion was, the same as that for treason: the convicted man was hanged, cut down before he died, castrated, compelled to witness the burning of his severed parts, then drawn and quartered.

Even if the government should prevent an idea from being printed, that idea can nevertheless arise again in the mind of another person, who may then undertake to express it. If a populace is thoroughly cowed, however, thought itself is stunted. People fear to have new thoughts because if they have them they may utter them, and if they utter them dread consequences will follow. Both kinds of suppression are evil, but it is hard to say which one is worse.

Move to modern times, and think of it from the other side. You are a fledgling dictator, still not sure of absolute power, and faced with the problem of obliterating opposition. Is it better to control everything that is printed? The ideas may not disappear. Or is it better to allow a few opponents to publish their op-

¹Justices Black and Douglas (rightly honored for other things) urged a literal approach, the so-called "absolute" theory of the First Amendment. There is not space to discuss it fully here, but two points may be made, one an appeal to reason, the other to authority. Both Justices subscribed to the settled principle that the First Amendment's guarantees apply to the states as well as to the federal government, though the words of the First Amendment mention only Congress. This is done by putting extra meaning into the Fourteenth Amendment, which does refer to the states rather than the federal government, but says nothing about speech or press. Thus Black and Douglas were able to maintain their position by making a thoroughly free translation of one amendment while insisting on a thoroughly literal reading of another. The authority is Justice Holmes, admired by both Black and Douglas. Holmes said, "A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged; it is the skin of a living thought."

position, and then make them face a firing squad? Which is more likely to teach the citizens a lesson?

Both prior restraint and subsequent punishment are, in the present time and in this country, different from what they were. Subsequent punishment is a prison sentence rather than the torture and death it used to be, though prison is for most people itself a torture. Prior restraint, however, has become altogether different. Consider what the government asked in these cases: injunction against further publication. An injunction is an order of the court that one must stop what one is doing, else go to jail. The distinctions between prior restraint and subsequent punishment now are only two: where there is subsequent punishment, a publisher does not know for sure, until the matter is decided, that he will go to jail; an injunction puts him on notice. Then there is the boon of a jury trial in a criminal case. It is a dubious boon. What the First Amendment ordinarily protects is minority opinion, and the jury is likely to represent the popular view. The specific idea we fear or hate is very real to us, while the theory that everybody ought to be free to say or write whatever he chooses is experienced as no more than that: a theory. For most people, freedom of expression means simply freedom for me. Judges, familiar with the importance of abstractions, are more likely than jurors to be willing to act on theory, and to allow hateful words their freedom.

So whether prior restraint or a subsequent punishment has the more baleful effect is a question that can be argued. But on neither side are the arguments so conclusive that we ought to cut the First Amendment in half, and give freedom of the press one meaning or another depending on the legal procedure the government decides to use.

Take the present case. It seems fairly clear that threat of criminal prosecution had its effect upon the papers. When the decision was handed down and the restraining order lifted, the series came to a quick, flat halt. The subsequent installments were brief and not startling. The possibility of criminal proceedings—subsequent punishment as distinguished from prior restraint—may be supposed to have worked.

There has been historical argument that prior restraint is what the First Amendment is all, or nearly all, about. It is true that most of the people who, in the eighteenth century, wrote about freedom of speech and press shared the Blackstone view. But appeals to such precedent overlook the fact that the American Revolution was just that—a revolution. Our Constitution is the legal expression of a rebellion.

Moreover, we do not know what all the people who voted for the Bill of Rights may have had in mind. The fact is they adopted a sweeping guarantee. "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. . . ." The Constitution is a statute, our fundamental statute. An elementary principle in interpreting a statute is that

one need not go beyond its words where the words are plain enough. Here the words, in this regard, could not be plainer: they do not suggest, in any way, that exceptions are to be broader or more numerous where the procedure of suppression is criminal punishment rather than injunction. "Abridge" does not mean blot out. It means curtail, impair. The meaning was no different in the eighteenth century. Whatever "freedom of the press" may include—and it is here that the question of exceptions enters—there is no doubt about the sort of interference that the First Amendment contemplates. It contemplates any diminution of the freedom. Total suppression of a book is not the only thing that violates the guarantee; forcing the author to cut a paragraph is abridgement, too. And abridgement can be effected by different kinds of legal process. It makes no sense to assert that imprisonment for having published does not abridge the freedom of the press.

Finally, as John Marshall in 1819 said, ". . . it is a Constitution we are expounding." What he meant was that this was not an ordinary statute, but the structure of a government, the government of a nation that was expected to grow and change. This strikes with special force where the First Amendment is concerned. The Amendment had very little attention from the Court for a century and a half. The opinions that give it content start with cases following World War I, and the cases go steadily in the direction of greater freedom. (At least till now.)

It is undisputed history that the Bill of Rights was meant to protect the governed from their governors. If this intent is to be given effect, then as the power of the governors grows, the restrictions put upon them by the Bill of Rights must grow commensurately. Our present government is much more powerful than the government of 1791; it has great weapons at its disposal, not merely weapons of law enforcement but weapons designed to influence our minds. If the government's power, through its own speech and press, has gotten stronger, then the people's countervailing weapons must be made stronger. Otherwise the balance is upset. We do not allow the people's power to keep its intended level of strength when our main concern is that there shall be no prior restraint. On the contrary, we divert our energies; we fool ourselves that we are enlarging freedom when we do no more than pay allegiance to an atavistic concept.

Yet there is occasion for some thanksgiving—not a hurrah for victory but a sober commemoration. We can be sorry that the litigation was not better fought and did not give us judicial opinion that would better serve our future. But we can note that there was a litigation, and that the specific decision—that the newspapers should be allowed to publish, without any great delay—was never much in doubt. The government did not send soldiers to seize the presses or to confiscate the papers. Instead it went to court. □

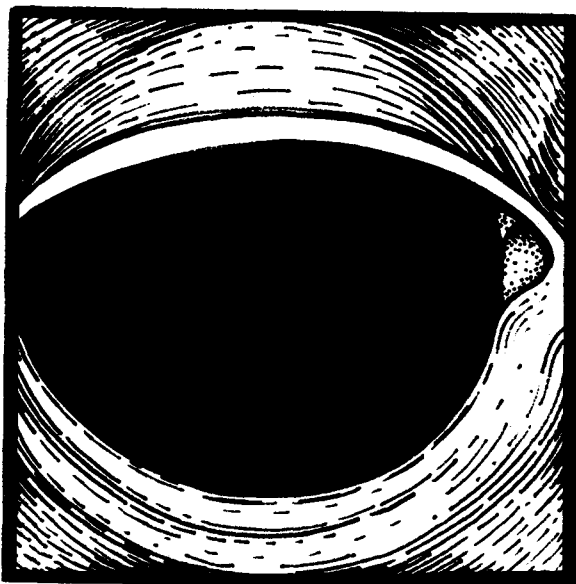
FALSE YOUTH:
AUTUMN:
CLOTHES OF THE AGE

For Susan Tuckerman Dickey

by James Dickey

Three red foxes on my head, come down
There last Christmas from Brooks Brothers
As a joke, I wander down Harden Street
In Columbia, South Carolina, fur-haired and bald,
Looking for impulse in camera stores and red-neck greeting cards.
A pole is spinning
Colors I have little use for, but I go in
Anyway, and take off my fox hat and jacket
They have not seen from behind yet. The barber does what he can
With what I have left, and I hear the end man say, as my own
Hair-cutter turns my face
To the floor, Jesus, if there's anything I hate
It's a middle-aged hippie. Well, so do I, I swallow
Back: so do I so do I
And to hell. I get up, and somebody else says
When're you gonna put on that hat,
Buddy? Right now. Another says softly
Good-bye, Fox. I arm my denim jacket
On and walk to the door, stopping for the murmur of chairs,
And there it is
hand-stitched by the needles of the mother
Of my grandson eagle riding on his claws with a banner
Outstretched as the wings of my shoulders,
Coming after me with his flag
Disintegrating, his one eye raveling
Out, filthy strings flying
From the white feathers, one wing nearly gone:
Blind eagle but flying
Where I walk, where I stop with my fox
Head at the glass to let the row of chairs spell it out
And get a lifetime look at my bird's
One word, raggedly blazing with extinction and soaring loose
In red threads burning up white until I am shot in the back
Through my wings or ripped apart
For rags:

Poetry.



THE BULL'S EYE AND THE SCORPION

1.

It happened in the barn, a huge cavernous building of wood with a peaked slate roof. It was the first week in December, light snow on the ground and bright sunny sky, deep in the caverns of New England. The sun would set by four thirty in the afternoon.

Sam borrowed the gun from Old Jesse who lives in a shack at the bottom of the hill. It was an old single-barreled shotgun with black electrician's tape wrapped round the stock. They say a shotgun is best for slaughtering a large animal such as a steer, though of course you have to use a solid lead slug in place of buckshot; you don't want it to spread. The action takes place at close range.

A special area of the barn had been arranged for the scene of slaughtering Burmie, our seven-month-old steer. One end of the barn is a large chamber where the ceiling is almost three stories high, and there is a huge oak beam around which to hang the rope. Several ropes, in fact, have to be used to hang the animal upside down after you kill it and let the blood drop into a wide-mouthed metal pan. Plink,

plink, plink. John and Smokey were throwing the ropes over when I came in with Tom and Judy. I noticed Janis over in the corner, eyes wide in anticipation. I tried to concentrate on what was happening, what it meant to be going through this ritual of slaughtering an animal which one had raised and cared for.

We walked into the milking shed, a long room with perhaps thirty rusted stanchions, only three of which were in service, soon to be reduced to two. Dolly, the beautiful Jersey, was in the first stall, Burmie in the second, and Delilah, a robust Guernsey, in the third. The two ladies were the source of our milk and cheese and butter and other necessary stuff. The young steer had been bought at auction specifically for beef. Everyone knew that the day would come when we would have to do it: we were a farm commune of meat eaters, with one or two exceptions, and if you eat meat, and have the facilities, you should slaughter it yourself.

The ropes were in place, two fat cords dangling down from the overhead shaft like a ladder, the makeshift escape plan of many bedsheets tied together. I had the distinct feeling that it was for climb-

by Stephen Diamond

ing upward, somehow; these two ropes swaying slightly were for the ascent.

Chuck and Nina came in one of the side doors of the barn with Whitney from down the road who brought the knives with him. They had been at his house, these long black butcher's knives, for a pig had been slaughtered there two weeks earlier and the knives had lain pensively on the shelf above the sink. Nina carried her infant baby wrapped in a large shawl, but when she came through the door of the barn the vibrations of the scene which was about to take place repelled her, forced her to turn around and take the baby into the house. She came back a few minutes later, without saying a word. In fact, there was almost no talking; everyone sort of knew what to do, how to do it, where to stand.

Sam attached the special car winch to the dangling ends of the ropes. We would need it for lifting Burmie's four hundred pounds of beef off the barn floor once he collapsed. The winch is a simple mechanical device with a heavy metallic cable and one sturdy hook.

I had seen that winch lift an engine out of an old truck, then gently lay another engine back in its place. The beam creaked loudly under the weight of those squat junks of steel with tubes and openings and wires dangling, waiting for the connections to be made. The beam would creak just as loud with the swaying weight of a seven-month-old steer hanging upside down from that same car-metal hook and winch.

Tom and I went to fetch the steer. I hadn't really noticed how far apart were his eyes in the scheme of his head. The two rolling liquid balls were on the far corners of Burmie's angular face, the face white and furry and crowned with two modest horns. Burmie knew we were coming for him, that the day was not to be an ordinary one in the barn. His eyes were open wider than I could ever remember, and he jerked his head up when Tom and I approached his stanchion. His eyes were wider than before, but that was in part due to the fact that he hadn't been fed for twenty-four hours, a prerequisite for slaughtering a steer. You don't feed it for a day and a night so that when you cut him open his belly isn't full of half-digested grains.

Tom unfastened the stanchion clips and led Burmie by the strap around his neck. He moved slow and graceful, the animal did, until we brought him into the main room in the barn, the ladder-rope swaying in the silence, the ten or twelve people in shock anticipation of the slaughter. He stopped in his tracks and let out a low moan of surprise. Smokey went over and just stared sadly; Chuck, who had paid the most attention to The Kid (as we had called the whitefaced steer throughout the warm summer months), took the lead rope from Tom and pulled Burmie into the center of the floor; the rest of us watched from the loose semicircle of bodies. Chuck

fastened the rope carefully around a post, then moved back.

Janis, her blond hair flowing, came into the center, toward Burmie tied to the post and expecting God-knows-what, Janis' eyes red, drawn to the animal like the moth to the light. She touched his face with her palm, then turned and went sobbing to the far corner of the barn. Next to me Smokey closed his eyes and whispered a prayer. Later he told me that it was an old Indian mantra which hunters would recite while stalking the buffalo: it was a prayer to the beast's mightiness, his place in God's hierarchy, a prayer which the hunter recited in hope that the beast might also recognize his (man's) need of the animal for survival; and the hunter prayed too that the whole act might meet with the Creator's approval. Smokey is nineteen years old, with hair long and straight to his shoulders and a wispy beard; his eyes were closed and his lips were moving.

Now Sam, with Old Jesse's long rifle and two shotgun shells in his hand. Sam stands in front of Burmie. Sam's eyes are fierce, determined; he is twenty-five. Sam wants to make it good; the first shot must do it, though it will take both shells this time. I watch as Sam ties his red hair in a ponytail behind his head: last adjustment before the moment of truth. He places the shell into the gun and closes it softly, but the snap-shut of the breech echoes in the cavernous barn-chamber; the sound bounces off the streaming rays of sunlight which flood the room, the people, the steer in the center tied to the post. I stand behind Sam; the cords of the back of his neck pull tight, the gun now cradled like a Stradivarius, though this one is long and metal-hard where that one is gently curved and of wood and catgut. For a brief second Sam scans the map of Burmie's face, locates the exact heart between the two wide-spread and uncomprehending eyes. Then the gun goes off. Boom. Like a cannon.

The room is plunged into iridescent light:

A perfectly formed eye opens instantaneously in the middle of Burmie's head; it is in exact center between his other two, and evenly spaced. It is the bullet hole; but it is the third eye. The room is still; no one breathes. The animal has a shocked yet all-knowing look on his face. His huge leathery body shudders under the weight of that knowledge, the expression of those three eyes one of astonishment; still no sound; no one moves. Burmie stands frozen immortally in that minute; somewhere I hear the sounds of birds and dogs and cars and the train way off in the distance and the smoke from the end of the Stradivarius floats like Jacob's dream up through the cave.

God is in the barn; it is the silence which I knew had always existed, but which I had never heard until that particular moment.

Then the gun goes off again. Boom. Like a cannon, the second shot so perfect it only opens the Third Eye a bit more. Burmie accepts.

God is in the barn.

I hear myself whispering *Sh'mah Yisroel Adonai Elohenu*, the way I've heard it before in the synagogues and now in the barn.

The light is staggering.

The animal bends its knees reverently, the slow-

motion sag of four hundred pounds of meat graceful as a late fall leaf making its way to the ground. It drops, the body. The two eyes close peacefully, at last the sleep; only the middle eye, the third, remains vibrant, blood-red. It is the richest ruby in the Buddha's Temple. 

2.

During the day the sun beat down with such ferocity that the sequins on the beach turned blazing black hot. We sat on the beach and calmly studied the Pacific Ocean, the slow-motion grace of its waves, the solid stone-blue color. Occasionally a fisherman's longboat would cut cleanly across the ocean line, the nets trailing slow and loose behind the craft.

We rented the beach cottage at Santa Clara from a cross-eyed handyman who wore a red baseball cap. We haggled about the price. He was thin, and his dark brown skin seemed cancerous, the sun's malicious work. Were we *marijuaneros*? his crossed eyes seemed to ask. No, just travelers; I had been born and lived the first seventeen years of my life in Panama, his country. The story appeared to satisfy his curiosity, and he agreed to take our twenty dollars for three days' and three nights' stay at the cottage.

The house was owned by an American lady who lived in Panama City, three or four hours away. It sat carefully on a mild promontory some five hundred yards from the ocean. Many palm trees surrounded it, and each in turn was surrounded by thick Central American shrubbery. There was a patio with several old lounge chairs and some outdoor rattan furniture. A striped awning completed the image, strictly pre-World War II.

We put our knapsacks in the house and went out onto the patio. Ray kicked off his sneakers and stretched out on one of the lounge chairs. Betsy stood at the patio's edge staring out to sea, remembering, perhaps, the mountain farms in New England which the three of us had left a month earlier on this jaunt through Costa Rica and Panama. I looked toward the main house and saw the red baseball cap peaking out at us from behind the shutters.

We sat on the black beach and studied the Pacific, the slow-motion grace of its waves. The sun was setting, not watercolors as in New England but red-hot acrylic. The fishermen had beached and were selling the day's catch.

"Buy a fish we can cook for dinner, Steve," said Betsy, her long thick blond hair glowing in the dying rays of the late afternoon sun.

I walked slowly down to where the men were standing, their brown feet sunk deep in the mutable firmament where the water meets the sand.

"Have you any fish left?" I asked.

"*Uno. Muy grande*," said the oldest of the men. He drew the silvery mackerel out of the boat's bottom.

"*Es la mas mejor*," the best, replied one of the

younger men, toothless and grinning.

"How much?" I asked. The fish was almost two feet long, its white body slick and silvery like the moon. The old man held it upside down, by its tail. It jumped around. The fish was still alive.

"How much is she worth to you?" the old man asked me.

"Fifty cents," I answered, feeling a bit foolish, as I had no idea where to start bidding, no idea where that number came from.

"Fifty cents! Why, I'd eat her myself before I'd let her go for fifty cents. Make it sixty-five," he said, somewhat insulted.

I gave him a dollar.

We took the mackerel up to the house, and I began to clean it in the sink. The inside meat of the fish was red like that of beef.

Betsy set three places at the long mahogany table. We had prepared some rice and vegetables to go with the fish. Ray lit a few candles, and we sat down. The sound of the ocean filtered up to the house and made its way into the room where we sat eating the silvery mackerel by candlelight. There was a strange calm in the room; the candles did not flicker, yet I could hear the palm trees, like Japanese fans, each breeze with a slightly different inflection from the last.

The heat of the sun on the beach had worn us out, and we retired early. Ray slept on one of the beds in the living room and Betsy and I in the one bedroom on the side of the cottage. The large bed had a metal frame painted hospital gray. A small lamp was clamped above the headboard and a stack of ancient *National Geographic* magazines sat at the ready on a small night table should the guests of the cottage be troubled with insomnia. I lay awake for a while and noticed the wooden ceiling of the house and the various intricate spider webs which had formed in the crevices. With the overhead lamp out, the room went through a strange metamorphosis; the moon, three-quarters full, splayed its light onto our bodies in an uneven pattern, a prism of sorts as the light came into the room through the slats in the venetian blinds. I listened to the rhythm of Betsy's breathing; it took a special place in the choruses of the tide and the palm trees. I began to drift; the world of the semiconscious opened its doors to me (you know it, it's the place just before you enter your super-conscious dream world); I lingered there a little while, knowing peaceful sleep was on its way.

Then came the sting. Suddenly I felt a sharp

needle pierce the back of my head. I sat bolt upright out of my half-sleep and said, "Oh no!", thinking in the darkness that Betsy had left a sewing needle or something on the pillow. I turned around and reached for the lightcord and saw, or felt, something move on my pillow. Click! the light came on and there, where my head had lain moments earlier in that pre-sleep state, was a large black scorpion. It was four or five inches long, and out of the center of its head came a small, fine spike. It must have fallen from the cluster of webs on the ceiling. I had been stung by a scorpion.

"What happened?" said Betsy, waking up with the light.

"Don't move," and I grabbed one of the copies of the *Geographic* and flattened the scorpion on the pillow. "It just stung me," I said to her, and tears welled in my eyes from the throbbing pain in the back of my head.

"Does it hurt?"

"Yes," I replied, and lay back on the pillow after picking up the thing and dumping it into a small tin can by the side of the bed.

"It might be poisonous," Betsy said, though she didn't have to. She got up and went into the kitchen to get some ice for the swelling. There was no way to know, I thought to myself. I could go and wake the handyman, but then he would not know. There was no hospital or first aid station within miles, and no telephones, no one to call, nothing to do but wait. Suddenly it seemed as if my entire life had been building up to this moment, this room on the beach

at Santa Clara with its family of spiders waiting for me all these years. The odds seemed fifty-fifty; either it was going to kill me or it wasn't. I waited; I closed my eyes and waited.

"What do you think?" Betsy had returned. She was worried, but she knew that even worry was futile. It was like the lottery.

"I'll know in about four minutes," I said to her, not opening my eyes. She put her cool hand on my forehead, but I didn't open my eyes.

A brief fear of the past came over me like a light breeze; all the joyous moments I'd known with friends and lovers alike came to life inside my head. An intense despair entered my heart. I would have to let it all go now, I had no choice. A minute passed; or was it an hour?

The overhead lamp shone bright red through my closed eyelids. The image of Burmie's face with its three all-knowing eyes filled my screen. The timeless echoing of that shotgun in the cavernous barn returned to my ears. So that was the lesson: *Just as we had taken care of Burmie and loved him, and then slaughtered him and ate of his flesh for many months, so, too, God eats us.* I remembered the way his legs trembled when they received the news, and how the steer had given up to the ghost with a sigh and a shudder of cosmic understanding. *So, too, God eats us.* The frozen moment when the third eye opened and he knew. A minute passed, then two.

I felt myself soaring through the sky in a purple night, the stars guiding me on my flight.

I opened my eyes. Everything was all right. 

PLAYING THE WHEEL IN JUAN

by Robert Bagg

We are leaving the Casino at Juan les pins
The roulette marbles still tumbling over numbers
About to lodge in somebody else's stomach.

By a hotel full of the Rolling Stones
Arrogantly parked is a black Maserati,
The mild velleity of its transparent fastback

Frosted smooth by the August dawn.
There a suave finger—speaking, I supposed,
For the whole woman—had written,

"Dear Luc, I waited for you here since three hours.
Your anger not incurable anger?
Biot 479 310"

My fingers are spinning the dial
Around like the wheel of fortunate numbers
Ticking into a perfect parlay

Just as she answers—Daisy! with a voice
Full of money which I spend in the dream
Je suis Luc J'arrive J'arrive

DISARMED AT MIDDLE AGE

by Antonia Chayes

When I was young, middle-aged men, balding and paunchy, wore faces dangerously flushed as they aimed their nine-iron shots at the green. The women always seemed to wear stockings and corsets, their flesh constantly threatening to escape and embarrass them. Their faces were powdered and rouged and their graying hair uniformly thin, curled, and short. Both men and women lacked the serenity of our grandparents, the really old. Middle-aged people rarely sat still, but their movements showed neither grace nor ease. In some ways they appeared ludicrous—encrusted with proprieties, rituals, fussy little habits, and illogical sensibilities. Yet they had dignity and authority, and their disapproval carried awesome weight.

I was often wilted by the middle-aged spinster who taught me English—"Good writing is learning what to leave in the inkwell, which is most of what you have written." I remember the curdling stares of disapproval as I cycled past the Methodist church on the way to the beach on a Sunday morning. On Sundays all the dignity and encrustation were set off by silly flowery-fruited hats gingerly placed on top of permed hair. Silly as the women looked to me, the hard looks were very upsetting.

I remember too the accusing glances I received on the beach when I ventured out in a scanty two-piece bathing suit and a silver ankle bracelet. My mother told me never to wear the ankle bracelet again, and I didn't. People used words like "cheap" and "pure," and the words were often in condemnation of what I wanted to do or be or wear. Middle-aged people ruled the world and our lives—which amounted to the same thing.

I promised myself that when I grew older—even forty—I would still wear jeans and giggle and never wear my hair in sausage curls or put on aqua rhinestone harlequin glasses. And I never have, but I don't rule the world.

There were low, low youth fares to Europe this

summer, and those spoiled children whose toys and peeled crayons we had picked up years ago went abroad. They left behind ashtrays for us to empty, and broken belts, odd socks, and little wilted heaps of underwear to pick up and wash.

I spent three days at the exercise class pushing out the small of my back so it lay flat on the floor. I'm more agile than I was at twenty because I know my body is starting to age and I treasure the ability to move with ease and command. I took it for granted then. I thought that the pigeon look of all those middle-aged ladies was part of the armor they assumed to boss us around. I haven't gained much weight and I haven't gained much dignity. I drift on the edge of the ocean playing crab, up and back with the waves. I never use a bathing cap because I love to feel the cold water on my scalp and up high at the nape of my neck.

Our daughter said she finished school only to please us, and then left home to live in a commune where a Jesus-autocrat with no teeth and a hillbilly accent told her to wash dishes and mind the little children. She was always a good baby-sitter, but she did the dishes only under duress at home, and left the ghost of her midnight snack for us to face at breakfast. We had no withering looks or words like "cheap" and "pure" to use. We told her not to go, and then gave reasons. But we had no power. We tried to talk to her about our values—about how literature and music nurture us and give solace. We talked of retrospective exhibits—Matisse last year in Paris and Cézanne in Boston . . . the impact of the lifework of rare creative genius. But the words "taste" and "values," though not awesome in themselves, are greeted by the young with the same unexpressed scorn as we greeted the expressions used to dominate and control us.

We are very young in our middle age. Maybe I do have as many lines as my mother did at my age, but I dress and move differently. Yet my face looks very

stern to me. There is a sort of dignity there, an honest sadness that must command respect. It is born of hurt and not understanding, of loving without reserve and trying to please. My cheeks and eyes look hollow.

I was trained to think things through, but all the explanations sound alike and don't improve with repetition. To me the young have love and hostility in equal measure; idealism and self-centeredness. They are all they say they are, and the opposite more often. They have enormous insight about society and other people and almost none about themselves. And they are very arrogant.

We are caught in the middle. That is another dimension of middle age. My mother makes demands and scolds my inattentiveness. Her whims and hurt feelings are only accentuated by her age, not really changed from those that I remember. The shadow of her power to command still looms large, but it is love and respect, not fear, that causes me to respond.

I find that love is expressed through fear of dependency in our young, and the rejection is very searing. It sometimes comes across as hatred, though I understand it is themselves they fear and even hate. We are the victims of our own too-serious effort to understand and be understood. We have no substitute for the armor of paunch and pipe, golf games, hats, girdles, and oxfords. The young wear the cross of the Jesus-cult on milky bosoms, eat organic oats, toss their long hair, hitchhike, and swear. All of this protects them and makes them feel like brothers and sisters. We are very naked, and isolated one from another. We were brought up on pious exhortations, and some of us took them very seriously. I was scolded and told of the starving Armenians if I left food on my plate. It haunted me for years.

We are probably failures in every phase of our extraordinary liberalism. We diminished the one third of a nation to under 20 percent, but it has taken far

too long. And the fear is not gone yet. We raised the expectations of all the young by urging them to seek a college education, yet many of our own children don't want it. Of those who were promised it and want it, some find the money isn't there. And if they got into college and out, they found no key to the kingdom there.

The cult of reason, too, has glaring inconsistencies. Government officials and married people lie about important things. Still, some of us accepted the values and truths until we mastered the strongest value of them all—reason. Then with rationality our tool, we questioned without tiring, dissecting all the givens with precision and overwhelming guilt. How many hours did we talk about God and the waning of religion in our lives?

Some of us are slow to trust, slower to accept, but love at last and deeply. We're not afraid of touch. The need to strike an instant intimacy seems gauche and sad.

We deflated pomposities and affectations of middle age but find ourselves disarmed. I know I'm not alone. I hear stories worse than ours, and can pick out parents at parties whose children have wounded and disappointed them. Their eyes are hollow too, and some of them drink too much.

My values, strangely, have deepened, not fled. I came by them with enormous effort. They may not have served me well enough, but all the alternatives seem worse—pretentious, silly, or unrealistic.

Some days I feel angry, tired, and depressed. I wonder what kind of middle age the young will have. Will the armor of macrobiotics, meditation, and beads give way to other symbolic protections? What kind of rote controls will they impose? I can't see the long straight hair and scrubbed faces creased and powdered, topped with plastic cherries and wisps of veil. Perhaps they will become the Putney gentleman farmers, whose chaos came under control by the chicken's clock and the calendar of the lamb. □

THE JUDGE

A story by Mary Gray Hughes

The Mexican's name was Baille. "Pronounced 'Buy-ye,'" the Judge liked to explain with amusement, and for the past three months now, at least once every week, the Judge had driven out through the flat countryside to where the Mexican lived to try and make him sign some papers. So far the Mexican would not do it.

"You'd think I was trying to sell him snake oil," the Judge said. "The old charlatan. I can't help liking him. Last time he came out with the statement that he didn't even have any rights in the claim at all. Just after I had shown him, with genealogical charts, how I had traced him. He says he's Basque, but that's nonsense. The name is pure Spanish. You find it all over this part of the state and in northern Mexico, going back, with a few orthographic variations, for two hundred years. There were never any Basques around here."

The Judge would know. He knew about languages and races and the origins of people and their names. He had made a study of such things. He could speak five languages and read two more. He knew Baille personally, too, though it was only in the last year that he had come to know the Mexican well. "It's not that he's an important claimant," the Judge said. "His portion is one of the smaller ones. But when it is a question of the heirs in a petition against the State, then it looks better to have all the heirs file. He's the only one who won't sign. One hundred and twenty-seven depositions I've got, two of them from as far away as the state of Oaxaca, and a brief that is easily

the most complicated ever submitted in this jurisdiction, and I'm held up by a country school janitor. It's good I can appreciate the humor of it. Nonetheless, time is getting short. I must try to move him along this Sunday. I'll tell you one thing, if I have to drive out to that place of his many more times, I'm going to get the county to do something about that road."

Not the highway. The Judge did not mean that. The highway was fine; laid flat and dead straight on the ground, it fell before him across the countryside like a clap of thunder, splitting the gray brush in two. On Sunday afternoons it was usually empty, and the Judge's solitary car hummed along at the fifty miles an hour advised by the instruction book as best for breaking in a new car. They had offered to let him keep a state car when he resigned. "No, no," the Judge had said, "you know me better than that."

The first turn off the highway to Baille's came just beyond the railroad crossing. From there the Judge's car followed a gravel road past the country school where the Mexican was janitor. Beyond that there was a bend crowded by willow trees and then a sharp right turn onto a narrow dirt road. Dust spilled out under the wheels and rose up beside the car like a giant gray dog and ran around the curves with it, brushing against the bushes in the narrow places. When the Judge stopped at last before the Mexican's house, dust poured up and over and through the car and on ahead down the road before collapsing back down into the ground again.



The Judge spat out the window to clear his mouth and honked the horn once, then again. Nothing happened. He knew Baille would not come out. He honked again, longer.

"Baille," the Judge yelled out the car window. "Hey, Baille."

"You know, I took a Sears catalogue out there to him once. And a big black pencil in case he didn't have one. I told him to put a check by all the things in the catalogue he wanted, just go ahead and mark everything he would like to have, anything and everything, and to keep on marking, and I would tell him to stop when he had used up the money I could make for him in one single year. He wouldn't do it. He wouldn't even look at the catalogue. Wouldn't even open it."

The Judge sat in the car staring at the shack and rubbing his nose, which he did in a very distinctive way. He held his hand still and moved his head gently up and down, sliding his nose between his thumb and forefinger. It was occurring to the Judge that it would all be a great deal easier if the Mexican had more of the world's goods, for then there would be more places where pressure could be applied.

The Judge honked again, and called, "Baille," louder, but without really expecting any result. He got out of the car and started over to the gate. A short man, with most of his height from the waist up, the Judge walked with his back rigid and his big powerful stomach firmly leading so that he looked in profile like a chair being pushed steadily forward.

Around his feet two bulbs of dust spouted onto his shoelace and his trouser legs and then settled back down on the tops and sides of his shoes when he stopped before the fence. It was a fence made of barbed wire and mesquite. The wire was a dull color, with rust exploding around the base of each barb, and the untrimmed mesquite posts were knobbed and twisted and so dried up that the old shallow, hand-dug postholes gaped open around them.

The Judge established himself by the main gatepost to wait. He lifted a foot to rest it comfortably on one of the lower strands, but the wire twanged loose onto the ground, throwing the Judge forward.

"Damn," the Judge swore. And yelled, "Baille!"

"It's true that it is not precisely flattering to be kept cooling my heels outside his fence until it suits him to come out. I need my old bailiff to hail him for me. Still, they have a sense of dignity and pride, these Mexicans. It denies our tempo of doing things. They insist on time, they respect it. And let me make one other point: he has some strange, absolutely perfect sense of just when it is the right time to come out."

The Judge pressed his stomach against the gate, moving it back on the tripled loops of wire that served as hinges. His hand eased along toward the latch. From around a corner of the shack the Mexican appeared, walking quickly with little low steps that moved him over the bare ground with no up-and-down movement at all but simply a fast unbroken propulsion forward as steadily efficient as the

towing along of rakes or harrows after tractors, or the dragging of dead things behind the low rear bumpers of cars.

He was a man in his fifties, and so short he was forced to tip his head back to look up at the Judge. When he did, the Mexican showed his face with all the flattest angles exposed, showed his quick blinking eyes and soft squashed nose.

"How can you stand the heat out here?" the Judge said in a friendly tone.

The Mexican stared at him with the wild surprise the Judge's lisping Castilian always brought to him, for how was it this man could go on sounding like a drunken bird every time he spoke?

"Doesn't it bother you?" the Judge said again.

"You don't like the heat?" the Mexican said finally, hopefully.

"I can take the heat. It's the dust I really don't like. I swear, if you don't start acting sensibly, Baille, I'm going to get this road blacktopped."

The Mexican peered in amazement at the thin dirt road running along his fence and beneath the Judge's car, for the Judge had just announced that he intended to take an oath to do away with the road in darkness with a coating of perpetual obscurity.

"You don't like the dust then?" the Mexican said, trying again. "There is certainly much dust here. Much dust. You should stay in town. You stay in town, and I will come to visit you there."

"There is an innocence, or rather an obviousness that reminds one of innocence, in some of his ploys. At times it is terribly poignant. A touch . . . not of childishness, they are not childish, these people, he's a grown and very tough man, but a touch of the basic, unconcealed, open human being that can be very moving. Would any of you believe that I feel I have actually learned from him?"

"I think not," the Judge said to the Mexican. "I think not. You might forget to come. But I never forget, do I?" And the Judge began to fan himself slowly, swinging his hat in wide arcs. His clothing was sweated through. "Listen," the Judge said, "why won't you trust me? All I want is to make some money for you. Why won't you do what I tell you?"

"Don't think the irony of it has escaped me. Mrs. Easterbury reminded me only the other night that I was the one who got him his job. Otherwise he might not even be around here. Well, I don't regret it. He came to me for help about two years ago. I'd hardly spoken to him before, but he knew who I was, so of course I had to help him. His wife had just left him, and he had some scheme in mind, some absurd plan for getting her back. I got him the job as janitor. I told the school board he would never steal. I took the responsibility for that and gave them my assurance, and he never has stolen a thing."

"No papers," the Mexican said, shaking his head. "No papers for signing. Absolutely no."

"You can sign your name," the Judge said. "I've seen it written down at the courthouse."

The Mexican neither moved nor spoke, but the Judge became instantly alert, for he knew, just as he would have in a courtroom, that the Mexican was running inside, running and running while he was standing still. The Judge was sure of it.

"What's the matter with your name on the records?" the Judge said. "Hm? What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, nothing," the Mexican said. "It's my mother's name for me, why not? So if you don't like it, what will you do? Shoot me?" And he burst into a fit of giggles snuffled out against the back of his hand. For the phrase in Spanish was *Fuegame*, and it could mean either "fire me," as from a job, or "shoot me," as with a gun. Months ago when the Mexican had first said it, the Judge had been so delighted he had laughed out loud, and after a few seconds of uncertainty, Baille had joined in, laughing harder and harder.

"Their humor. Even when used as the most pathetically obvious smoke screen, still it is always appealing. Superb, poised, and proud. It's dour and simple, yet with sophistication, too, and with that special cast of appreciating language. That's what I relish most of all, the gift of language that they have. You see it right from the earliest days of the nation's history and down through all the major shifts in the language itself. They have a racial genius for language. Do you realize that even the poorest, most uneducated Mexican uses the subjunctive tense?"

"*Fuegame*," the Mexican said again, giggling behind his hand.

"Maybe, maybe," the Judge said. "Or better than that, if you don't act sensibly, I might have a look at those records in the courthouse. The ones with your name." He said it pleasantly, and aware that the expression on his face was one of brightness and humor, with his eyes twinkling, yet he wanted a threat in his words, and there was. The Mexican was running again inside.

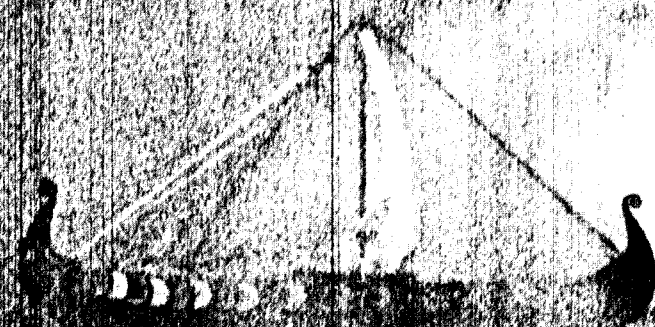
"How old are you?" the Judge asked suddenly, trusting it was the right question.

Intelligence flicked and vanished in the Mexican's face the way a lizard's tail slips away between sun-baked rocks, and the Judge was left gazing at the place where understanding had been. And slowly, with exquisite precision, the Judge's mind eased open and gave up to him his secrets in the order in which he needed them: the Mexican's age did not match his name. This Mexican's age was decades short of what was needed to match those yellowing, smudged courthouse records. He had "bought his name," as the Mexicans put it, and his papers were forged.

The Judge was home free.

"I was reminded of the last will and testament of one of the first Spanish conquistadores. 'Before us,' he had written, 'there was no evil, now there is no good.' A moving sentiment, but is it history? The Aztecs could not have been conquered if the majority of the Indians in the Valley of Mexico had not joined Cortez' crew

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In 1972 A.D. America discovers the Vikings.

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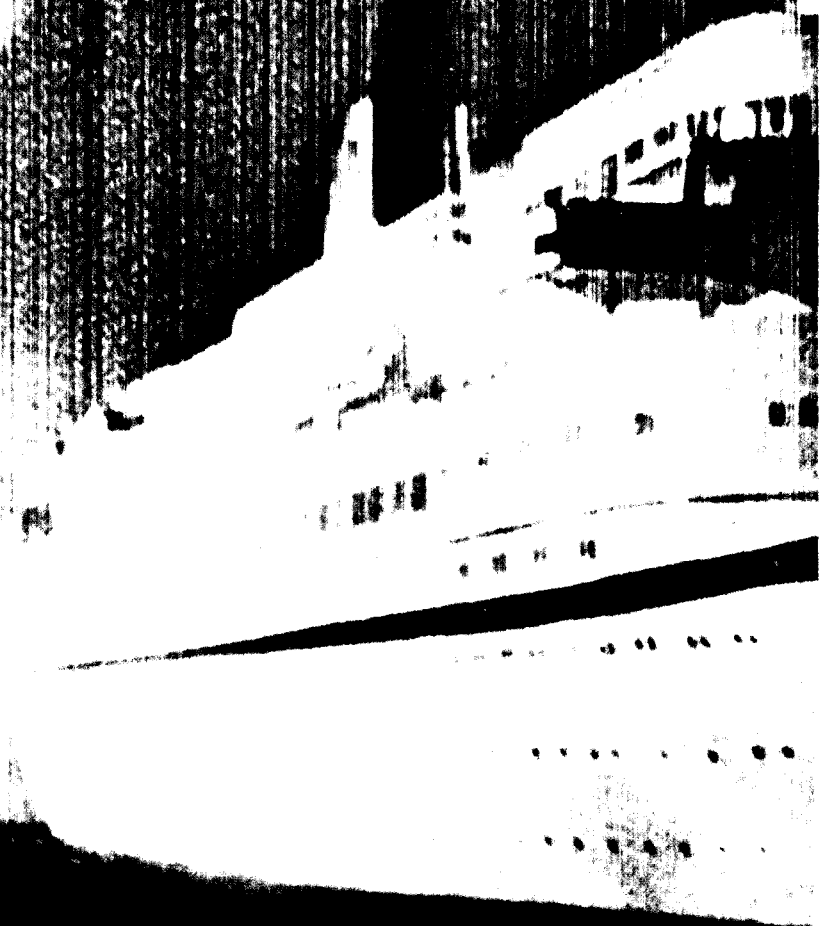
For on that day, the first of July, 1972, with the first of three identical Royal Viking Line ships, the Norwegian, all howl.

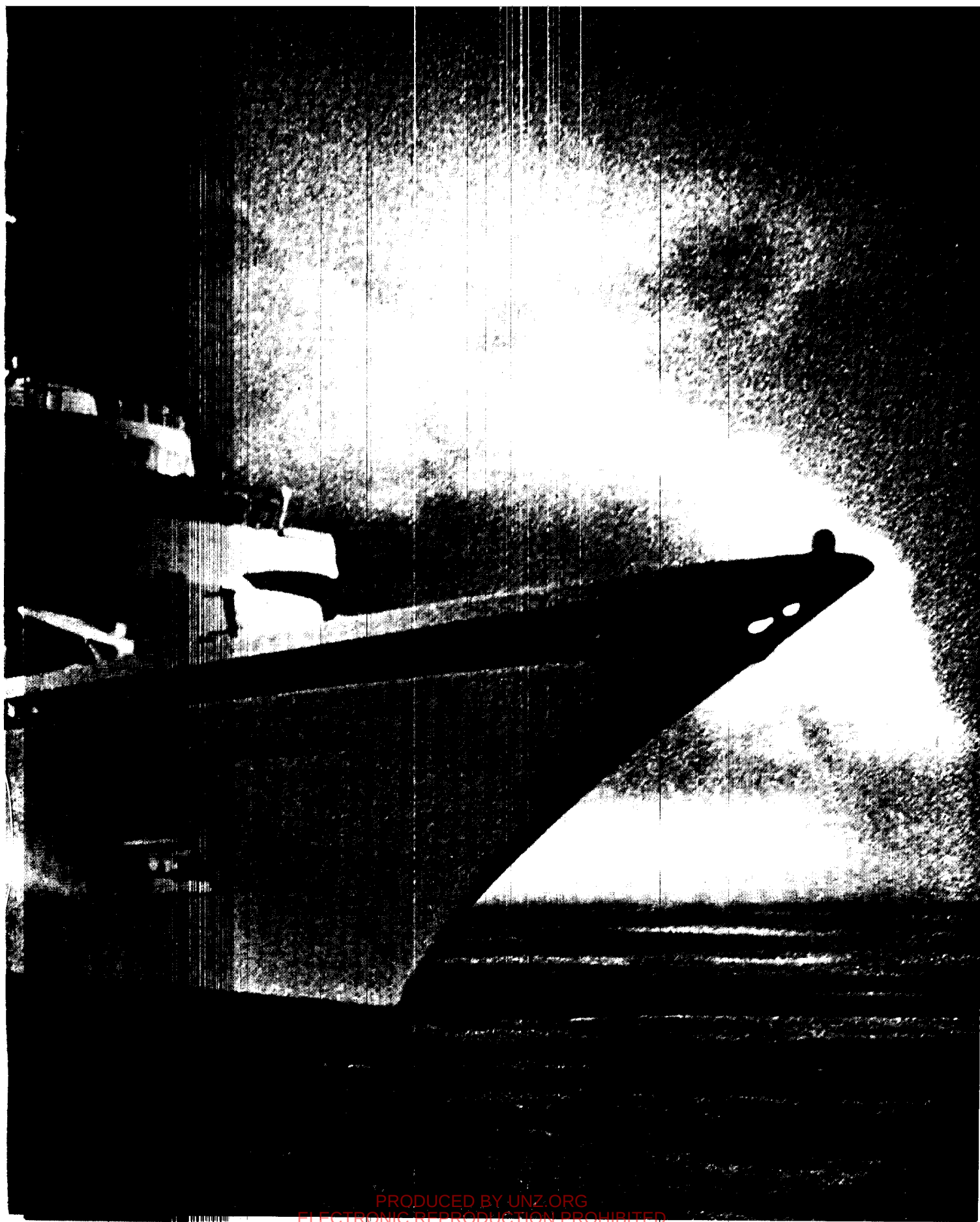
To spirit voyagers from the north of Norway south of it. East west across the seven seas to wherever it goes, wherever it awaits.

For each Royal Viking Line ship, from hull to high mast with just one goal to explore, to give more excitement, more enrichment than anything else.

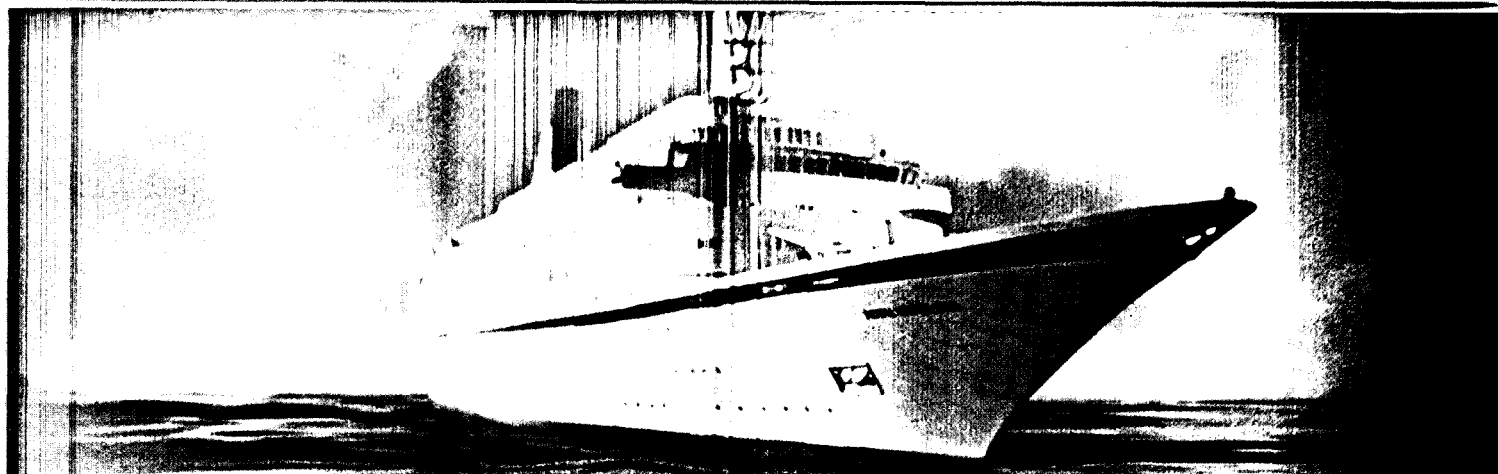
The Royal Viking Line is on the page—and make your own discoveries right now.

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When will the Royal Vikings sail?

The Royal Viking *Star*, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden Voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape. Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

Where will they sail from? And where will they go?

Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises round-trip from Copenhagen: one to Norway's outpost at the top of the world. The second even farther north to Spitsbergen...both the land of the midnight sun! Sights to see at sea: heartstopping fjords, glittering glaciers, millions of arctic birds, walrus, seal, polar bear and the like. We'll cruise the loveliest fjords, stop at the most scenic towns and, in sum, show you the midnight sun as it's never been seen before.

Each cruise is for 14 days, departing July 21, 1972 and August 4, 1972.

2. Russia/Europe...a capital idea: a voyage to some of Europe's most fascinating capitals! Like legendary Leningrad...an optional excursion to Moscow...Stockholm, Amsterdam...romantic Lisbon! And, at journey's end...the Vikings discover America—all over again. 26 days, departing Copenhagen, August 19, 1972 to New York.

3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun.

35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the incredible Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco...the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one! 21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace...Cáracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch...and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure!

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6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea...and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"!

4 days, departing San Francisco, December 14, 1972, and return.

7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood!

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8. South Seas...a whole new world of cruising...of lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Add Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific!

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9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific: Many of the same lovely ports, then on to Bali, Hong Kong, Japan, Singapore...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Vikings take a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all. 66 days, departing Los Angeles February 18, 1973 and San Francisco February 20, 1973, and return.

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Fantastic. Every room has: built-in bar, closed circuit TV installed or available, private phone, shower and/or tub, and Scandinavian furnishings. The public rooms? Like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design; a posh lounge, spacious dining room, a nifty night spot for skål...or rock and roll! A sky bar, boutiques, cinema, a seagoing gym! Even a Viking-style sauna. And outside, a dance floor, tennis courts, and heated pool.

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Just see your travel agent, the man who's made a profession of knowing cruising, fore and aft. (When it comes to facts and figures, he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California, and Canada, 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

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precisely because the Aztec rule had been so cruel; so evil, indeed, that they were willing to follow anyone else in order to overthrow that rule. Our Spanish testator erred in the way we all do—what we do not understand, we always simplify.

"Has the Sheriff ever looked at those records of yours in the courthouse?"

There was no more running now inside the Mexican, just the quick blinking of his eyes, the rabbit caught, and waiting.

"You look to me, Baille," the Judge said, "like a man who may have himself some trouble."

The Mexican waited.

"Listen," the Judge said, "I could go on away from here right now without any signature of yours on any papers. I don't need it. I can prove from the records in the courthouse that I don't need it. But I'm not going to do that. I've made up my mind to help you. I know all about you, and you'll have to do what I say. Do you understand?"

"It would be all right if you went away from here now," the Mexican said. "You can do that."

"Don't think it is just altruism on my part," the Judge said. "If I don't get your signature on the papers, it will not look right, because there are people who know your name should be in this case. So if you do not sign, I will have to explain why you did not, and I will have to tell about your records. Do you see? I will have to tell, and then the Sheriff will know about you, and then he would come for you. Understand?"

The Judge set himself to sound absolutely commanding, and it was easy because he had come to that key moment when he knew he was winning and was enjoying his skill at closing a case.

"Now, you go on in there and change your clothes," the Judge said firmly. He knew better than to give the Mexican any time. "I am going to take you with me into town to sign those papers." The Mexican's fast-blinking eyes kept wavering away, glancing off toward the road and the brush around. "Oh, yes," the Judge said, "yes, right now. You go put on something else, something cleaner that you can wear to the courthouse. Go on. Now. And while you're changing, I'll go take a look at your lake."

"Mud pond—that's what I usually call these unimproved water holes when I'm not trying to be nice to the people living near them. Little indentations in the ground they are, no deeper than the hollow in a beggar's palm and filled with thick brownish water evaporating away from the muddy banks. Often one end will go deeper, keeping a permanent water supply, and willows grow up all around it. Any of you noticed these little ponds? Ah, you should. These sites are going to be worth good money one of these days."

The Judge crossed the road and walked alongside it, and the soles of his shoes snapped down the brittle grass that grew and burned and grew again out in the sun beside the road. Once into the shade of the willow trees the grass thickened and made a soft cushion

under the Judge's feet. He went straight to the deep part of the pond. As he went he kicked in the reeds and fallen tree limbs for frogs or turtles or any signs of the small animals that exist in the banks near water. Just at the end of the pond, there was a little rise of ground. It was not more than three feet high, but in the midst of the violent flatness of the countryside around it seemed higher, and the Judge, coming out from the fringe of willows and putting aside their frail branch tips with the side of his hand, pulled himself up onto it with his short legs and felt he could see a long way, felt he could see for miles. He looked across the pool to the low brush beyond and the dense trees of pale green and gray on the other side. He would have been embarrassed to say how stirred he was by the countryside, or how much beauty he saw in the tangle of mesquite trees growing in a solid cloud on their thin, crooked trunks. He would not have wanted to tell of a game he played, when he was out in the country, of letting his eyes rise only slowly, slowly along the low line of brush and small mesquite, and inch by inch inch by inch the solid mass, then slowly lift to the first few broken spaces in between, and moving faster, a little faster and rising again, up and farther along, and come with joy now, joy, up and faster and off over mesquite and willow to the horizon and the dense unbelievable idiot palm trees grinning like God, he told himself, over the long flat landscape running beyond them all the way to the sea.

"It wasn't easy. I tried just about everything on him. I made three trips out to the school to see the principal, and I made sure each time that Baille saw us together. That preyed on him. He would hang around in the hall pretending to sweep out but watching us. That fool principal spent all the time carrying tales to me against Baille. He told me the Mexican sneaks the lock shut on the boys' washroom once a week or so, and then hangs around in the hall to watch the fun. I was supposed to be shocked at this. Especially shocked because Baille thinks it's funny. The principal is naïve. He doesn't understand their humor. More than that, I think it bothers him that I like Baille. He can't understand why I want to help him. At heart, the principal has no feeling for them."

The Judge's attention was caught, by a sound? a smell? and he turned his head and the Mexican was there beside him. The Judge opened his mouth to speak, thinking to ask why the other was in the same clothes and had not changed, when all at once the whole of the Mexican—body, head, shoulders, arms, legs—came leaping into the Judge and jolted him so hard that he hurt all through his body. The two of them fell, not backward and so down the slope of the little hill and into the shallow water as the Judge thought they would and the Mexican intended, but straight onto the muddy lip at the deep edge of the water, just below where the Judge

had been standing. For the Judge had been felled absolutely, had had his short legs collapse right under him and had fallen with the Mexican on top of him. They rolled from side to side on the muddy ground, and the willows shaded them some of the time, and the position of sky and lake and trees kept shifting in their line of vision.

All the time the Judge kept grunting and trying to get his breath to say something like: but this is an accident and I accept your apology for stupidly and clumsily and accidentally knocking into me; I understand; while the Mexican pulled at the Judge's head and shoulders trying to haul and shove him further forward into the water, deep enough to cover his head and face entirely. Reeds at the water's edge snapped beneath the Judge's head, and a rock under his shoulder made him arch his back up in pain as he tried to roll free from the Mexican's hands which fled from his head and face back to his arms and tugged and pushed at him again, moving him forward once more, further into the water.

This time the Judge realized what was happening, and focused his eyes finally on the Mexican's face close above his own. The Judge's body jerked rigid and then turned frantic with terror. He grabbed at the Mexican's wrists, uselessly, then tried to get a hold anywhere on the skin that was thin and taut over muscle and bone, and not able to do that, clutched at the worn overalls, but he could not grasp hold of the Mexican in any way. "Knee him in the groin, knee him in the groin," yipped some part of the Judge's mind, delighting him with his own tough knowledge. But his legs thrashed foolishly and uselessly up and down, miles, it seemed, away from the Mexican straddling his chest. The Judge could not even kick the man in the back. The Judge pulled again, and again with no effect, at the Mexican's small hard wrists. With a hiss the Mexican shoved and slid him another few inches into the water and once more tried to submerge the heavy, golden head. There was not enough water, simply not enough water, and in a rage of despair the Mexican grabbed the Judge's head and pressed it deep into the mud. The shallow sludge filled the Judge's left ear and shut one eye, and the nostril on that side was plugged as solidly as by a finger. But the Judge's entire head would not go under. His free eye saw a reed inches in front of his face. It seemed gigantic, the strands that formed it long and beautifully green, and the edges of it the most incredible sharp yellow. The Judge strained toward it, moving with great effort, his head rising out of the mud and water. The Mexican hissed by his ear and got a different grip under the Judge's shoulders and hauled him forward again, deeper into the water. The Judge could feel mud under his shoulders now and dampness down to his waist, and water washed against his neck and up to his ears. With a deep grunt of satisfaction the Mexican pushed the Judge's head down again, hard, and this time the whole head and white face went beneath the water.

It was shocking. The Judge's eyes shut at first, but his ears heard all the sounds water takes in from the air but does not give back to it. He could hear hands thrashing in the water, and the sound of the Mexican's voice cursing. He opened his eyes, and he could see the Mexican, could see everything; it was there, but changed because of the layer of water over his face. The Judge went limp and the Mexican, too ignorant, too eager (*"Poor son of a gun. They're so often like that, defeating themselves by lack of experience or lack of self-control"*), pushed forward too fast, thinking it was over, thinking to finish it, rushing, and so rising up on the Judge's neck too high and getting himself off balance for just that instant (*"Timing has always been one of my greatest courtroom assets, you know"*), so the Judge gave a heave of his powerful stomach and short legs and rolled up and over his own shoulder, tossing the two of them backward, half-somersaulting, and crashing through the reeds and over the muddied lip of the pool and down into the clearer, deeper water. Wet now to hip, to chest, and at any minute over the head possibly, but the Judge was not to know, for the Mexican had turned and flung himself at the shore, crying out for it, lunging back to the bank with the Judge hanging on around his hips while the Mexican grasped and tugged on the reeds, pulling great, sucking chunks of them out of the mud and lunging back again at them and seizing thick sheaves of them in his hands. And all the time the Mexican kept making hoarse, gasping noises, steadily louder, until with a burst of strength he tugged the two of them out of the lake and plunged onto the muddy bank where they fell crushing the reeds down into the mud.

The Judge propped himself on his knees but kept hard hold of the Mexican as they panted side by side. Streaks of mud curled down the sides of the Judge's face. "Listen," the Judge gasped. "Listen." But he could not get enough air for the words. He was bursting, bursting with joy. He had had a fight. He, the Judge, at his age, had had a fight, like any man, and with a Mexican.

"Listen," the Judge said, holding on to the Mexican's arm just under the shoulder, holding tight, lovingly. "Don't be frightened," the Judge said. "I understand. I am a man, too. I won't bring any charges against you for that. I know how you feel. I won't call the Sheriff. Understand? I know you had to fight."

"Have you ever seen a Mexican cry? A Mexican man, I mean? A grown man? Not the way we do, but with a little 'hee hee hee' noise. Sitting back on his heels with his head pressed against his knees and crying 'hee hee hee,' like that. Just like that."

"See here. Now, see here," the Judge said. "It's going to be all right. It's going to be fine. You can trust me."

The Mexican would not move or lift his head from his knees.

"I'll come out here tomorrow," the Judge said. "At

ten. Ten in the morning. And I'll take you to town. And I'll call the principal personally and explain to him that you won't be at work so you won't have any trouble there. You be ready at ten sharp. Understand? Then you can sign those papers. Look, it will be fine. Fine. Don't be scared. Don't . . . don't make noises. Please. Don't. Why listen, listen you may have . . ." and he stopped. "Saved my life," the Judge wanted to say, but inexcusably he could not remember the verb "to save" in that sense in Spanish. "You may have kept me from drowning," he said. "Saved my life," he remembered, "that's it. You may have saved my life."

The Mexican at least stopped making the noise. The Judge shook his arm in comradely fashion.

"That's right. That's right," the Judge said. "See?"

"No, of course we didn't shake hands. They don't make agreements in that fashion. But by an old, mutually understood joke I became his attorney. Yes, that's it, that's the truth, I was made his counselor by humor, and to be honest, I don't have a better contract, I can swear to that. It was an extraordinary experience; he's an unusual man. All the same, I think I may take up judo on the side if my practice continues in this way."

"Of course you understand now," the Judge said. "Certainly. You probably saved my life, and so I want to help you, too. I'll come out here for you tomorrow at ten. Ten in the morning. You be ready. Hear? You be ready, or I'll have to go get the Sheriff to shoot you. Our joke. Right? Ha ha. Our joke."

In the morning the Judge changed his mind. It seemed to him the best and most courteous thing would be to save the Mexican the trip into town and to the courthouse. Instead, the Judge decided to take his secretary, who could act as notary, and the necessary papers, and go out into the country and let the Mexican sign the papers there. The Judge liked the idea of the gesture. He would meet the Mexican more than halfway. And in any case, the Judge did not know how he and the Mexican, with the closeness that they had between them now, would manage in town, for the town was not ready for that yet.

The Judge went first thing, as he always did, to get his morning newspaper. The newsstand attendant was waiting for him. An obese man, he was squeezed into the narrow doorway of the shop with the Judge's paper held folded and ready.

"You heard?" the attendant asked eagerly. The Judge, as was his custom, dropped a quarter into the brass bowl although the paper cost only ten cents. The attendant kept hold of the paper until he could finish his story. "Haven't you heard? Really? They's a Messgun drowned in the river. Sheriff says it's one you know. Says you know him for sure. I was the second one down to the bridge to see him. I could see him plain as I see you. He was washed up nearest the

American side, and he still had a bundle with his things in it tied around his wrist. He was curled up and lying real funny, sort of right on his head and knees, like a little brown snail, and down back of him there was a trail going all the way he'd come out of the river. Everyone wondered where his hat was, but I told them any idiot would know a hat would be the first thing to float on off. Isn't that the truth, Judge? Any idiot ought to know that. But you know something I don't get, how come Messguns don't learn to swim since they keep crossing back and forth in that river all the time? You'd think they'd learn to swim, I say. Now, you take my sister's boy, he's learned to swim good and he's only fourteen. If they'd have learned to swim, them Messguns, none of them would have never drowned."

The Judge stood on the sidewalk with his feet planted square and carefully apart. He had a wide staring look on his face as if an arrow had shot straight through him from back to front going at a great speed and he was looking way off in the distance after it for some vital part of him that was being taken away faster and faster and faster away over the long, flat Texas landscape. Then the Judge gave a sudden, violent jerk, as happens sometimes when falling asleep, or waking.

"So what I say," the attendant said, "is someone ought to teach them to swim. That's what I say."

The Judge turned and began walking away, stamping off with hard steps pounding on the sidewalk.

"Want your paper?" the attendant called after him. "Judge?"

The Judge did not answer. He was getting into his car. He turned it around in the middle of the street and started straight out into the country to the Mexican's home.

He drove the distance in the same way that he always did, at the same carefully restrained rate of speed. There were not even many other cars on the highway, and he got there in the same time that it took him on the quiet Sundays.

There was no sign of life from the shack or from the treeless area of dirt around it. The gate hung open, slanting crookedly onto the ground. The Judge turned off the engine of his car.

"Baille!" he yelled at the shack. "Baille!"

The Judge got out and slammed the door hard and began to walk through the sparse grass and the dust which heat and wind had worn to a powder. He walked cautiously, as if at any minute he expected to be struck lame by a stiffening in both knees, an affliction he had felt creeping up on him from a long time past and which he dreaded because he knew that like old rusted locks, it was something no oil or ointment or paid-for expert he might hire was ever going to loosen for him again.

"Baille!" the Judge yelled.

There was no point in standing still before the open gate. The Judge went through it into the yard where he had never been before. He walked toward the corner of the shack around which he was used to seeing the Mexican come. He supposed there must be some sort of door on the other side. When he turned the corner he saw a square black opening in the wall before him. "Baille?" he called again, when he had reached the door, "Baille?" and there being no reply, he lowered his head and plunged into the darkness inside.

There was no one there. The Mexican was gone. And the second shock was the size of the room. For somehow the Judge had always imagined rooms and rooms expanding within the small frame of the shack. In his mind the Judge had thought of the Mexican waiting for him while sitting in a living room or small reading room, with a kitchen off to his left somewhere and at his back a bedroom. The Judge had placed the Mexican there, sitting comfortably, reading perhaps, or walking around at his ease while he waited for the Judge to come so he could match wits with him again. But there was instead a square of space marked off by gray wooden boards and covered with a tin roof and with the bare ground underfoot. There were not even windows cut in the walls. Threads of light spun themselves down through gaps in the roof, and a block of light fell through the doorway like a hunk of wall collapsed onto the floor.

The Judge's eyes adjusted to the dimness, and he could see every part of the room. Quite obviously the Mexican was gone, gone and had meant to go. He had left a coat the Judge had given him, and a pair of pants the Judge had given him, and two black shoes the Judge had given him. But all the rest was gone except the heavy things he could not carry, a table made of railroad ties and next to it a three-legged stool; an old kerosene stove that was thick with rust; a brass bedstead with no mattress.

A cup, still half filled with coffee, was on the table, and the Judge put his palm against its side. It was cold.

"Damn him," the Judge said. He struck the cup a flat blow, lifting it up through the air to smash into the wall. "Damn, damn, damn him," and the Judge kicked the small three-legged stool. It rolled under the table. The Judge kicked one of the table legs, but the table stood firm on thick square legs. The Judge bent over and caught the edge of the table to upend it, but it would not move. He could not budge it. He tugged again, heaving on it, and when it still stood motionless he bent lower, his head just above its surface, and pulled harder, his mouth strained open with the effort and his face glazing with sweat as he pulled and pulled—and he was seeing through the bright sunlight his car just beyond the gate, and realized he had been seeing it for several seconds before he understood that it was possible, that he had been

seeing it with that special clarity of vision given by a peephole, a tiny tear-sharped opening between two warped boards.

And he understood that the Mexican had seen him this way. The Mexican had sat there in the dark at this table and had seen him, the Judge; had watched and waited, all the time looking out through the little hole, and seen the car arrive and the Judge get out of it, and watched it all in a flood of garlic-smelling sweat and terror while his heart leaped and raced all over the place inside his frozen, terrified fraud's pose of stillness.

"Your simple Mexican has a grace of bearing and manner that is hard to believe if you have not seen it. Or experienced it, perhaps, is a better way of putting it. Let me give you an example. I drive up to his house, you see, and of course he hears the car, but first I have to sit and wait. There is to be no rushing. Finally, I get out and walk to the gate, and sometimes I call out to him. Nothing happens. Some ethnic formality of time has to be satisfied first, some proper amount of respect allowed for. Then he emerges and comes forward to meet me at the gate. But it is always just as I become restless and impatient, yet most receptive, that he appears. He comes when I am most alert, most open to meeting with him. He knows this somehow. Then he comes forward, and every time it is done with pride."

"Damn him." The Judge slammed his palms down on the table so hard his cheeks quivered with the blow. "Damn him for a rotten fraud. Damn him." He leaned forward over the table with his arms braced stiffly straight on it. "Damn him to hell, I swear if I could I'd kill him. . . ."

He stared straight ahead at the empty air, and slowly his body sagged down onto the thick black table. His hands slid across the rough surface to the opposite side so that he was half lying on it, almost embracing the wood, with his heavy stomach pressed against the edge.

"I wonder when he started packing?" the Judge said. "I wonder what he used to make the bundle—a second-hand gunny sack and some old begged-for, handed-down rotten piece of twine?"

The Judge's cheek rested flush against the table. Suddenly he stretched out his tongue and licked across a section of the surface, violently hoping it was thick with germs.

He raised his head, and drawn irresistibly, put his eye to the peephole and looked out again through the bright sunlight that was another dimension of his country, and saw his new blue empty chrome-iced car winking and flashing back at him.

"St. John of the Cross," the Judge said, "as we know perfectly well from the writings of Alonso de la Madre de Dios and the dissertation of the brilliant medievalist Jean Baruzi, made a point of choosing for himself the smallest, meanest, darkest cell in the monastery because he knew that from there, when he looked through the tiny window out over the fields of Spain, he would see visions. Visions." □

THE LIFE OF ACCRA, THE FLOWERS OF ABIDJAN

A West African Diary

by Nadine Gordimer

1.

Ghana seven years after Nkrumah. I didn't ever see it in his time, but his presence has been so omnipresent in the consciousness of contemporary Africa that one approaches—at last—the physical reality of Accra in terms of a place where he once was. Black Star Square. The first of those vast Independence celebration stadia that were built in country after country, and now stand, grandiose and deserted, eternally gouged of an occasion whose historical immensity, of course, can never come again. This one is backed by the huge rough seas that ride up the coast of West Africa. The empty arena looks lonely, as power is supposed to be. The famous statue of Osagyefo isn't there; some harmless Unknown Soldier enthroned in its place. What about the victims, said to be Nkrumah's sacrifices to witchcraft, reportedly buried there? Did they dig them up for decent burial after the coup? Did they dig anyway, and find nothing? Is that what such legends are: the same nothingness, whether filled by the malice of white foreigners branding Africa eternally savage, or by the projected fears of bewildered Africans themselves?

Going about the town, every day I pass Flagstaff House (army headquarters), the broadcasting station, and police headquarters. Colonial-looking entrances with white walls, flags, sentry boxes, and that ivy of Africa, splurgy bougainvillaea, lounging over all. But it was here the coup took place; the young Major Afrifa and his soldiers marched in, those in power fired back or escaped out of windows, there was a few days' confusion, a little blood, and it was done.

The airport is renamed after Colonel Emmanuel Kotoka, a maker of the coup and victim of an abor-

tive countercoup a year later—he was taken there and shot. Accra is a lusty warren where the pressure of humanity overruns mere bricks and mortar, and one hardly notices the buildings, whose batteredness certainly predates the coup, but here and there are nameless edifices in Independence baroque whose expanse has no life behind it. In one, a window open, a piece of clothing hung out to dry: someone is perhaps camping within the shell. This was once the headquarters of the powerful United Ghana Farmers' Council, which, along with the women's movement, became the only expression of the people's will—and he made sure their will was his—that Nkrumah consulted once he had become both Head of State and chief executive, life Chairman and General Secretary of the governing Convention People's Party, and no longer even held party congresses. Other landmarks interest me in a detached way: this building stops me short with a private melancholy. There are so few African countries where the people who live off the land become a power and have a real say in the direction of government policy: it was a noble beginning, even if it went badly wrong, this time. I want to accost someone, anyone, in the street and tell him: as a Ghanaian, as an African, it must be tried again. And again and again. But to be white in the streets of Accra is to feel oneself curiously anonymous and almost invisible; one is aware of one's unimportance, in terms of what a white face has meant and now means to people. To be white is to have been rendered harmless: a rather pathetic centuries-old monster the source of whose power-myth has been revealed to be mumbo jumbo.

Tema is a Sunday drive along the coast from Accra. It's Nkrumah's city in the way that a city is the possession of the man who has a beautiful scale

model: tall buildings, perfect cloverleaf flyovers, miniature trees and gardens, cars and people—just as if it were real. Nkrumah must have had such a model somewhere in Christianborg Castle. The half-realization of Tema—the city has never been completed—shows that it would have been like all those Brasílias that have to go through a process of attrition by humans, in accordance with obstinate local styles of life that keep making nonsense of “international” architecture. Meccano giants step up at every change of the car’s perspective. They climb down to the port, carrying power from the Akosombo Dam—in terms of surface, the biggest man-made lake in the world—to the Kaiser aluminium smelter. From a long green plain away, industrial towers proclaim a new faith in place of the single steeple among the huts that used to proclaim that other white-man’s religion in African towns. The splendid roads loop and bend according to plan, but often debouch into a bank of weeds. There is a slope covered with good neat houses; against the walls of the refinery a shantytown made with packing cases has cooking fires smoking away—that’s underdevelopment, a way of life dictated by necessity and as difficult to put an end to as the grass fires that burn up Africa.

The famous deep-water harbor is very fine, with every bolt on its straddling cranes carefully vaselined against rust, but there are few ships and no one about, the quays so neat that I notice some spilt peanuts as the only evidence of cargo. Perhaps it’s because it’s Sunday; the figures show that Tema handles more traffic than the old harbor of Takoradi. As for the aluminium smelter, the government would

like the American consortium to finance the exploitation of local, if low-grade, bauxite deposits at Kibi, instead of using raw material brought in by Kaiser from Jamaica and Australia. That’s the present situation—a variation of, but hardly emancipation from, the colonial role in which Africa produced the raw materials, and the processing into profitable finished products was the preserve of others.

On the way back to Accra, I drive down to the promontory where Christianborg Castle has stood for three centuries. Blinding white, looking through palm trees at the sea, it appears Arab rather than Danish—if what one can see *is* the castle at all; it has been much built around and to various purposes through various occupancies. Now it is nobody’s castle, an administrative block. You cannot enter, but you can walk round part of the thick white walls with stopped-up cannon in their embrasures. Nkrumah, whose palace this became, passed through this gateway in state one day and did not dream he would not come back. Following the walls toward the sea, I suddenly find a grave. Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, American Negro, father of Pan-Africanism, came home from his race’s long exile from Africa to die, and he lies here forever.

“Peace to the huts; war on the palaces.”

The pennant is hoisted over every revolution and every coup. Nkrumah spent eight million pounds to build State House for an eight-day conference of the Organization of African Unity. When he went to Hanoi on his last journey as President of Ghana, he took £45,000 of the £51,000 left in the state treasury. The present regime, avowed as well as forced to

Accra



economy by Ghana's national debt—estimated at 850 million dollars—has been able to build no road or bridge since 1967.

While I was in Accra there was a strike of sanitary workers because they had not been issued gloves and protective clothing, and when some formality took me to a local police station, I saw that the policemen did not have complete uniforms either. One of the issues taken up by a fiery little Accra newssheet, the *Spokesman*, was the elaborate house being built by President Kofi Busia in his home village. While lack of foreign exchange means that all sorts of essential imports must be foregone, thousands of dollars' worth of luxury fittings and material for Dr. Busia's house are being imported. It is no State House or Christianborg, yet certainly it will be a palace in comparison with the yards of Accra, where children, chickens, and rubble seem awash on open drains, and people are paying 20 cents for two plantain bananas.

Although the government had just published a pamphlet on the subject of President Busia's willingness to open a dialogue with South Africa, stressing that the Ghanaian stand differed from that of the other main supporter of dialogue, the Ivory Coast, in that Ghana intended to continue to support the Liberation Movements at the same time, most people seemed embarrassed by the idea of the first of the independent black states talking to one of the last strongholds of white power. The issue that was pre-occupying the press in general and the members of the Opposition Party was the government's proposal to change the chairmanship of the Regional Councils from an elected to a government-appointed position. Nkrumah abolished the Regional Councils; they have been reinstated and are the most important move, outside free elections, away from wholly centralized power and back to genuine contact with the needs and wishes of ordinary people.

Of course, the very fact that there is an Opposition to walk out of the House in protest over such matters, and a *Spokesman* to attack the nature of the asceticism of Dr. Busia's regime, says something for that regime. As another visiting foreigner remarked to me: "At least no one's in jail." There are no political prisoners.

The faces in public office are almost all men whom Nkrumah denounced and discarded; the pedigree for high position is exile or imprisonment under Nkrumah. But the faces of the junta which ruled the country from 1966 to the first postcoup elections in 1969 are strikingly absent. Members of both the Government and Opposition are vague about the present activities of these army (and police-) men, and meet stiffly the reasonable question: why have none of them come forward to serve, in politics, as civilians? As far as I could gather, all have relinquished their army careers. Ex-Colonel Afrifa is running that old West African moneymaker, a transport business; nobody seemed to know what General Ankrah was doing these days, and at least one dignitary said with

asperity that he didn't care, either. "They promised to hand over to civilian government after a specified time, and they had to keep that promise." Only Afrifa, under forty, had gone so far as to remark that the provision that the new President of Ghana must be over forty was an insult to the youth of the country; interpret that as frustrated political ambition of the highest order, if you like.

Everyone has heard of the mammy wagons of Ghana, a chaotic unscheduled bus service that gets people dangerously where they want to go without the dreary queueing and frustration inseparable from ordinary bus services. Everyone knows that these trucks bear sayings or slogans. There is something evangelistic about even the most hedonistic of them, something exhortatory and moral, that suggests that their original inspiration must have been missionary: those texts on love or sin chalked on boards outside churches. What I didn't know before I went there was that Ghana taxis have their statements, too, in the form of stickers on the dashboards. One gets into the habit of looking for omens—a private text-for-the-day, a warning?—as one moves around in Accra. Perhaps there will be a message to be interpreted only by oneself (like letting a hotel Gideon Bible fall open where it will) in the next taxi one climbs into. One afternoon there was. Just two words that were the last word on everything I had seen and heard and done. "It changes."

2.

Ivory Coast from the Accra-Abidjan plane has a brocade texture, the crowns of thousands of palms in plantation pattern.

Abidjan: like all cities built on water, it has the extraordinary quality of perpetually looking at itself. Even the stream of evening traffic, seen twice over from across one of the lagoons—once on the road, once reflected in the water—is hypnotic, narcissistic, silenced and calmed into a flow of liquid darkness and floating flares. Why haven't I read that it was like this? I decide it is one of those places that you have to go to, that perhaps really don't exist at all unless you are in them. It certainly doesn't exist in any comparison I might try.

Abidjan is full of flowers that you cannot and have no wish to identify—not merely that apoplectic bougainvillaea and coarse hibiscus trumpeting "tropical paradise" but huge trees pollened with yellow and pink, and verges knee-deep in delicate lilies like just-struck match flames. There are unexpected scents; not only the whiff of "Femme" or "Je Reviens" from one of the passing white French ladies but the delicious sweat of warm flowers. The high rise architecture is outstandingly imaginative, anyway—slender buildings standing on stork legs that emphasize the relation of the city to water—but the real reason why these blocks are so successfully rooted in their environment is that for once the *scale* of natural

growth within it matches them. There are trees here that are not dwarfed by a thirty-story building. They look as if they had been waiting through centuries for men to learn how to build in the proportions of the tropical forest.

The hotel I live in, across the water from the city in the "diplomatic" suburb of Cocody, has a swimming pool where wives of French businessmen spend the day watching their children; occasionally, in the outdoor bar overlooking the lagoon, a white couple entertain a rich or distinguished black man and his lady, in the way of business or diplomacy, with an air of exaggerated ease. Opposite the craftsmen's market in town, a coffee-shop-cum-bar-restaurant is filled with Frenchmen eating a businessman's lunch and reading the Paris papers, while Senegalese traders, quick to recognize a tourist face among them, parade snakeskin sandals and indigo-dyed caftans along the terrace. In arcades and side streets, Lebanese sit entombed by the rolls of wax-print cloth whose market they traditionally corner. Outside boutiques showing the current *fantasie* of the Boulevard St. Germain, black boys selling cigarettes and gum in their home-made stalls. Down in their big market, Africans congregate endlessly around small purchases from the numerous petty traders, seated before a pyramid of a few tomatoes or eggs, dried fish, or cola nuts, who all seem to make a living in Africa. In a bar where I go to escape the midday heat, the blond *patronne* in hot pants and boots is making up her eyes before a mirror and the indifference of a very tall Latin wearing a handbag, while a black barman plays a worn Georges Moustaki record over and over. The tall man shoulders his handbag and leaves, and the *patronne* at once turns prettily: "What can you do, Madame? I love him. He's Italian, he has to go back to Rome. But when you fall in love—eh?"

Yes, Abidjan is a beautiful city. A beautiful colonial city, despite its ten-year independence. With all the colonial preoccupations, comforts, and diversions. There are twice as many French here as there were before Independence. In Accra *you*—the visitor—can't get a decent bottle of wine or find a taxi whose window handles aren't missing so that you can close up against the rain. But dirty Accra on a Saturday: the dinner bells of traders ringing, the vast chatter and surge of the streets, the sense not of people on their way through the streets but of life being lived there; the bars and hotels of Accra: the female tycoons of trade and transport with flesh and finery piled up splendidly, ringed hands round glasses, voices holding forth to men puny by contrast, the dancers sauntering to the lazy pluck and thump of high-life music, the little velvety-faced tarts with narrow hands, assuming bored solitude on a barstool or taking over the ladies' room to adjust already exquisitely arranged turbans or hitch the angle of a breast under cloth—here the Ghanaians are living their own life, and all quarters of their shabby capital are theirs. Accra belongs to them in a way that

Abidjan doesn't seem to belong to the Ivoiriens.

This remains valid, although in the days that follow I go to Treichville and Adjamé, the African quarters, and see for myself that the Ivoiriens are materially better off than the Ghanaians. Everywhere new housing schemes have been realized, and the houses, though basic, as subeconomic habitations must be, are decent and even imaginative. There are schools with lacy brick walls to let in the air, and market-places covered against the sun and provided with facilities to keep them clean. These are the things that the people need; it is something of a surprise to find them here, instead of the black slums that, in Africa, usually lie behind the white men's air-conditioned shops and bars.

Ghana and the Ivory Coast started off similarly endowed with natural resources—Ghana is the biggest cocoa producer in the world, Ivory Coast the third biggest producer of coffee—and geared economically to the provision of raw materials for the industrial powers of the developed world. For the rest, the neighbors could hardly have been more different: Ghana under Kwame Nkrumah one of the most radical, the Ivory Coast under Félix Houphouët-Boigny the most conservative of new African states. While Nkrumah has had his stool kicked out from under him, Houphouët-Boigny, who has put down whatever discontents may have shivered from time to time across the lagoons of Abidjan, still lives in the tall pagoda-shaped residence among the palms and flowers of Cocody, whose lack of any suggestion of a fortress surely reflects confidence. Ghana, the richer country to begin with, is hobbled by debt; Ivory Coast had a trade balance of thirty-two million Central African francs in 1969. She is the *enfant chéri* of France, showered with loans and French capital that have helped her diversify her economy, in return for President Houphouët-Boigny's loyal promotion of French influence and interests within such important groups as his Conseil d'Entente (Ivory Coast, Dahomey, Niger, Upper Volta) and OCAM (Afro-Malagasy Common Organization), all the way to the OAU, where he leads the call for dialogue with apartheid Pretoria while the French continue to sell arms to South Africa.

Those African states dedicated to radical change in the life of the masses rather than broadening the base of a black elite have so far achieved less for the masses than conservative states that have been content to foster a black elite, perpetuate foreign private enterprise and foreign investment, and finance social uplift out of the fringe benefits of capitalism, so to speak. It seems ironic. Yet it is not conclusive. It's a blessing to be given decent subeconomic housing, schools, hospitals, and markets. But will the people, particularly the people in the interior—always so different from the capital, in African countries—get any more than that, under Africanized but colonial-style capitalism? In West Africa more than 80 percent of the people still live on the land. Will they ever be

more than the beneficiaries of the charity of the elite?

There is no impudent *Spokesman* published in Abidjan; in fact, French journalists must take care, when reporting local issues to Paris, not to annoy the French government by criticizing the Houphouët-Boigny regime. In addition to Houphouët-Boigny's palace, there is a 100,000-acre Versailles under construction. The part-state-, part-American-owned Hôtel Ivoire, with its thousand rooms, casino, theater, and ice-skating rink, was just along the lagoon shore from my modest hotel. I wandered there one day by way of a path made by servants' and fishermen's feet, following the shore. Someone's little patch of maize was being cultivated; high grass touched my cheeks on either side. Once inside the movie-labyrinth of the hotel, I was still wandering—along soaring, carpet-muffled corridors, through glass galleries and lounges that reduce the human figure to a small stroke, past bars buried like Chinese boxes. There was a model of the total plan of which this place is only part: an "international tourist area," "garden city environment" for 120,000 people, that will encompass whole existing African villages for the diversion of those tourists for whom the attraction of golf clubs, convention halls, and an Olympic sports center palls. To "see" Africa, natives and all, it will not be necessary to stir from this environment of grotesque home comforts created by the California architect and urban planner William Pereira and an Israeli millionaire, Moshe Mayer, whose family-portrait face is displayed along with a letter from President Houphouët-Boigny welcoming the project and referring

to Mr. Mayer as "my dear friend." This part of Africa was once known as the White Man's Grave; now he sees it as his pleasure ground. A shift in the angle of a timeless subjectivity? Hardly more, and little enough.

There are not many mammy wagons in Abidjan. Those that exist generally have no identification except their registration plates. But when I went to the bus station in Adjamé with a professor of philosophy who had sat marking *baccalauréat* papers in the open-air bar of our hotel, there was a message for me. While we talked, a mammy wagon was being loaded with passengers and bundles. It had a worn text, decorated with painted flowers, half legible; I could just make out the words "*Merci dieu.*" Since I am a white South African and the professor was a black Ivoirien, it was natural that we should be discussing the idea of dialogue between our two countries. What was perhaps a little less predictable was that I was arguing against dialogue, because—as I was quick to illustrate my point—the kind of contact between two enfranchised individuals that he and I were having is what is needed within my country, rather than talk between the white establishment of that country and black statesmen from other countries. On the basis of how well we got on, if nothing else, he was prepared to give dialogue a trial. Well, yes, thank heaven for small mercies; not everything is predictable in Africa these days—whatever else has happened, the old equations, the defined roles, national and personal, good and bad, are all in question. □

Abidjan



THE 800,000,000

Report From China

by Ross Terrill

The China we do not know is opening to view, albeit slowly and selectively. Back from his second extended visit to the mainland, Professor Terrill, a native Australian now teaching at Harvard, tells what life is like in China today.

Shimmering mirage, a China is conjured in our minds by scraps of news and speculation. Devilishly well organized; neat and regimented; striding ahead to overtake Russia and America; clean, abstemious; an army of sexless puppets, their daily life an incarnation of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. Absence from China feeds the mirage. Fear, buttressed by ignorance, hints that China is formidable, or awful, or awfully formidable. How cunning those Chinese are! Do they not constantly surprise us? Such sacrifice of indulgence today for glory tomorrow!

We can be like Voltaire, philosophic China-watcher of another age. Sitting in Paris, he spun a mental tapestry of China less from facts than from disenchantment with the Europe of his day. The picture of Confucius in his study was a totem; maybe our pictures of Mao are too. As if the Chinese millions were mere moving illustrations of a Concept. Walk-on actors in a Drama of Historical Optimism or a Drama of Historical Pessimism!

The actual world of sweat and cicadas, boiled rice and bicycles, is a bit more complex. After seven years, I was back again. Did the mirage lift for a moment? Instead of "China," here were rivers and mountains, and people getting up, working, eating, singing, arguing, planning, going to bed. Not objects for investigation, but situations, in which I seemed to be involved only a little less than the people around me.

Of course a visit has its illusions, as does absence. You feel the human simplicities of China too acutely.

You get talking to Shanghai citizens about bringing up children, to a professor in Peking about how he teaches modern history. As if you and they stood on the same ground, wrestling with the social problems of the 1970s and the human dilemmas of all time. That is illusory. For while we remain grouped in nation-states, as long as East Asia remains a place of collision between American substance and Chinese shadow, China is another world. Mao rules them; Nixon rules us. Our human solidarity is at the mercy of what they cook up between them. You leave Canton, cross the border at Shumchun, and China again becomes "China." One corner of the triangle of hope and terror, the United States, Russia, and China. Stage play of Communism, before the beaming portrait of Chairman Mao. Belly of real estate at the southeast tip of Eurasia, which fifty nuclear bombs could turn into charcoal and gas within a week.

But the separateness is not forever. The strangeness of China is not objective, like that of the platypus. Separateness and strangeness both stem from the past relationship between China and ourselves. Here there are changes; will soon be more. Countries' "images" of each other can depart terribly from fact. U.S.-Chinese relations give rich illustration. Yet international politics and our human existence do play out a crazy dialectic. It means that visiting China has its bit of the future to reflect. "Being there," like waking up at 3 A.M., gives its own special angle on the totality of things.

Being in China in 1971 means realizing that although in the United States Vietnam looms large on our mental screens, with China a big country behind Vietnam, in Peking Vietnam fades into one of many countries down beyond the Middle Kingdom's southern provinces. It means observing that chance and distraction fleck Chinese politics no less than ours; a Foreign Ministry official remarked, when Peking in late June did a long (and favorable) commentary on the Common Market: "During the Cultural Revolution we rather neglected the Common

Our socialist country will not be controlled by anyone.

Market; now we're catching up and getting our position straight."

Being in China means fielding queries at a university in Sian about how we dealt, at Harvard in the spring of 1970, with the question of giving or not giving grades and exams to students who went on strike because of the invasion of Cambodia. It means finding propaganda less depressing when spoken than when one reads it from afar on the printed page, because people do not always mean what they say, and when they do mean it, do not always believe it. You read a tirade about the high tide of African revolution; then next day a Chinese diplomat who has worked in Africa remarks on the immaturity of African movements and their inability to make revolution as China made it. Paraphrasing the ancient writer Sun Tze, he smiles: "They don't know themselves and they don't know the enemy; that's the trouble."

To be there is to recall—did I need the reminder?—that Chinese cooking is not just a "great cuisine of the world," but a daily joy to 800 million and *the* major factor in any calculation of bright and dark sides to the Chinese people's life in 1971. To hear a high official say, when speaking of Western leftists who stay away from Taiwan for reasons of conscience: "They should go, see what the place is like. When foreign leftists come to Peking, I urge them not to stay away from Moscow, but to stop over there and look around." "Being there" means boredom and humor, clashes of personality, getting up at 5 A.M., finding time to read the newspaper, deciding between the ballet and the cinema for tonight's entertainment.

I suppose each man has his China, as his Rousseau. A visit does not do much to replace the subjective with the objective. But the subjective has its own scale of truth and falsehood. The visitor is a human being; what hits him?

Appealing imprecision. People wander round; day-dream. They will, when marketing, or in conversation, let the world go by in search of the pearl of great price. They don't mince like Japanese, but amble as men in secure possession of the earth under their feet. They will stand and stare at you, then win you with a grin if you look up in anxiety or irritation. Officials at banquets, faces pink with wine, lean head-in-hand across the table, forgetting their elbows in the excitement of a line of talk. Men on duty in trains, when every passenger has been served his tea and all is calm, turn down the radio and play poker, or draw the blinds, swing two seats together, and snooze in the peace of the afternoon sun. China is comprehensively organized, but not perfectly organized—certainly not to Japanese pitch. The ragged edges, the ragamuffin element, the expansive gesture,

have happily not been organized out of existence.

Asia's heart. China has a staggering cultural self-confidence, and she is beholden to no one. In the timeless haze of Peking you realize that today's Bangkok, Saigon, Taipeh, are not cities of Asia's Asia but of America's Asia. Here in the "Forbidden City" is the real challenge to Western hegemony. Today but an embryonic challenge, partly of the spirit, tomorrow it will develop the sinews of a power challenge. The importance of China is being transmuted from symbol to actuality by the increasing powerlessness of the West in Asia. In China you feel a strength which comes from belief in oneself. America's Asia cannot match this kind of strength. But then America's Asia is China's periphery. And in Peking, China seems to Southeast Asia as the garment to the hem.

China's touchy pride. I went to the East Room of the Great Hall of the People on July 5 with E. Gough Whitlam, leader of the Australian Labor Party, for a late-night talk with Chou En-lai. Recounting China's bitter experience with Russia, the Old Tiger warned us against trusting *our* ally, the United States. His point was a passionate assertion of each country's right to run its own affairs. Whitlam said America had not treated Australia badly, as Russia had China. The Premier threw apart his arms. "But they both want to control others." He beat his wicker chair for emphasis. "Our socialist country will not be controlled by anyone."

Chou summed up what is evident up and down China: deep sensitivity about China's dignity as an independent power. It goes back to the humiliation of the Opium Wars, when Britain bullied a weak China into a falling-domino torrent of concessions.

A READER'S GUIDE

yuan (Y)	Chinese monetary unit, forty cents
PLA	People's Liberation Army—the Chinese Army
Liberation	Chinese term for 1949 revolution
mou	one sixth of an acre
catty	half a kilogram

The Chinese nation is studying as if for some cosmic examination.

You are constantly reminded that “those days are gone.” The East wind prevails over the West wind. China has stood up. She will not be controlled by others.

The past is very present. Halfway between Sian and Yanan, in the orange loess-country where Chinese civilization began, lies the market town of Hwang Ling. I drove there to see the tomb of the Yellow Emperor, father of the Han people. My Chinese companions (who had suggested this visit) entered with awe the gray-green gardens, lit up by the red pillars of a temple of commemorative tablets to the Yellow Emperor. It was 7 A.M., and the gnarled trees, one said to date from the time of the Yellow Emperor (some 5000 years ago), were ghostly in the still, clear morning air.

My Communist companions gazed at the elegant inscription: “Cradle of the Fatherland’s Civilization.” One of them, a diplomat called Chou Nan, who does calligraphy with a brush daily and writes poems in the traditional style, quoted suitable lines by heart from the Chinese classics. The five Chinese clustered round the hoary tablets, as Mr. Chou pointed out passages to his eager colleagues.

Not a single slogan or Mao quote is found near the mound in which the Father of China may (or may not) lie. “It would be unsuitable here,” a Shensi provincial aide explained crisply. I looked around the site, well kept by the Communist government. Apart from the historical inscriptions, some in Kuo Mo-jo’s rich hand, the only writing nearby was a placard on an old gray tree. “Protect the forest, fight fires.”

Mental unity. Chou En-lai urged me to study the essay Peking put out to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Communist Party. “As you are a professor in America and Australia, it can be reference material for you.” That essay was, in early July, a Bible in China.

Drivers read it. The girls in the elevator at the Peking Hotel read it, between passengers. The radio broadcasts it. Companions cite it. Hosts ask my reaction to it. In Shanghai it is no less omnipresent; the same in Nanking, in Wusih. Sometimes a visitor to Harvard might think students read only books by Harvard faculty. A parallel impression, magnified a thousandfold, I had in China. It is intellectual incest on a Gargantuan scale. Information, opinion, comes down from the mountain of authority to the plateau of public consumption. The people all have this official information; they have no other. The whole country, from Canton to the northeast, from the east coast to Sinkiang, has at least a surface mental unity unmatched in China’s history. (Just as the whole country has the chronological unity of being on Peking time.) There is a rule by phrase, a bond in head-

lines, a solidarity by syntax. In the beginning was the Word . . .

To the visiting writer, information is like melons in the market. If it’s available, you get it. If it’s not, your hands are empty. There is nothing in between. No point in trying to get light on government policy from a Chinese who has not received it from above. When you get something, however, it is reliable. The system would surely delight an eighteenth-century philosophe; the “Word” is sovereign. On the other hand, it is a nightmare for the diplomat who has to put something in the pouch every week. Mingling one night with foreigners in Peking, I recalled a remark of a French diplomat who served in China, then in the United States: “In Peking we had too little information. In New York we had too much. In neither case did we know what was going on.”

Formidable children. Here is a French class at the Middle School attached to Peking Normal University. The faces are pictures of concentration. The class screams in unison: “*Vive le parti communiste; Vive la solidarité des peuples du monde.*” I ask one pretty lass in a colored blouse why she studies French. “To further the world revolution.” The answer seems ridiculous, but the ardent hunger for knowledge behind it is not.

The Chinese nation is studying as if for some cosmic examination. The bookshops are stiff with schoolchildren reading and buying textbooks, a lot published in the last year. A laundryboy is wrestling with Marx’s *The Class Struggles in France*. A taxi driver has a recent pamphlet, *Philosophy for Working Men*. Tots in Shanghai sport aprons sewn with characters: “Love science, Love hygiene, Love learning.”

Nor do they stuff their minds and forget their bodies. Rise at six and you find Chinese young people exercising in parks, on the waterfront, on rooftops. They twist and spin, jerk and wheel, doing “hard” exercises (forms of karate), “soft” (forms of *T’ai Chi-ch’uan*, the snakelike, rhythmic art), and countless improvisations of their own. Some do theatrical swordplay; many walk on their hands, first steadying their up-turned legs against a wall.

In short, China’s 300 million young schoolchildren seem a formidable prospect for tomorrow’s China. True, research is in many spheres backward. True, present professional opportunities are cruelly limited. But generations of scientifically minded, intellectually hungry, fit, earnest youth will be a magnificent base for more sophisticated advance in the 1980s and 1990s.

Equality is dull. Stroll along the Whampoa River bank (the “Bund”) in the evening, and you think at first the heart has gone out of Shanghai. Red neon

lights up the river's ripples, but every single sign is a slogan. The row of tall British buildings, Shanghai's greeting to the Western world across the water, are shabby, and many unused. The former British Consulate, its furry lawns stretching out toward the junction of Whampoa River with Soochow Creek, is just a sailors' club. Not one prostitute, hardly a car. Some blocks beyond, "Great World," once a sparkling place of entertainment, is silent as a morgue.

Nor do the vast billboards have anything to quicken the pulse. Posters and commentaries tell the story, congress by congress, of fifty years of the Chinese Communist Party. The ear cannot vary the story. "Sailing the Seas Depends Upon the Helmsman" fills the air. The vast Big Ben of a clock on the Customs House strikes the hour, but instead of a chime, it booms out a rusty rendition of "The East Is Red." Is this Shanghai, or have I come upon a May 7 school (rural place of mixed labor and study for those found in the Cultural Revolution to need "remolding") set amidst a cardboard replica of the great Chinese port?

The Shanghai Bund is nothing, yet it's many things that matter. Forget the images; attend to the people. Watch them in the light of a full, bright moon, heads to the breeze off the water—a nice change, after work, from the heat of their houses. They read, lick ice creams. Lovers leave their bicycles against the rails and seek a dark spot in the park (two cents admission, full of unlighted nooks). Listen to their talk, some on haunches in groups, young couples discussing future plans, old men at chess, precocious boys who ask me about my country.

Here are people in bland possession of a sector where once they were little better than things. For the Western visitor the Bund is nothing. Yet the fact that *he* is nothing as he wanders unheeded proves that what was once a preserve where he felt his authority now belongs to the Chinese people. And, there is an obvious, to some people moving, egalitarianism in the social relationships of these streets and parks. Of course it is "dull" for the spender or the adventurer. Justice is not necessarily exciting, and it is the face of international and social justice which smiles behind the blandness of the Shanghai Bund.

My visit, from fluttery-stomached entry to exhausted exit, spanned forty days. It took in seven major cities, as well as towns and rural pockets. When possible, I took a train or drove, in a "Shanghai" or "Volga" car: by road to Yenan, a train trip from Changsha to Canton. The long hops were generally by air, in British Viscount, large Ilyushin 18, or the grasshopper of an Ilyushin 14, in

which you sit (at a giddy angle until takeoff) without seat belts, beside panoramic oblong windows. This *shao feiji* (small plane), as the Chinese call it, roars angrily but flies low, and there are splendid views.

There below is the flat, geometric somnolence of Sian, ancient capital of China and now capital of Shensi Province, specked with T'ang Dynasty pagodas. Its boulevards are lined with six and eight rows of trees and punctuated with four massive Ch'ing Dynasty gates, sentries to a civilization. Down here now, the swelling mountains between Hunan Province and Kiangsi Province, which we bounce across flying from Nanking to Changsha. At their foot, a world of river canals, ponds, shimmering dusty blue in the morning heat, watering a patchwork of rice and cotton fields now alive with harvest activity and new planting.

The hostesses of China Airlines are cheerful and informal. On a four-and-a-half-hour flight from Canton to Peking, after eight hot hours of delay at White Cloud Airport, I fell asleep when the meal of fruit and biscuits was done. A hand banged my shoulder. "*Pu yaw hsui-chao le! Daw le, Daw le!*" ("Stop sleeping, we're here!") But Miss Wang had a pretty smile as she handed me chewing gum with an inscription on the wrapper: "China Airlines: Safety, Speed, Comfort, Convenience." Dressed like navvies, their hair straight and short, these girls are nevertheless often pretty.

My Chinese companions—diplomats, officials of the Revolutionary Committee in each province, aides of Luxingshe, the China Travel Service—did not warm to comments on physical appearance. One night there was a dinner in Nanking given by the Foreign Affairs Section of the Revolutionary Committee. Chiang Kai-shek's old capital was living up to its reputation as one of China's "three furnaces" (Chungking and Wuhan are the others). As a sweet wine called *hwang chiu* spurred the theme of "friendship between the Chinese and Australian peoples," I remarked upon the good looks of the hostess on that day's Shanghai-Nanking flight. My host looked with concentration at his "fish mandarin." "It is not the physical side but the thought which counts," he pointed out. So I rephrased my sentiment and won all-round approval: "The thought of today's hostess seemed, from whatever angle you viewed it, admirable and inspiring."

Specializing on foreign-policy and education issues did not prevent visits to factories and communes; to hospitals—to see how Chinese medicine and Western medicine fit together; literary and historical spots; and the beautiful village in Hunan where Mao Tse-tung was born and raised, full of memories and mosquitoes. Impossible to miss performances of the "rev-

olutionary operas and ballets"—eight new excellent if not very varied dramas, of universal household familiarity in China today.

Summertime makes a vast difference in visiting China. People sit languidly outside their houses, eating and even sleeping in the open air. Opportunity to observe social life, and talk informally (in winter, folk go inside to their stove or *kang*—combination stove-and-bed in northern peasant homes—and the air of community conviviality is gone). Scant clothing thickens the air of sensuality, which is anyway seldom absent from Chinese life. Few men wore more than shorts and singlet in Shanghai, Changsha, and Canton—different in Peking—and the brassiere, though widely available in shops, was not, it seemed, in frequent use.

I wandered into parks. Nowhere better to watch and chat with people as they lounge around, roller-skate, play chess or *wei ch'i* ("go"), boat, and swim. Elaborate parks, such as Peihai in Peking, are still closed from the Cultural Revolution. But not ordinary ones, such as the vast People's Park around Lake Xuan Wu in Nanking. Here I wanted to swim, and this led to over-careful preparations for my safety and comfort.

A car went on ahead to select a secluded spot. Irritated, I remarked as I got ready to dive in that it was not safe to swim alone. Alas, a casual sentence, uttered only to reinforce dissatisfaction at not being able to mingle with other swimmers, brought fresh complications. A motorboat was summoned from the far shores of the lake. While Chinese companions watched from the bank, the boat circled this poor swimmer, spitting out oil and fumes. How to protect me from my protector? I said I wanted to ride in the boat. Before anyone could say no, I sprang in and joined four young fishermen in a trip round the lake. Now I could swim where others swam, chat with people without feeling like an exhibit. A trivial incident, no doubt, yet one case of many where the line between "well cared for" and "isolated" seemed a little too fine.

Were there serious restraints? Formal restrictions exist. No photos from the air, nor at certain industrial areas (such as the docks looking north from central Shanghai). Among the provinces closed to nearly all foreigners is Szechwan, whose hills and rivers and spicy cuisine I would like to have savored. Generalized control, too, stems from the practicalities of a visit. Rarely does the visitor select which factory, school, commune he will see. Taxi stands are few, so personal mobility is limited. The Hotel Peking, though a palace in its way, is also a prison, since there is no taxi rank outside; you must phone and state your destination. Somehow, my Luxingshe aide

always knew when I came into the hotel (even when I did so alone). For no sooner was I in the room than he would phone to discuss the next part of my program.

Yet many things I did in perfect freedom. Two legs and some knowledge of Chinese are wings indeed in the cities. Few people closed up on a simple talk; some opened like a rose. Professional men dined alone with me in Peking restaurants. I strolled in on families at random in a Shanghai apartment block. As for officials, they allowed visits to some places which were not yet open to anyone, foreigner or Chinese: former residences in Peking and Shanghai of the great socialist writer Lu Xun; an array of Han, Chou, and T'ang treasures unearthed during the Cultural Revolution. And at the Chinese border there were few formalities. I brought out unexposed film, tape recordings, and notebooks—but the Chinese officials didn't know, because neither going in nor coming out was there any baggage examination of any kind.

One day I meandered in Foochow Street, central Shanghai, looking for its renowned secondhand bookshops. None remain. Some are turned to other uses (the former "Foreign Literature Bookshop" is selling textiles); some are open only for new books on the ground floor, closed on the second floor which (I suppose) holds the secondhand books. But nearby was a *Lü-kuan*, a simple Chinese hotel where foreigners never stay. I looked in, was welcomed, given fruit cordial, and chatted with guests and staff. Over the inside of the doorway, in fresh red characters, I noticed the warning. "When leaving watch out for your purses and money." That should not be a surprise, for there is theft in China like everywhere else—though less than most places. Bicycles are often padlocked in the street, and houses, so far as I could see, are generally locked.

Foochow Street is scarred on one side with earthworks. Air-raid shelters are being painstakingly built, often with intricate underground links between them. The finished shelter is well concealed—a small door leads down from certain shops which are well known in the neighborhood. Among the well-stocked, well-patronized food shops the pastries look good, and I go into a small place to buy some. The shopkeeper, a genial and worldly Shanghai-type of sixty-seven, tells me he graduated in commerce from a Shanghai university in 1927. Until Liberation, he owned a tea shop a few blocks away. It must be hard to adjust, I say, from being an owner to being a shop assistant. "Not really," he replies, gazing out into the street, "given all the circumstances." What are the circumstances, I wonder? "The change in society. Look outside the shop, at the people, what they wear; ask

Two legs and some knowledge of Chinese are wings indeed in the cities.

them who they work for.” He turns back inside the shop and pauses. “It’s a big change; exploitation has gone—my change from owning a tea shop, you have to see it in that context.” My pastries are wrapped up. But anything with flour in it is rationed. “Where are your coupons?” the old man inquires, his face long in mock desolation. Of course I have none, but he lets me off as a “friend from across the seas.”

Further down the street is a billboard with a vast world map in bright colors. Captions on the various countries show the “excellent situation” for revolution that seems, in the Chinese view, to prevail almost everywhere. A young man stares intently at the heading: “People of all the world unite and put down American aggressors and their running dogs.” The map is conveniently placed at a bus stop. A newsstand on the sidewalk does good business, especially in technical magazines—and that is a sign of the times in China. A new one has recently appeared, *Science Monthly*, with popularized articles on the contribution science can make to society. I buy its first three issues, and some recent fiction—but am refused Shanghai newspapers.

Turning back toward the hotel, I pass a Protestant church—its closed gates bearing the banner “Carry through the Cultural Revolution to the end”—and then come upon a municipal “cultural and scientific library and reading room.” Step off the crowded street, and you find at once an air of quiet concentration. At battered wooden tables, young and old pore over books, magazines, and newspapers. Again mostly technical stuff. Though a studious man is reading *Hung Ch’i* (*Red Flag*, the monthly theory journal of the Party), and some have Marx or Lenin, no one at the tables I circle is reading Mao. At the counter I ask for *Dream of the Red Chamber*. The lady seems pleased to be asked—but, no, she does not have it. Lu Xun? “We have almost all of his works; which would you like?” But few are reading fiction.

Getting nearer to the waterfront, the streets are lined with people, and more arrive each minute in trucks, to be marched in columns of two, then spread out three-deep along the road. The bell on the old British Customs House strikes five; most of the crowd seem to have come direct from work. I draw near and find no air of excitement. But why are they here? People readily answer the question. “We are here to welcome foreign guests to Shanghai.” I rack my brains and recall that a French Parliamentary Delegation is in China and that a Korean group is due in Shanghai soon. But my curiosity is not shared by the welcomers themselves. None of a dozen or so asked know who is coming or seem to care. “It’s just foreign friends,” one girl sums up with a trace of impatience.

Soon the fussy marshals have got everyone in line and black limousines glide into view. The crowd stiffens into ceremonial festivity, faces beam with joy, hands clap vigorously. I dash into the Peace Hotel, climb to the eighth floor, and watch the scene from the dining room. A panorama of international friendship! The limousines, looking long and flat from high up, creep slowly enough for the elated faces of the foreign guests to be visible—they seem moved indeed by the reception. It was the Koreans—I found out that night at the ballet *White-haired Girl*, which they also attended—but I suppose the afternoon throng didn’t know that any more than I did.

A friendly tension existed between the authorities and myself. Some things they apparently thought I did to excess (“mingling”). Ruses were found to limit my mingling. At intervals of a ballet or acrobatic show, I would be whisked to the luxury of a side room, to sit in sullen boredom with my companions. Yet they did not make mingling impossible. At a Shanghai concert, I declined to enter the side room, smoked in the foyer, and watched an amusing and vigorous struggle by a hundred people to get tickets for the next performance. And often there was banter about my waywardness. “Mr. Terrill, we have to protect you; please go by car.” “But Mr. Wang, China is the ‘safest country on earth’; I’m going to walk.” Walk I did, and no hard feelings resulted.

The overnight trip to the delightful Tsung Hua hot springs near Canton was typical. It is a valley of tranquillity. Also a sensitive place. Leaders come to take rest and the waters. Kuo Mo-jo, after a tough time during the Cultural Revolution, came here to recover. A major army base nestles in the nearby hills. Both aspects—aesthetic, military—tickle the ear at 5:30 A.M. The air is rent not by “Sailing the Seas Depends Upon the Helmsman” or “The East Is Red” (China’s two inescapable political songs), but—long live Chairman Mao!—by a faultless trumpet rendition of reveille! No need here for a political message to nerve the soul at dawn.

Necessarily there are restraints. The scenery lures me walking. Yesterday’s typhoon has left things fresh and beaten. Winds still bend the fine bamboos deeply to one side. A severed tree-portion leaps crazily along the river’s broad white sandbank. A stone bridge squats comfortably across the blue-yellow waters. Higher up is a towering waterfall in jostling whiteness. “Like ten thousand horses galloping,” wrote a T’ang poet. But wherever I walk, there is a People’s Liberation Army man with boyish grin and fixed bayonet. “Back the other way.” Well, it is a sensitive area, and they did not have to bring me here. There was, in sum, an openness and a practical root to nearly all the restraints that met me in China.

Tight clothes are no good for working in; loose clothes are.

I wondered about differences from 1964. Of course the military are more prominent. Army men in baggy green uniforms, with a red star on the cap. Navy men, the same thing in blue-gray; you could mistake it for pajamas. Air force, blue trousers with green jacket. Curiously, police uniform is the same as air force—with one variation. The policeman's cap has a red circle, not a red star like the cap of the three services.

At Canton Airport, during long hours of waiting for a storm to clear, most of the passengers were military men. Indeed, the delay's consolation was a chance to chat nimbly with Chinese generals. Earthy, amiable, informal men. With a Szechwanese officer, I talk as we drink tea from porcelain mugs. The face is leathery, eyes deep-set, smile disarming. Trousers rolled up to the knee—but he rolls them down as I sit beside him. His floppy uniform bears no insignia—the Cultural Revolution put an end to that—but I think he is a general. Two aides are with him (their sandals are not the usual plastic, but leather). His wristwatch is not inexpensive. I ask him why clothes in China are so loose and big. Were these floppy garments, I mused, designed to mask the human form and keep passion at a distance? His answer was different. "Tight clothes are no good for working in; loose clothes are." Stationed in Fukien, his business in life is to keep prepared against Chiang Kai-shek. His views on Chiang are not angry, just totally scornful. Yes, he said without zeal, China is stronger since the Cultural Revolution. More roused, he explained how Szechwan is much prettier than Kwangtung.

But what really stirred him was an Iraqi Airlines jet which zoomed into the tranquil haze of the afternoon. With his colleagues (and nearly everyone else in the terminal), he dashed outside to watch it land. China has no jets on commercial service (though it possesses Tridents, and has just bought six more). PIA (Pakistan) is the only airline which lands passenger jets at White Cloud; the Iraqi plane was a "special," containing ministers. To watch a big jet is quite something to a Chinese. Even to a general. "Not bad," he grinned as he sank back on a couch and reached for his tea.

Not only do you see many military, you meet a lot in institutions. When the Cultural Revolution reached its pitch of factionalism, People's Liberation Army (PLA) men went into factories and schools. Mostly, they are still there—as politically reliable managers. The (PLA) Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee at the Peking Petroleum Refinery had, he told me, never been to school. He learned all he knew in the "great school" of the army. Yet he now administered a factory with 10,000 workers.

Another PLA officer, a tough, cheery man who confessed his total ignorance of medicine, was head of a Peking (Chinese Medicine) hospital. His first act on coming to the hospital, others told me, was to spur all personnel to more devoted service by offering his own body for experimentation. Acupuncture needles were put three to four inches into him in a test to find the root of certain nerves. It was his way of living up to Mao's idea that the whole nation should "learn from the PLA."

A third PLA officer, the new Minister of Foreign Trade, I met with Mr. Whitlam. (Six of the eight ministers whose names are known are military men.) Pai Hsiang-kuo is a practical man, who showed a detailed grasp of Australia's trade position. In the business talks, the word "capitalism" was never uttered, nor Mao's name. Gentle in manner, yet strong in argument, Pai appeared for the sessions in army uniform, without mark of rank, and left his cap on throughout. (Even at our meeting with Chou En-lai, which he attended but without speaking, he never took his cap off.) None of this military presence was evident seven years ago. Indeed, I can't remember a single conversation with a military man on the 1964 visit.

I found cultural life far more politicized. In 1964, I talked with the director of the Peking Library (which has some seven million volumes) and browsed in his library. I went to church services in Canton and Peking, and interviewed Chao Fu-san, a leader of Chinese Protestantism (his barbs against Russian divines and the World Council of Churches caused reverberations in church circles of various countries). This kind of thing was, in 1971, out of the question. Public libraries, and museums too, are closed. Churches are boarded up, empty, and checkered with political slogans. National religious organizations are "suspended," while religious workers undergo an indefinite phase of "struggle, criticism, and transformation." Chao Fu-san is "not available." In 1971, you simply do not find, as you could in 1964, segments of social and intellectual life around which the tentacles of politics have not curled.

The politicization has its visual testimony. Cities are striped red and white with slogans and quotations. It is hard to locate buildings, for during the Cultural Revolution their nameplates were mostly replaced with a (more or less appropriate) slogan. The Industrial Exhibition in Canton has on it simply "Long Live Our Great Leader Mao Tse-tung." Since it is not the only big building which displays that irreproachable sentiment, the newcomer cannot easily find his way around. Even garden plots have been ingeniously planted in the shape of characters expressing a political message; the flowers in their beds

We can catch the common cold faster if we keep it a race.

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Why can't somebody hand out assignments to pharmaceutical companies? So company *A* could be solving the cold problem while company *B* is working on heart disease, and so on. Wouldn't we get a lot more done? With a lot less duplication?

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1960

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1969

1970

and again in 1971
the world's largest
selling Scotch.

There must be a reason

The greatest change since 1964 is a heightened sense of citizenship on the part of ordinary people.

must bend and sprout to uphold Chairman Mao!

Reaching Canton, I was hit by this political gaudiness. It looked as if the left wing of the Signwriters Union had taken over China! But the impact is a double one, and the second aspect is as striking as the first. The city is plastered with banners and posters. *But they are faded.* They date from 1966-1968. There has been no apparent move to refurbish them. So Canton has a face of shabby militancy. Not having been there since 1964, I was struck by the plastering. Yet an Australian scholar who had visited in 1968 was more struck by how much it has faded. The slogans are much less obtrusive in the life of the city, he said as we walked around, than three years ago.

One might welcome the fading of banners, as my fellow countryman did, because of the new political moderation it signifies. Aesthetically, however, it gives Canton a shabby, run-down look—like a city after a bad flood. Parks I had enjoyed in 1964 were now scrawny and overgrown. The beautiful grounds of the Sun Yat Sen University had not recently seen a hoe or a mower. The Cultural Park, a diverting place for Cantonese, is less well cared for. So is Sha Mian, the shaded haven isle which in colonial days gave secluded comfort to the British and French.

The Cultural Revolution, of course, accounts for this neglect. The former political boss in Canton, T'ao Chu, was attacked in 1967 for spending too much time and energy on prettifying Canton. He wanted, said his detractors, to impress foreign businessmen arriving for the Canton Fair, and the Hong Kong folk who come to visit their families. It was, Red Guards reasoned, a wrong use of time and resources.

I recalled T'ao Chu's civic zeal at a banquet given me in Canton the night before I left China. The restaurant, one of China's finest, was the Pan-chi (now changed to "Friendship"). Its elegant balconies, furnished in ebony and mother-of-pearl, overlook a lake bordered with willows. Some quite fantastic sweetmeats were being served. One especially took my fancy—a spiced coconut puree wrapped in a hot pancake—and I ate several. The host, himself a hearty eater, tried to broaden my approach. "Do you know, Mr. Terrill, this restaurant has more than *one hundred* varieties of sweet cakes. Recently some foreign businessmen could hardly believe this. So I ordered all one hundred kinds brought to the table!" Mr. Yang was ready to do the same for me, but my stomach was not equal to the challenge. Yet what price T'ao Chu's "errors"? Was not Cantonese chauvinism rearing its delightful head once more? I realized, not for the first time on this trip, that much backpedaling has taken place since the excessive leftism of the Cultural Revolution.

But the greatest change since 1964 is a heightened

sense of citizenship on the part of ordinary people. I am not saying people's minds are full of Mao's Thought—who knows what is in their minds? The point is not about political orthodoxy, but about sense of involvement. The lady from whose roadside stall I buy tea in Nanking knows which four provinces still have not established new Party Committees. Shopkeepers in Shanghai venture comment on world affairs. Singers and dancers in Yenan had been to Peking during the Cultural Revolution, and now had fresh interest in the capital and what goes on there. They quoted to me an adage of their province: "*Ko Shan, Ko Ho, Pu Ko Yin*" ("separated by mountains, by rivers, but not from the voice of Peking"). It had, they said, a new meaning for them.

Drivers and Luxingshe aides showed no timidity or subservience—in 1964 there had been some. One morning in Canton my driver launched into a discussion of how intellectuals should behave. I don't know if he had me in mind when he spoke of the uselessness of theoretical knowledge divorced from practice. "Some intellectuals are hopeless," he observed, "electrical engineers who can't replace a fuse." A Luxingshe aide in the north was no less forthright. Often he would proffer political views. They were straight from the *People's Daily*; yet the illustrations were his own.

One afternoon at the Tomb of Sun Yat-sen in Nanking, a small argument flickered (there were several arguments in Nanking; the air seemed tense for some reason). It concerned "local" newspapers—the Chinese use the word "local" (*ti-fang*) to apply to all papers other than the *People's Daily*. The day before, in Shanghai, I had tried to buy the *Wen Hui Pao*, a Shanghai paper. Six times at six newsstands I was refused it. "Foreigners," it was explained, "may not buy local newspapers." Well, at the Tomb in Nanking, an official happened to remark, in the course of a conversation about freedom in China, that a foreigner could buy "anything he likes." I refuted him with the Shanghai example—perhaps too vigorously. My Luxingshe aide, the junior man in the group, turned to me: "Mr. Terrill, you will learn more if you are modest." In 1964 I did not find such forthrightness.

There were other differences. Service frills had been cut here and there. No beer on the planes now. In 1964, I had drunk my way across the Gobi Desert on the plane from Irkutsk to Peking, with the dusty-flavored Tsingtao beer. In Peking, you can no longer dial from your hotel room for weather forecasts, theater tickets, or subscriptions to magazines. Yet for the Chinese themselves, variety of consumer goods may be wider. Clothing is certainly more colorful. More household utensils are available. Supermarkets



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In 1777, Washington and Lafayette may well have planned strategies over a glass of Martell.

Autumn was drawing near; so, too, was the battle of Brandywine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army would discuss battle tactics with his new Major-General.

In turn, the young Frenchman

may indeed have introduced fine cognac from the House of Martell to the man who was to become his lifelong friend.

For even then, men of distinction knew that making fine cognac, to the Martell family,

was more an art than a business.

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have speeded matters for big-city shoppers—as often the husband as the wife. It is only an impression, but it seemed to me, judging by the crowded state of simple restaurants, that eating out has increased in the big cities.

These neighborhood eating houses are full of interest. Here is one in Shanghai's Nanking Road. It is in the middle of a shopping district, and people come in with bags and bundles—food, textiles, and now and then a camera, radio, or watch. Noodles (boiled or fried) are the specialty of the house. They are, of course, the preferred staple in Shanghai, as boiled rice is in South China. A hearty restaurant, a carrefour of gossip, noisy with chatter and laughter.

The range of diners reflects the relative prosperity of Shanghai, with its sophisticated industry and higher wages. Here are four men, colleagues it seems, who take their noodles swimming in soup (*tang mian*) and already have four empty beer bottles in front of them. Beside us a quiet couple, intellectuals carrying books whose titles I can't catch, who eat fried noodles (*chao mian*) and later hefty slices of the universally popular watermelon.

Decor is at the level of a public toilet. Chairs are the old wooden kitchen variety, and the wooden floorboards are hospitable to many a splash or piece of food (but no cats or dogs or flies). The excellent food costs us under Y3 (the yuan is forty cents) for two. To remember what dishes to bring to what table, waiters fix a numbered clothespin on a bowl in the center of the table: "7" is "noodles with fish," "16" is "chicken soup." No writing down is called for, and the evidence of what you've eaten and will pay for sits there as a row of pins; "7," "7," "16," "11," "4": total, Y2.90. Stacks of small red stickers hang on the walls. A notice says: if you have an illness, put a sticker in your bowl when finished, and special care will then be taken in washing the bowl.

In 1964, there was in Peking more sense of foreboding about the international scene. And today, where there is anxiety it seems to center on Russia, whereas in 1964 it centered on the United States. Some symbols sum up the change.

In 1964, I reached Peking the week after the clashes in the Gulf of Tonkin. One of the first sights, as the plane from Russia slid over the lovely hills into the heat-haze of the capital, was a vast mass rally. It was one of many in those weeks, at which a total of twenty million Chinese raised their voices and fists against U.S. actions in and off North Vietnam. The cloud of Vietnam, and even more important, foreboding that Washington might escalate the war into China's southern provinces, hung over the entire visit.

In 1971, foreboding is replaced by buoyancy. The

only American missile talked about in Peking this summer was Henry Kissinger. And when war pokes its nose in, it is not from South Asia but from North Asia. The mounds of earth in the streets of the northern cities tell the story. The air-raid shelters are insurance against "our northern neighbor"—the Prime Minister's sardonic phrase, the night we met him, for the Soviet Union.

One morning in Peking, I talked about trends in China with an official (he once worked as a journalist in New York) senior enough to speak his mind. For three hours we sat on a vast white couch, then at a nearby table where one reckless dish after the other was relayed by wide-eyed boys. Mr. Y—I cannot use his name—suddenly asked me: "What do you think of the propaganda?" Unsure of his line of thought, I murmured an inconsequential remark. "I think it's awful," he resumed, screwing up his face. "It's boastful. And too many adjectives and adverbs. Take the exhibits at Shaoshan [Mao's birthplace]. They are overdone. And why must it end with the atom bomb—as if the point of the revolution was to make the bomb!" My own tongue was loosened by his remarks; I added criticisms. "But you know," Mr. Y continued, "it's not as bad as it was."

That is true. Giant-sized white plaster statues of Mao have come down in Peking and other cities. His photo no longer adorns the daily Hsinhua news bulletin. The *Red Book*, you might say, has given way to books. (A statistic got in Sian shows how far the glorifying of Mao went: during the Cultural Revolution, in Shensi Province—whose population is about 25 million—100 million copies of works of Mao were published!) And not only books by Mao. A driver in Canton has Engels' *Anti-Dühring*. No longer do sessions at factories and communes and flights on planes begin and end with readings from Mao, as they did during the Cultural Revolution. Study has gained an edge on incantation. A workaday spirit has squeezed out rhetorical excess.

I stumbled across two startling examples of the trend. On Peking's Street of Eternal Revolution are the offices of the Municipal Revolutionary Committee. In the late-afternoon rays, as Peking sang with the bicycle bells of people riding home, I passed this building on my way to dine at Rewi Alley's house almost next door. Behold, four workmen were swiftly removing the huge Mao portrait from over the doorway! Random thoughts peppered my mind. A *coup* in the Revolutionary Committee? Making way for a *larger* portrait? Neither. Part of a general winding down of the personal display of Mao and his aphorisms.

At seventy-seven, he is learning English, and he likes to toss around newly learned phrases such as “law and order” and “anti-Mao.”

Another afternoon, I returned to the Hotel Peking after a visit to the Peking Petroleum Refinery. On our sixth floor, the smell of fresh paint. Two quotations from Mao, in white upon red, had been painted out since lunch. I almost missed them, so cheery had they been beside the dark panels. But no replacement went up in ensuing days. Maybe the exhortation had won its incarnation in labor—the word become flesh.

New shoots appear in intellectual life, after the winter blight of the Cultural Revolution. Certain of them were revealed to me in an interview—reported in *People's Daily* and other organs within China—with the leading intellectual of the Chinese government, Kuo Mo-jo, Vice President of the Congress and President of the Chinese Academy of Sciences. A rich, in some ways theatrical, personality, Kuo has trailed an astonishing array of writings and cultural activities, and is now one of the most prominent members of the regime. He has the square, rugged Szechwan face; expressive and arresting eyes—more so when he takes off his glasses. Heavy lines arch between eyes and nose, and two more curve down from nose to mouth. His hair is receding, and he relies on a hearing aid. The strongest impression of his mind is of facility, suppleness. To use favorite Chinese images, he seems a willow, not a pine. After photos, he signaled the taking off of jackets, and we sat down in the cavernous splendor of the Great Hall of the People and talked for almost three hours. Nearly eighty, Kuo looked at me and said: “You are like the rising sun at eight.” Since the Cultural Revolution, “young” (up to thirty-five), “medium-age” (thirty-six to fifty-five), and “old” work together in China as a “three-way combination” on many tasks. “I suggested to Chou En-lai,” joked Kuo, “that we need to add a fourth category for those over seventy-five—super-old. But he thought it sounded too much like super-power!”

The President of the Academy of Sciences acknowledged that research had been affected by the Cultural Revolution. The scientific sections never stopped work. But the humanistic and social-science sections have been suspended for a period of “struggle, criticism, and transformation”—with the interesting exception of archaeology. Digging for national treasures went on through the turmoil. It even benefited at times, as Red Guards, coursing through the country, hit upon the edge or sign of an unearthed piece. Mr. Kuo talked with an antiquarian's enthusiasm of the finds in the Cultural Revolution period, an exhibition of which I got a preview that morning in the Forbidden City. Of many of them—one superb jade “death-suit” from the Han Dynasty, its tiny green pieces stitched to-

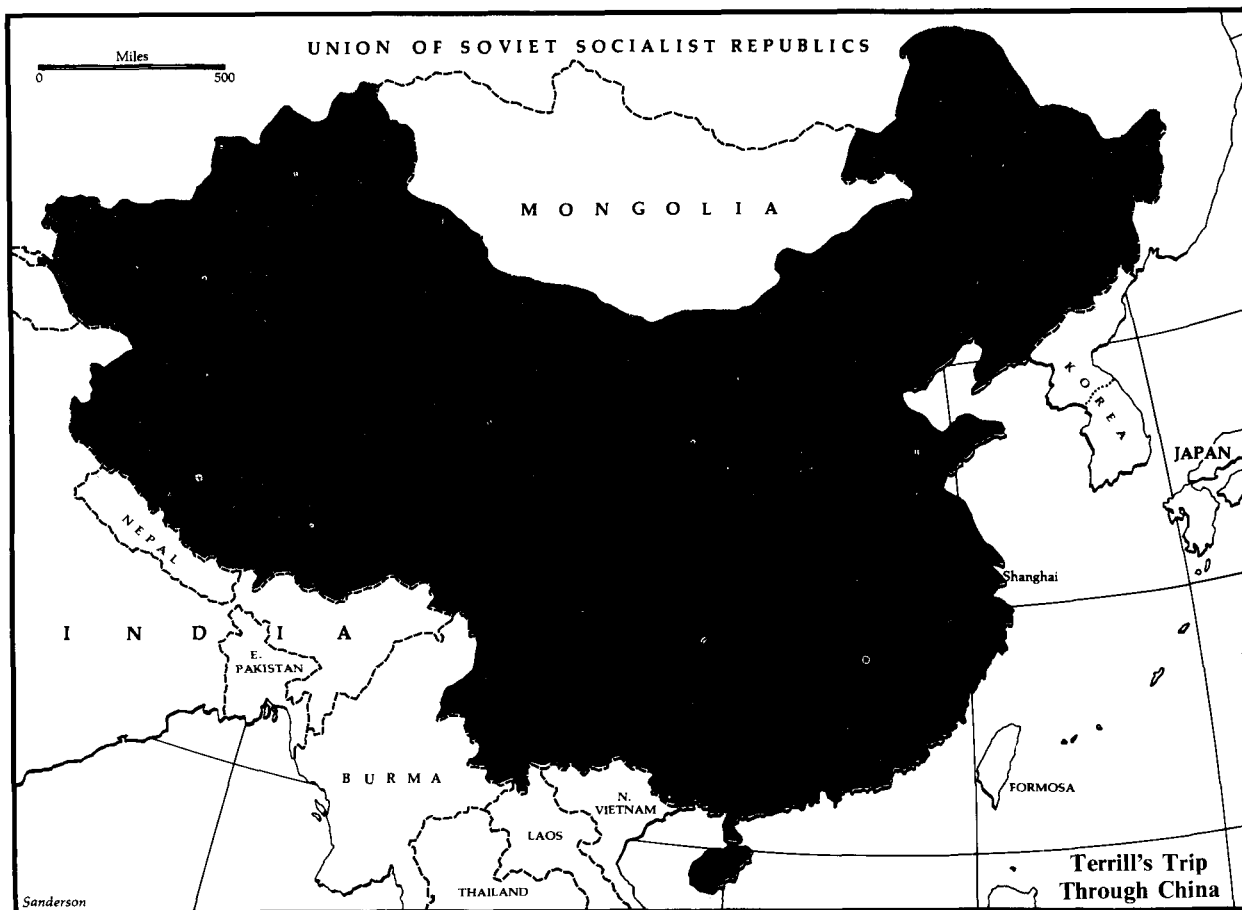
gether with wire of pure gold—he had read and written, but now could examine for the first time.

Research in all fields is poised for fresh advances. Kuo announced a new phase in the remarkable story of Chinese research on insulin. In 1966 insulin was synthesized, in work done jointly at the Academy and Peking University. Now the second stage, structural analysis of insulin, has been completed. It began in 1967, and was done in the Institutes of Organic Chemistry and Biochemistry of the Academy. Amino acids have been synthesized, surpassing even the work done by Hawkins in Britain. Important implications follow for our understanding of the origin of life. The results of the second stage, Mr. Kuo told me, were assessed at a meeting on July 15. They will soon be made public in detail.

From Mr. Kuo and other high sources comes news of further activity in research and publication. The *Modern History* by Fan Wen-lan, distinguished historian who died two years ago, is being revised and augmented by new chapters. The work is proceeding in the Institute of Modern History of the Academy and will appear before long. The archaeological journals, *Kao Ku* and *Wen Wu*, will shortly resume publication. A large new batch of the writings of Lu Xun is on the way. “Normal” intellectual contacts between China and other nations, Mr. Kuo explained—“students, lecturers, materials”—will be resumed as “struggle, criticism, and transformation” are wound up. An upsurge in language teaching is due. Main stress will now be upon English, French, German, Arabic, and Spanish—in that order. The Peking Foreign Languages Institute will again enroll students “this winter.” Mao himself, Kuo Mo-jo informed me, is setting an example. At seventy-seven, he is learning English, and he likes to toss around newly learned phrases such as “law and order” and “anti-Mao.”

Forays into bookshops confirmed the upward cultural trend, though actual stocks are still meager except on the technical side. Recently published fiction, mostly short stories written by young “workers, peasants, and soldiers,” is available. Its quality is not arresting. Mr. Kuo confessed as much himself, comparing them sadly with Lu Xun's “unshakable” work, and with the famous Chinese historical novels *Dream of the Red Chamber*, *All Men Are Brothers*, and *Western Pilgrimage*. These last are not in the shops, yet people of all ages manage to read them. Chairman Mao, Mr. Kuo said, not long ago read *Dream of the Red Chamber* for the fourth time.

Handbooks on technical subjects pour from the press and sell briskly. I bought a new one on Chinese medicine. It is in two parts, to cope with the widely differing climate and vegetation of the country. One



for North China, one for South China. Books long unavailable have reappeared. In the Hsinhua bookstore in Peking, I bought Hao Ran's 1966 novel *Bright Sunny Day* (in Chinese). A week earlier I could have got the great classic, *Book of History* (ten volumes, in *Bai hua*). It had sold out almost as soon as it arrived.

I bought one of the two works by Mr. Kuo on the history shelf, essays entitled *Chung-kuo Ku-tai She-hui Yen-chiu* (*Research on Ancient Chinese Society*). He is supposed to have said during the Cultural Revolution that it should be burned. I asked him, nevertheless, to sign my copy. He was surprised that it was on sale, and had not before seen this edition. I can report that he made no effort to burn the book. Yes, he "rather regretted" having written it, he said without earnestness. That did not stop him from autographing it with a flourish.

Secondhand bookstores, where still open, are disappointing. At the Eastern Market in Peking, in 1964 a great place to rummage for old books, little now but engineering texts and dictionaries. In Canton I chanced upon a more promising one. From the door I could see sections on history and social studies. Young people browsed in silence. But I got no further than the door. A man sitting in the entrance barred my way with his leg. Quietly and quickly he said: "Foreigners are not allowed in here."

That was a bad afternoon in Canton. From the bookstore I went to the old Catholic cathedral. Massive Gothic, with towers 160 feet high, visible all over Canton, it was done by a French architect in 1863. I

did not expect it to be open for services. No churches in China have been since the Cultural Revolution. I found it being used as a distribution center for building materials. Stacks of bricks and timber were on the grounds. Up the "aisle" steered a girl with a wheelbarrow. The "altar" bore red-and-white quotations from Mao. As Mr. Liu—my Luxingshe aide—and I beheld the hum of activity from the gate, a man came out of a nearby doorway and said: "He can't go in there." Mr. Liu replied: "I know." We watched for another moment, and I took a photo. Back we drove, in unaccustomed silence, to the Dong Fang Hotel.

A current trend in China is criticism of "ultraleftism." That may seem puzzling; is not Mao an . . . ? The point is, ultraleftism had its day, when the main job was putting down "revisionists," but that day is past. Yesterday a weapon, today a target. The rebels have been called off, damped down. The order of the day is noses to the grindstone of productive work. Has the wind changed because the Cultural Revolution succeeded, and now it's back to routine? Or because the "line" of the Cultural Revolution was Utopian, did not work, and had to be replaced by a rebuilding of the Party along old lines, and by a dispersal of the hot rebels to turning lathes and feeding pigs? Here I can only describe the fresh mood.

At the Red Star commune near Peking, I saw a laundry. But it was not a laundry. Those were not clothes pegged to a line, but *ta tze pao*, posters newly done in black on green paper. Members of the brigade had written them willy-nilly and awaited re-

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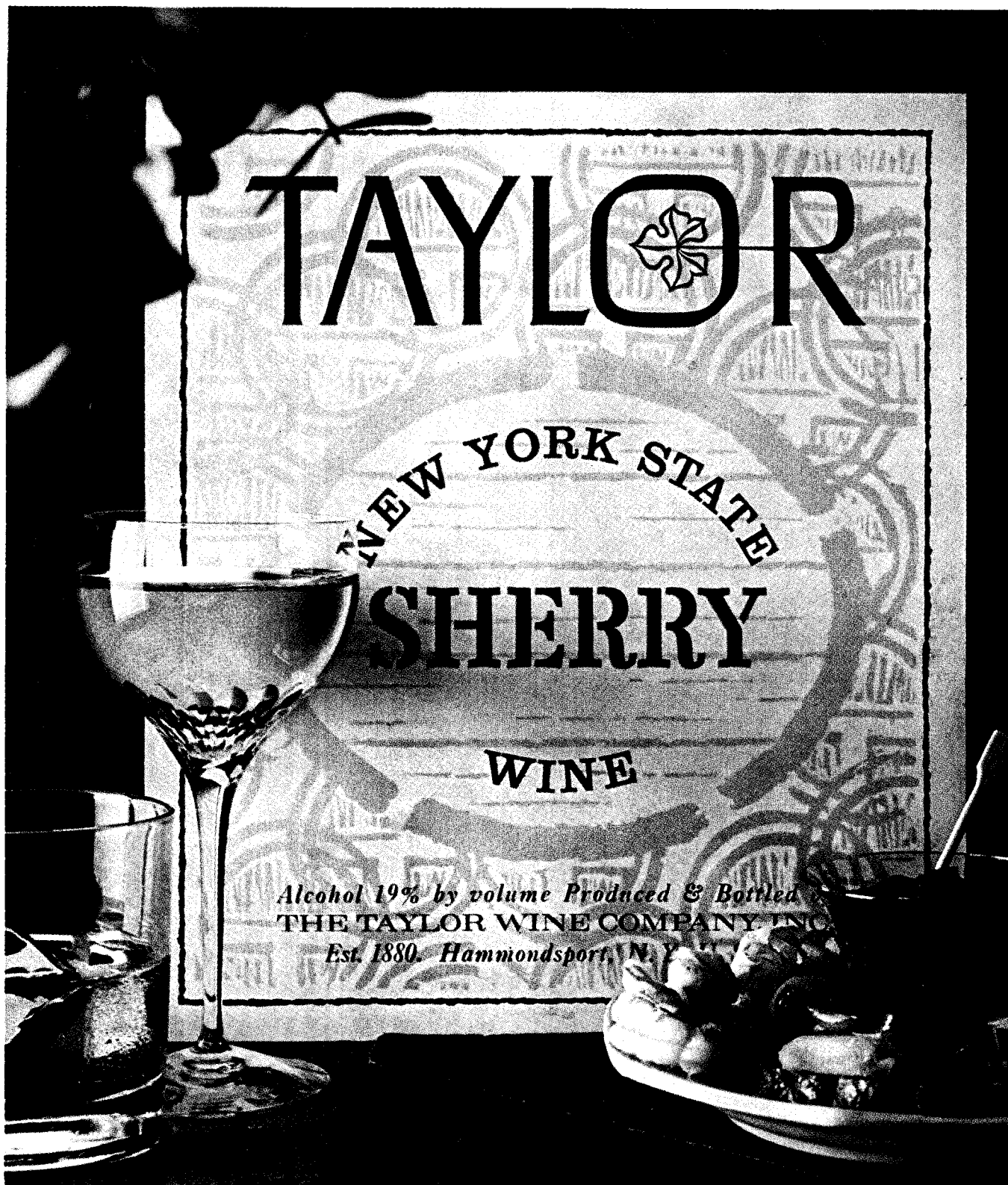
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In factories, students are often the target when ultraleftism is criticized.

sponses from the Party Committee. I had time to read only three before companions led me elsewhere. The theme was unmistakable: "AND WHAT OF THE ULTRALEFTISTS? WHAT WERE THEY DOING DURING THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION? THEY WERE NOT AT WORK—WHAT WERE THEY DOING?" Little doubt but that they were demonstrating. Coursing up and down China lighting fires of revolution.

I doubt that those posters would have been written if the Party did not welcome their message. In fact, the message is omnipresent in China. In schools, you are told that ultraleftists wanted to do without teachers altogether. Some urged an end to universities, saying simply that life is the classroom. Some said you learn *only* by practice—theory is useless. These ideas are now all rejected.

At the No. 61 Middle School in Canton, it seemed that even some of Mao's own (more "leftist") ideas about education are pruned in their application. The chairman of the School's Revolutionary Committee—the only white-haired man I met in China—referred to "naughty" pupils. What do they do wrong? "Well, they come late to class—and they leave very early." I quoted Mao, who said if a student is bored let him leave the class; that is all right. There was laughter at the table, some of it a bit nervous. How would the jovial Hunanese chairman meet this? He spoke with a touch of intimacy, his tone an appeal to common sense. "Look, if the teacher is really bad, pupils may leave. But they must come back."

In factories, students are often the target when ultraleftism is criticized. I found this especially so in the smaller cities. "They lacked experience." "Easily deceived." "Bad elements led them to extremes." The "bad elements" are usually identified as the "May 16 group" (an extremist network which—it is now said—mouthed Mao's line while actually planning an overthrow of the government in 1967), to be distinguished from ultraleftists, in most explanations, but not all, by three points. They were an organized conspiracy, not merely, like the hotheads, a wind blowing where it listeth. The contradictions between them and the people are "antagonistic." Between ultraleftists and the people, the contradictions are "nonantagonistic." Third, the May 16 group took armed struggle to the point of committing criminal offenses. At a Nanking factory I came across an example. A PLA officer, sent to meld the factions, had been kidnapped and held for three days by elements now suspected of being "May 16."

Nationally, the tone was set during my visit by the trial at two public meetings of the "Red Diplomat," Yao Teng-shan. Yao had crossed the threshold into crime by burning the British Office in Peking in 1967. This was not his only crime—Yao even detained

Chou En-lai during the former's giddy weeks of power as "head" of the Foreign Ministry in the summer of 1967. But the British Office affair has been made a symbol of leftist excess. No opportunity was missed in my presence to condemn it.

The French Ambassador, Etienne Manac'h, told me how Mao himself raised the matter in conversation. Maurice Couve de Murville was in China, and Manac'h went with him to see the Chairman. "Were you in Peking when the British Office was burned?" Mao asked Manac'h. No. "Were any of your present staff?" No, a complete turnover of Embassy staff had occurred since then. Mao persisted. "Well, you must have *read* about the incident?" He wanted to speak of it. He criticized it as "indefensible." It is ultraleftism, he said; "I myself am a center-leftist."

An apartment block, part of a "New Workers Village," in a textile-mill district of Shanghai. We knock on doors and talk with those we find at home. It is 4 P.M., and those on day shift are still at work. Children play noisily under the spreading plane trees which shade the space between blocks. A group of neighbors sit fanning themselves, talking about prices, drinking tea. Mrs. Tan is at home with her son, who is back from Anhwei Province for a month to see the family. He was sent there for practical work after finishing Middle School. The family of five have two rooms, plus a kitchen shared with two other families. Father earns Y72 per month, mother Y58 (a pension, three quarters of her wage before retirement). Rent is Y5 per month. Another son, graduate of Communications University at Sian, works in a mining-machine factory in remote Tsinghai Province. A third is on a state farm not far away, earning only Y24. Furnishings are of the simplest. But the beds, mosquito-netted and covered with tatami, are comfortable. There is a radio and a bicycle. Mrs. Tan is saving to buy a sewing machine, which will cost her Y150. Food for each person costs about Y15 per month. Meat is not cheap; Y.65 for a kilo of salted pork. Only grain products are at present rationed.

The Tans' conditions of life are fairly typical. Communal provision in the Workers Village is cheap and above the standard of private provision. Medical care costs Y1 per person per year. Many go twice a week to the cinema—at tiny cost. TV is available, with two and a half hours of programs each day, only at the factory; no worker has his own set. "Pure entertainment" put on by advertisers does not exist. Drama, political commentary, documentary—these are the staple, and technically they are quite well done. TV has little hold over people, and I often

found myself—perhaps in a hotel lounge—the only person watching a program. People in China *talk*—endlessly, over tea, through long meals—at times when Westerners might sit at the TV or dash out to organized entertainment. Nevertheless, the government is pushing ahead with experimental development of color TV.

Political meetings take a certain amount of the workers' time. Few seem either gripped or repelled by them. In hotels or factories I once or twice peered into a study meeting that reminded me, in its tight-lipped zeal, of an Evangelical Bible class. More often the ambience seemed languid; books drooping from the wrist, eyes far away—even, once at Canton's Dong Fang Hotel, a card game going on simultaneously. The issues of the Cultural Revolution did not seem to affect greatly these placid folk in the New Workers Village. But its aftermath has—especially the sending of youth to far-flung spots for experience in factory, farm, and mine.

Here are six silk-spinners in Wusih. Four women are Party members; the two men are members of the Communist Youth League. I spoke with them just after the announcement of Mr. Nixon's visit to China. On that they had little to say, and only, it seemed to me, what they had been told to (except one youth—did he miss the briefing?—who amidst the polite nothings about “traditional friendship between the Chinese and American people” burst out refreshingly, his fist to the bench: “Nixon is a bad, bad man”). But of their own lives they talked freely.

Mr. Wang earns Y41 a month, his wife (who works at another factory) Y48, of which they save about Y200 each year. In the bank, gaining 4 percent interest, is Y1200. They have two children, and Mr. Wang's mother lives with them in their three rooms.

The other four who are married earn an average husband-and-wife wage of Y109. Average annual savings for each couple are Y275; bank balance, Y830. Affably, the women giggling now and then, they told me things which show the persistence of the “old” in new China. Of the six (whose ages average thirty-five), five visit the graves of ancestors not less than once a year. Of the five married ones, four used “go-between” to get their spouses. The go-between either introduced them (with marriage in mind), conveyed the proposal, or served as intermediary to satisfy the queries of the spouse's parents. From Y50 to Y100 was spent on the wedding frock. (For marriage, three days off work are given, for maternity, 56 days, all on full pay.)

These silk-spinners I found not untypical of city workers. Here are four women at a chemical-fiber factory near Nanking. The wages are a little higher (average Y124 per couple each month), houses

roomier. All have two or three children and use birth control pills, available free at the factory, as a matter of course. Most have one or more grandparents living with them—taking care of the infants. The two children of one woman are living with her parents in Shanghai. She sends Y30 each month for their food and sees them three times a year. None of these mothers have ever, they said, struck one of their children. None would talk about sex education.

None use any cosmetics; three of the four have bicycles in the household; all have radios; three of the four have sewing machines. Between them they can name and discuss the careers of six Chinese women prominent in national affairs. The militia, to which they all belong, keeps them fit with running, shooting, swimming in the Yangtze. It also involves them in study groups on Vietnam and World Revolution.

What do these makers of chemical fibers feel about their work, and what do they like to do after work? I asked each of the four: “What has been the most exciting day in your life?” Two said the day they joined the Party; two said the day they started work. Later as we strolled to the car, I tried to get one of them, a pretty mother of three, to spin out her answer. “Was having babies exciting?” I asked casually. “Was that as exciting as first coming to work?” She lit up like a torch. “Of course it was—but, oh, that's different, isn't it?” We reached the car, but she could hardly be stopped . . . about what grandma said . . . why the girl was rowdier than the boy. She spoke of Spring Festival, for which there is three days' holiday. “It comes next to Sunday, so we have four days for a big family reunion.” Yes, they go to the cinema—“Have you seen *Red Women's Detachment*?” she asks. Of course they drink a lot of wine . . . “Yes, babies are very exciting,” she mused as I left her, “except when they're naughty.”

The girls heartily praise the social amenities of the factory. Working conditions, I could see for myself, are also good. The cut in bureaucratic personnel brought by the Cultural Revolution is popular among workers. In this Nanking factory it was a cut of nearly 50 percent—elsewhere I found an average of about 40 percent. “They were not necessary,” said one of the girls simply, referring to the excess administrators. On the other hand, there are no trade unions in the factory, or anywhere in China. Industrial theory, if it existed, would be based on an assumed harmony—stemming from the Thought of Mao—not on conflict. And the worker cannot decide that he'd like to work in another factory, or another trade, and simply seek and get a different job. I inquired of the spokesman of the factory Revolutionary Committee. “Can a worker transfer work by his own individual decision?” I might have asked if the

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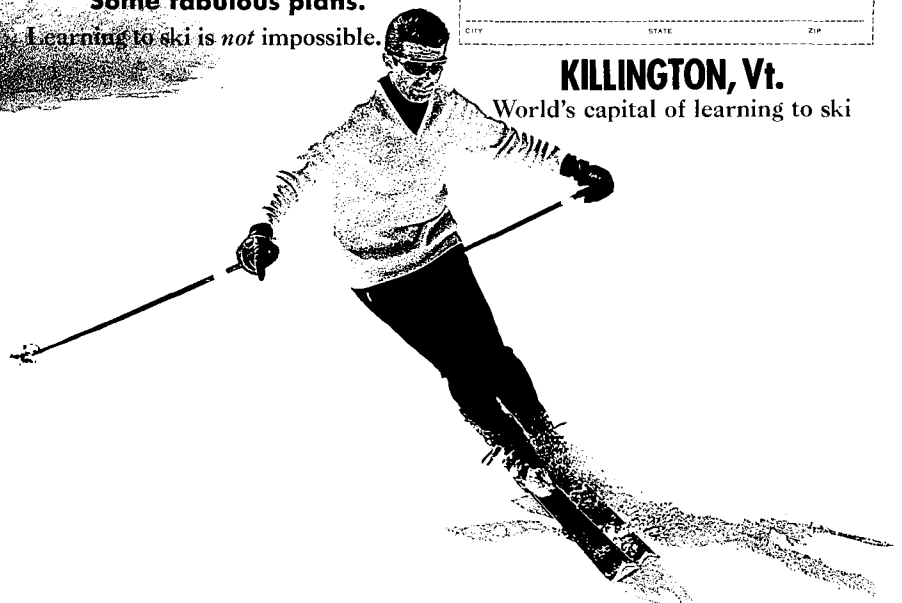
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leopard can change his spots. "*I-ting Pu-shih!*" ("Certainly not!") You must find your freedom in the collective; you cannot bid for it as an individual.

Some statistics by province, supplied to me by Revolutionary Committees, show why the worker is better off than in the recent past. Take Shensi. The value of fifteen days' industrial production in the province equals that for the whole year of 1949. The value of industrial production in 1970 was double that of 1965. (Shensi, it should be added, is one of the inland provinces particularly built up by the effort to reduce industrial concentration on the eastern seaboard. Textiles, a leading Shensi export, used to have to go to Shanghai for dyeing and other processing. Today all is done in Shensi, and finished products go direct from Sian to the foreign market.) At Liberation, there were 20,000 pupils in the Middle Schools of Shensi. Today there are 710,000 (population has about doubled).

In rural areas, standards are lower, and in remote counties you seem to step back in time. Many old folk are illiterate. Planting and harvesting are often done by hand. Few young people (ten a year from this commune, five from that) have gotten to a university in recent years. The shadow of the past is long. I found ex-landlords and ex-rich peasants still referred to as such, even after twenty-two years, and up to 30 percent of them still not considered sound enough to be given the rights of ordinary commune members.

Household income averaged Y70 at the Ma Luh commune in the Yangtze Delta (one of China's four "rice-bowls"—others are the Pearl Delta, Szechwan Basin, and Hunan); Y65 at the Red Star commune near Peking. Under the work-point system, wages depend upon work done (and since the Cultural Revolution, on "attitude"). At Red Star, highest household income was 80 percent more than lowest. From "private plots" (which took up 5 to 7 percent of the total land in the communes I examined) comes additional income. A Ma Luh commune official estimated the products from plots to be worth only Y18 per person per year. Yet I knocked on a door and was told by the lady who answered that her family's plot brings in Y200 by raising three pigs a year, and keeps the family in vegetables as well. Again at Red Star, a family who were expecting my visit—a seven-year-old boy had rehearsed an aria for the occasion—said they earned only Y100 a year from their plot, but informal questions in the fields brought forth higher figures.

Enormous variation marks rural conditions. In ten hours' driving through the wheatlands of north Shensi, I saw only two tractors. In Hunan, by contrast, the nippy two-wheeled tractor, now made in

many Chinese cities, was everywhere, and here and there four-wheelers also.

Along the unpaved roads of north Shensi you do not see much sign of "modernity." Carts inch by, with rocks for the building of the Sian-Yenan railroad—they are pulled by a man or woman. At a brick kiln near Tong Chwan (Copper River), there seem to be no power vehicles to carry the finished bricks, let alone a branch rail track; donkeys or people pull the loads. By the roadside, scores of people of both sexes and all ages squat, breaking up big rocks into smaller rocks by hand for the railroad construction. Mostly the wheat is harvested with a rude scythe—often a piece of metal tied to a handle with string.

As for threshing, I learned a new method on the rolling plains of Shensi—and promised the laughing peasants I'd transmit it back to Australia. These brown, wily types—who look quite dramatic in their headdress of toweling, a provincial feature—take the wheat, after they have cut it, and spread it out on the road. On the paved part of the journey north from Sian we drove over frequent stretches of it. The vehicle is the thresher: when enough trucks or wagons or cars have passed over it, boys take away the husks, and the wheat is swept up by grateful farmers and put in bags. Of course north Shensi is not among China's richest parts. Yet the vast majority of its villages are electrified, which cannot be said of the really backward areas of China.

Birth control campaigns do not meet with equal success in all places. In Kwangtung, the birthrate figure given me was 3 percent. In Hunan, 1.5 percent (in Changsha it was down to 0.97 percent last year). Seldom did I find such earnestness as when provincial officials talked of their birth control efforts. A cloud came over a lively banquet in Canton when the 3 percent rate was announced. "It's the old problem," explained a senior editor of the *Nanfang Jih-pao* (*Southern Daily*). "Peasants have a daughter. They think, that's no good. So they keep going till they get sons."

Industry is being made to "serve agriculture." In Shensi I found a new price system in operation since the Cultural Revolution. Transport cost, to any part of the province, is included in the set price of the item at the city of Sian. Previously transport, so backward in China, was a heavy additional item of cost. Hence the purchasing power of the commune, and of the individual peasant, is enhanced. Industry grumbles, of course, but at present it grumbles in the air.

Traveling through the hills of Kwangtung, I had been impressed by the amount of terracing done since I saw the province in 1964. Of course it enlarges the cultivable area. Yet I wondered. Won't eventual mechanization be extremely difficult? Next day, a

Canton official jumped at the question. He put down his chopsticks and turned to me for emphasis. "Our factories will have to adjust. This is China; this is the situation. They will have to produce machines, design new ones, which will work on terraced hillsides."

Certain basic achievements in rural life are undeniable. Simple education improves by leaps and bounds. Kuo Mo-jo disclosed a new figure on literacy in China. Just under 10 percent, he said, are now considered illiterate. This is the lowest figure ever given for illiteracy in China. It compares with perhaps 70 to 80 percent at Liberation.

The power pump, as a boon to water control, is a thing of emotion in the Chinese countryside today. The pumps are on the banks of waterways. On the plains, wells are dug. In the hills you find reservoirs. In these ways, the ancient evil of flood and drought has been considerably throttled. In Shensi a vivid statistic is offered. Last year, 3.5 million mou of land were newly irrigated in the province. From 1949 to 1965, 7.5 million mou had been irrigated. In the 2000 years before Liberation (yet how do they know?), 3.5 million mou—the same figure as for the one year of 1970! In Hunan, waterworks done in 1970 made 900,000 mou of land newly available for cultivation.

There is still the saying in Kwangtung, "Whether you get a harvest depends on water; whether you get a good harvest depends on fertilizer." But here progress is mixed. Organic fertilizer is generally relied upon. Not enough chemical fertilizer is yet made in China, nor is it always of good quality. Much has to be got from Japan. (Mr. Whitlam tried to interest the Chinese in Australian chemical fertilizers—but the price was too high.) Agricultural production figures suggest steady but not rapid advance. Grain output in Kwangtung, for instance, is now just double what it was in 1949 (population is up by more than one third).

One morning, on the overnight train from Changsha to Canton, I awoke to the sights of South China's rural life. There is a tranquil and unhurried air. By 6 A.M. peasants are in gentle circulation, washing themselves, standing around in singlets with mugs of tea. Smoke issues from kitchens, and children in gaudy clothes run around and point at the train. By contrast with the north, the houses are generally not mud but brick, and the donkey has given way to the water buffalo. The train enters the Nanling mountains and snakes through valleys and rounded hills which are almost feminine in their curves and undulations. Every available niche is under rice or vegetable. Now and then—to satisfy the perverse principle of "overall development"—there is inferior wheat, just as in the area near Peking peas-

ants are required to raise an inferior, dry-grown rice.

You can see the point of the Kwangtung saying, "*Ko Shan Ko Su*" ("Each valley has its own customs"), for the land is broken constantly by mountains. And from this topography you get a clue to the independent-minded Kwangtung mentality. Communization is more difficult here than on the northern plains, not only because of the hills but because of the hill-people and the localism of their ways. Soon the early morning sun glitters on the water of the rice paddies.

With shoots protruding here and there from the silver expanse, the fields look like flawed mirrors. We cross the Bei Kiang (North River), in which logs float obediently downstream to the paper mill. On a riverside path, an old woman makes her way with baskets on a pole. Brown as a nut, she wears the old-style black garments of oiled silk, and in the brilliant sun she seems for all the world a shining ebony spider.

E ducation is a mirror to key values and problems in China today. I looked at six universities: Peking University, which is not often open to foreigners; Tsinghua University, a polytechnic praised by the government for its high level of political consciousness; the Communications University, formerly in Shanghai but moved in 1956 to Sian to help spread development more evenly over the whole nation; Fu Tan, a fine general university in Shanghai; Hunan Normal College for teacher training in Changsha; Sun Yat Sen University, a leading southern school at Canton. I also made visits to Middle Schools in Peking, Sian, and Canton, to a Physical Education College near Peking—where the basketball players, men and women, dwarfed my 6'1"—and to a lively School of Performing Arts at Sian.

Schools, and especially universities (which I will stick to mainly), are in the grip of drastic experiments. Maoists—here I mean those who came out on top after the Cultural Revolution—said "revisionists" led by Liu Shao-ch'i sabotaged the 1958 reforms. These would have made education more egalitarian, and linked it more with the world outside the classroom. "Liuists" allegedly favored professionalism, competition, overspecialization, and individual ambition. They liked to have "professors rule the universities." Exams for them meant "ambush of the students." The Cultural Revolution, claim the Maoists, fulfilled the hope of the 1958 reforms and set China on the path to a truly socialist education system. It had two principles: unity of theory and

practice; education to "serve the working people." I went to see how this works.

You wonder at first if you are on a campus at all. Here at Communications University (C.U.) in Sian are people, dressed in conical hats and blue peasant jackets, threshing wheat (80,000 catties were produced on campus this year). In the Middle School attached to Peking Normal University, girls are making chairs. Next door are boys, helped by "veteran workers" from a nearby factory, making semiconductors. In Canton at Sun Yat Sen University (S.Y.S.U.) I found professors tending a vegetable garden, and many classrooms turned to strange uses. One is stacked high with peanuts, the next with rice—grown by the university (the campus has seventy mou under rice). When you sit inside these schools and talk, you find a sizable part of the management to be neither students nor teachers but People's Liberation Army men, manual workers, and Party cadres.

After two or three years without classes, many universities began again last fall with a small, hand-picked enrollment. At Peking University, where there used to be 9000 students, the new class of September, 1970, numbered 2667. At Fu Tan in Shanghai, formerly with 9000, there were 1196; at S.Y.S.U., 547 where there were previously 4700; at Hunan Normal College, 440 compared with 6000 before the Cultural Revolution. Teachers outnumber students at present. Here are a few current figures for teachers, those for students in parentheses: Fu Tan, 1263 (1196); S.Y.S.U., 863 (547); Tsinghua, 3000 (2800).

These hothouse students are a new breed. None come direct from Middle School, but only after two to three years on farm or factory. They must be "politically sound" as well as bright and physically fit—much stress on health. If a would-be student is a "sturdy pine" politically, and has been strongly recommended by local units, it is not even necessary that he be a Middle School graduate. An astonishing number of the new students are members of the Party or the Communist Youth League. At S.Y.S.U., for instance, 229 of the 547 students are Chinese Communist Party and another 240 are CYL members. At Fu Tan, 359 of the 1196 belong to the Chinese Communist Party and another 458 to the CYL. Almost all of the new classes are offspring of "workers, peasants, or soldiers." At Fu Tan, whereas in 1956 only 25 percent were in this category, the figure is now 98 percent; at S.Y.S.U., 97 percent.

At Shanghai's Fu Tan, I drew aside one of the new students, Wu Fu-chieh, a political science major. Dressed like everyone else in voluminous blue trousers, white cotton shirt, and plastic sandals, he is a peasant's son, thirty years old—the average age of the

new students at Fu Tan is 24. Between Middle School and coming to the university, he worked in the Bureau of Sea Transportation, and joined the Party. In the Bureau he earned Y49 each month, and following the rule for students who worked for ten years or more after Middle School, he keeps that wage while at university. (Other students get a state bursary of Y19.5.)

Wu is a canny man who knows and believes in Marxism. But he's sober as a judge—nothing at all of the panting Red Guard about him. He knows just why he's at university, and is grateful for this chance to study politics. He will probably go back to the Bureau when his course is done. Neither from Wu nor others of the 1970 batch of students I met was there any sign of student organizations of the kind that mushroomed during the Cultural Revolution. These students are handpicked, mostly from the countryside, outnumbered by teachers and cadres, and simply have their noses to the grindstone.

Life at university has changed. Courses are shorter: two or three years at Tsinghua, where it used to be six; three years at C.U., instead of five—the reduction is similar in all six universities I looked at. What has been left out, I asked repeatedly. At H.N.C.—a teacher-training college—they have dropped the courses on "methods of teaching." Not a great wrench, I gathered, partly because they'd been based on the ideas of the Russian educationist, Ivan Andreevich Kairov. At S.Y.S.U., math courses have been integrated into dynamics, physics, and electronics. The student gets his math along with one or more of these three subjects, and the math department has been dissolved and poured into these three departments. At P.K.U., ancient history is cut back and attention placed mainly on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

These cutbacks have brought problems—and temporary confusion. One distinguished scientist, whom I talked with on four occasions, discussed this matter of shortened courses round and round. Yet I still felt puzzled about how, as at his university, five years' scientific training could be put into two and a half. Our last meeting was at Peking Airport, and we touched the question again. He concluded on a note he had not struck before: "I was not myself opposed to keeping the five-year course. Now, well now, we just have to work out what we can realistically omit."

In the classroom, lectures are less frequent. Teachers must distribute in advance what they used to give as lectures; the class then becomes a forum. Though proportions vary a lot, often half the students' time is spent outside the classroom, on labor and "sharing experiences" with people in other walks of life. Exams have lost their terror—at least for students.

THEY SAY THE CASBAH IS PRACTICALLY BUILT ON A MOUNTAIN OF PICON BOTTLES.



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Picon was then a supply sergeant in the French Army. The days were hot and somehow water didn't satisfy his thirst. One afternoon, thirsty, with nothing to do and the key to the supply room in his pocket, Sgt. Picon requisitioned some things for his own use. Oranges, they were delicious in this part of Africa. Gentian, Quinquina bark, and alcohol, for obvious reasons.

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reason people say the Casbah is practically built on a mountain of Picon bottles.

Once out of the Army, Picon returned to Marseilles, where he began producing his liquor for profit. He called it Amer Africain. As his fame grew, others saw great possibilities in his drink. A friend snatched a bottle and entered it in the world-wide London Exposition of 1862. Amer Africain won a Bronze Medal.

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What of Picon today? In Europe, the good sergeant's family still runs the Picon works. And in America, San Francisco still knows something the rest of the country is just finding out.

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- Picon and sweet vermouth with a dash of soda
- Picon and soda with a brandy float



PICON

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



The exam is considered a test of the teacher no less than of the student.

Mostly, they are now open-book exams. Often there is no exam at all; the student is assessed by exercises done throughout the term. Exam questions are worked out with student participation. Not memory but analytic ability is weighed. The exam is considered a test of the teacher no less than of the student—and an educative experience for both. At the end of the course, no diploma awaits the student. Certificates may be given—practice varies widely—with written comments on the student by his teachers and some of his fellow students.

At P.K.U. I saw the English class which was reading and discussing Aesop's fable "The Peasant and the Snake." They received me with clapping—though few, I found, knew what or where Australia is. On the walls of the airy old classroom was a picture of Mao, some quotes from him in English, and a world map. The teacher, a graduate of the University of Nanking, addressed the simply clad students by their full names. "Comrade Wu Tse-tung, would you like to answer the Australian visitor's question?"

Since the teacher spoke with a BBC-British accent, so in their halting way did her enthusiastic students. This group of thirty-five had begun English only ten months before, yet could talk in simple phrases—remarkable compared with U.S. students after ten months of Chinese. Mostly, the students quizzed each other, in staccato English, about the fable. The courtly politeness amused me. "Who - will - answer - my - question?" Someone rises, is acknowledged, and with infinite pains stabs a reply. The questioner then says with a coast-to-coast smile: "Thankyou - very - much. Please - sit - down - now."

In a mixture of Chinese and English I questioned them (my Aesop was too rusty to go far into the fable, but I could see the moral being drawn from it: never trust appearances—that's what the peasant did, and he got bitten). Had they been out of the classroom on practical work, as the new order requires? "Well, it's not so suitable with English," explains the pink-cheeked daughter of a navy man. "The class learning Mongolian did—they went to Mongolia for several weeks. What we do is spend one day a week on a [nearby] commune." Were they sons of toil? Three of the thirty-five had military fathers; one an intellectual father; the others were sons or daughters (sexes about equal) of workers or peasants. All had, of course, spent the two or three years prior to September, 1970, in manual work—and they looked fit, even tough. I could not help concluding, after thirty minutes with this bright-eyed bunch, that P.K.U. had recruited new students who are both working-class and able.

Curriculum changes are big and complex. Let me draw their flavor, by illustration. Here is Chou

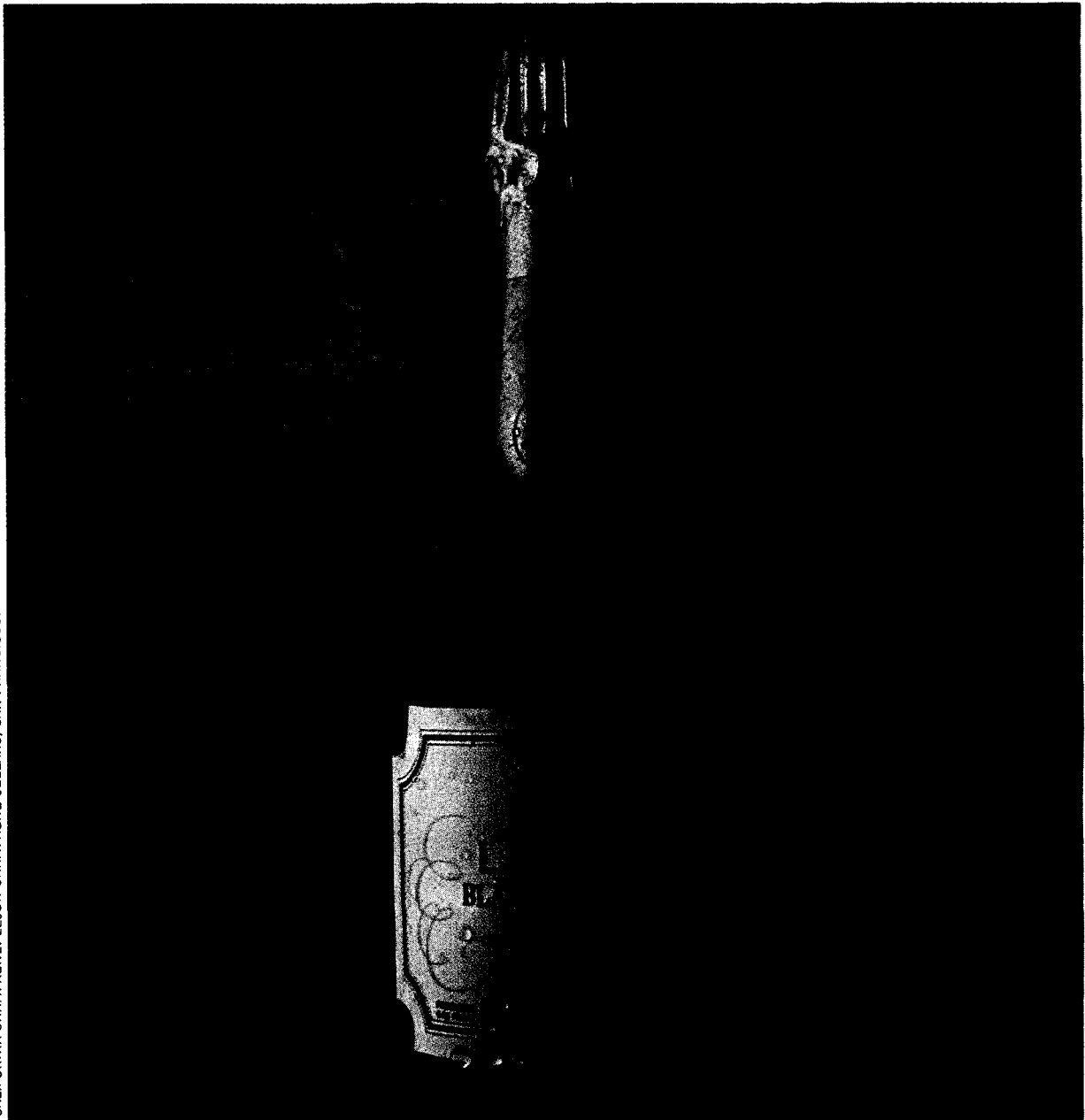
I-liang, Harvard-trained professor of history at P.K.U. After meeting him at the university, I invited him some days later to a quiet dinner *à deux* in the city. Middle-aged, of scholarly mien, Chou has close-cropped gray hair and large serious eyes. His specialty was once Buddhism—"but we don't do that sort of thing anymore." Now he works on Asian history.

But there has been little time for research in recent years, and his main writing work now is a modern history textbook, which will take account of "new interpretations" since the Cultural Revolution. Thus Li Hsiu-cheng and Shih Ta-k'ai, figures in the Taiping Rebellion, were previously thought admirable, but are now seen to have been "traitors." The team working on the textbook is a three-in-one combination of youth (Red Guards in this case), middle-aged (historians thirty-six to fifty-five), and older scholars. Until the textbook is published, many lesser colleges—who take their lead from P.K.U.—will not resume teaching modern history.

Professor Chou's own students have centered their studies this term on a nearby coal mine. One day a week for a ten-week period, they worked as laborers in the mine (Chou too). Concurrently, they studied its history. It had been an American mine in the 1890s, then Belgian, and later again, British. Three work groups each chose a special topic to delve at research level. One traced the story of strikes in the mine. Another did the story of child labor; once, they found, 40 percent of the workers had been children. The third wrote a biography, based on oral data, of a veteran worker and his family. Drafts of it they read out to miners involved—a fiery baptism for the budding historians. Meeting history in the flesh this way, Chou thinks, has proved an excellent pedagogical method.

At Fu Tan, I talked with Liu Ta-chieh, professor of Chinese literature. He was perhaps the only man I saw in China who looked like an old-style intellectual—which he is. The deliberate manner; the careful, almost ponderous way he would split a straw; the style with which he gripped his umbrella and wielded his fan. What was the main change since the Cultural Revolution in the teaching of his department? "Well, my textbook has been dropped," replied Professor Liu, gravely yet with no emotion, referring to his influential three-volume work *History of the Development of Chinese Literature*. It had insufficiently stressed "class aspects" of literature. Among other changes of emphasis, *Dream of the Red Chamber* is now treated "less as a love affair—as if there's a kind of love beyond class, which comes from so-called human nature." Professor Liu had, it seemed, taken a buffeting in the Cultural Revolution. On the other hand, his salary was unchanged at

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There will be fewer electrical engineers ... who cannot replace a fuse.

Y348 a month—just under six times the lowest teacher's salary at Fu Tan (Y60).

He had assigned his new students an interesting project to blend theory with practice. He selected a 1936 work by Hsia Yen, a leading writer of the 1930s but no longer admired. Called "Bao Shen Kung" ("Contract Work"), its setting was a mill in Shanghai, now Number 15 Cotton Mill. Hsia Yen, it is said, portrayed the workers in his story as disunited and subservient in mentality, silently accepting capitalism. "We told our students to study this work of Hsia Yen, then test the accuracy of the picture it presents. They live in Shanghai. They can go to Number 15 Cotton Mill, talk to old workers there, trace matters through. Was it as the author suggested?"

While Professor Liu recounted this, my Luxingshe aide whispered that when at Middle School, he himself had read this story, and it was then presented as a fine, sound piece of work. But today, Hsia Yen is known as an adversary of the great Lu Xun. Needless to say, the students who went to the Number 15 Cotton Mill found "grievous distortions" in "Bao Shen Kung." I am not saying the "given" nature of the conclusion means the exercise had no value for the students; since I couldn't talk with them, I don't know.

I have given tiny glimpses of a vast and varied educational experiment. The blend of theory and practice looks promising. There will be fewer electrical engineers, to recall my Canton driver's remark, who cannot replace a fuse. The learning process may benefit permanently. More to the point for the government, graduates will be more immediately useful to the economy, and the social gulf that always threatens China, between peasant and professional, will be minimized.

Yet problems are not lacking. In Changsha a student reasoned: "I come from the countryside. Yet no sooner had I come [to H.N.C.] than I had to go back for 'practical experience.' I don't need that again." He felt that as one of the new breed, he was "born red" and could now get straight down to study. In Canton there were grumblings from workers. This endless stream of students coming to the factory to get experience . . . It takes time to supervise them . . . Time is just not always available. Less serious, a new student at S.Y.S.U., who had been years on a commune, told me he found classroom discipline a bore. "I'm used to moving round all day, but now I have to sit like a stone at a desk."

The new order is egalitarian to a striking degree. This is true of the atmosphere of the colleges; respect based on mere status has apparently gone. And what education exists is open as never before to sons and daughters of the ordinary man. This is especially so of Middle Schools where the new order is fully oper-

ational. By cutting the years of schooling to ten, and taking pupils on a basis nearer to simple geographic proximity than to merit as tested by exam, China is making Middle School education almost universal. In Kwangtung Province these figures were given: in the past six years Middle School enrollment has leaped from 500,000 to 2.6 million (population of the province is 45 million); 95 percent of those who finish Junior Middle School now go on to Senior Middle School. It remains to be seen whether this Middle School explosion can be matched by expansion at university level. At present, the road ends for nearly everyone after Middle School. I could get no figures, but clearly only a trickle of graduates from (expanded) Middle Schools can go on to (shrunken) universities.

And if universities expand, what will happen to the present experiments? Can they be sustained if numbers in the universities climb back to pre-Cultural Revolution levels—some five to ten times the enrollment now? Enrollment, I was told at all six universities, is to be stepped up this fall. But can special coaching for those not graduates of Middle School still be given, when there are ten times as many to coach? Can the pitch of "political soundness" be kept up—surely there cannot continue to be 80 to 90 percent of students belonging to the Party or the Communist Youth League? What about the increased burden on factories and communes which must receive students and guide their practical work? Will not troublesome student organizations reappear? Can decisions still be made by "discussion"—rather than by rule, or entrance exam, or a grading system—when there are ten times as many decisions to make?

I talked about the future with Professor Fu at S.Y.S.U., a biologist whose Ph.D. is from the University of Minnesota. Fu's own research has been redirected by the Cultural Revolution. No more esoteric topics that tickle his fancy, or publishing the results in learned journals. Now he heads a research project dictated by the needs of Kwangtung Province. How to get rid of insect pests without using pesticides—which harm crops. He is developing new species which he calls "insects to kill insects" (as we inspected some of these monstrosities, Chou Nan dryly observed: "It's like the Nixon Doctrine—'Asians to fight Asians'"). This way biology at S.Y.S.U. serves the peasants of Kwangtung.

We strolled back from the laboratory to Professor Fu's two-storied home (the rent takes Y8 each month from his salary of Y360). He spread out his hands on the living room table and wrinkled his brow. "It's all experimental. We're trying to make universities more in touch with our country, its needs. We're trying to make it socialist—the door open to anyone, and

doing work that will serve workers, peasants, and soldiers. But what the future holds is unclear. When you're on a new road you just don't know what is round the corner."

Leaving China by train through the technicolor lushness of Kwangtung's rounded hills, I felt an emotion hard to understand, dangerous to trust. Fazed by South China's beauty on a summer morning, I did not yet see two diverse currents in this opaque emotion. First there was a feeling that rubs off from the buoyancy of corporate aspiration in China. The people seemed like Rousseau's "Spartan mother," putting country before self, living as lambs of Shepherd Mao—and that is ennobling. But—here was the second current—also a feeling of painful separation from the high pitch of collective spirit. I could not live like that—how can others do so?

Behind the pain and separation lies anxiety at the "Mental Unity." Mao rules them, Nixon rules us, I said before; yet the systems of government have almost nothing in common. We have no mental unity, we have "freedom," and of our kind of freedom China has none. Peking has a parliament, but it has no more power in China than Queen Elizabeth has in England. The individual in China, insofar as he reaches beyond the practicalities of life—I don't know how many do—is enveloped by an Idea, the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. The myth of Mao Thought has reached into homes and even spirits (which Leninism or Stalinism hardly did in Russia).

This near-total control is not by police terror. The techniques of Stalinist terror—armed cops everywhere, mass killings, murder of political opponents, knocks on the door at 3 A.M. and a shot soon after—are absent in China. Though force remains the ultimate basis of any state, control of the people in China is more nearly psychological than by physical coercion. Its extent would be hard to overstate. As these pages suggest, politics reaches into every corner. Yet the method of control is amazingly light-handed by Communist standards. The informal way PLA men mingle and work with the population is remarkable to see. Peking trusts its citizens in their millions with rifles at home (members of the militia). What it does not trust them with—for the Dictatorship is by Idea—is their own minds.

There is paradox in the impression, got especially in rural parts, that people proceed with their daily lives in a relatively unpressured way. On one hand, Mao Thought pervades. On the other, the family (for instance) is extremely important to Chinese I met on this trip. The bridge is the age-old social discipline of the Chinese. The CCP has *used* the traditional bonds.

An instance is reverence for ancestors. The Party does not stop the girls at the Nanking factory from visiting ancestors' graves, but it tries through propaganda to turn ancestor-reverence as much as possible toward *revolutionary martyrs*.

It is no longer simply "Communists" on one hand and "Chinese society" on the other. A merger has occurred at many points—a new kind of *tao* (way) emerges. This makes possible a Dictatorship by Idea (rather than by force). It is not like Poland or Hungary, where the Communists are a blanket spread over the body social. This may be what gave me an impression in China of pervasive yet light-handed control.

Is it not worse in China than Poland or Hungary, in that the people seem to cooperate in their own unfreedom? No, because the Idea fits the experience of most Chinese. At the Peking Chinese Medicine Hospital, I met a railway worker who'd been hit by a train, and the resulting spine disorder paralyzed him from the waist down. His legs had shrunk, his hope had dwindled, and he had lain in bed like a vegetable for eighteen years. In the Cultural Revolution, when doctors were urged to tackle "even the impossible," a team at the hospital began acupuncture treatment on 151 such half-paralyzed people. One hundred and twenty-four can now walk with a stick (fifteen of these without a stick; eight of the fifteen are at work again). Most had lain in bed for years, and the marks of the bedsores were on them like burns.

The railway worker hobbled across the room on crutches to greet me, and said: "I am out of bed because of Chairman Mao's Thought. Soon I will go back to work for the sake of the revolution." At that moment the remark seemed embarrassing, yet the Myth of Mao is functional to medicine and to much endeavor in China. Was the schoolgirl really studying French to "further world revolution"? No, but the myth of revolution gives her the zeal to study French well. "Myth" is not falsehood but dramatization with a kernel of truth. The myth of Mao sums up bitter Chinese experience and lends hope. It seemed to give the railway worker a mental picture of a world he could rejoin, and his doctors that vital extra ounce of resourcefulness.

For the nation, it gives a recognizable (if distorted) summation of past struggles against landlords and foreigners, and an impulse to keep going further in the collective drama of China "standing up."

When Professor Fu at Sun Yat Sen University said his new research was aimed to serve "workers, peasants, and soldiers," he invoked a myth. This "Blessed Trinity" suffuses China today. Everything is weighed against its service to these three groups. I

Control of the people in China is more nearly psychological than by physical coercion.

sometimes found that what this Trinity put out the front door it let slip in the back (a violinist at the School of Performing Arts in Sian said his father had been a “peasant,” but he’d been a landlord who later corrected his ideas; a cadre’s daughter at Peking University contrived to call her father a “worker”). But though inaccurate as portrayal of reality, the “Blessed Trinity” has meaning as an alchemy of fact and hope which suggests what the collective drama of China’s revolution is about.

Workers stands for industrialization. They come first, since according to Marx, workers make the revolution. Workers didn’t in China, but modernizing China is a good part of the revolution’s aims. Mao has not made an idol of industrialization as some Marxists have in Russia. But ever since the impact of the materially superior West shattered the Ch’ing Dynasty, China’s opinion leaders have defined the national power they seek partly in terms of large-scale production. Here Marxist theory and national aspiration and the instinct of the “modern” Chinese mind all coincide.

Peasants stands for the reality of a China still 80 percent rural. The revolution came from the villages. It had to; there was no other adequate source. Mao became its leader by grasping this, and he still resists notions of development (perhaps Liu Shao-ch’i’s) which would leave rural China lagging behind the industrial sector. Producing enough food for 800 million people is *the* great daily task of the Chinese nation; three quarters of Chinese spend their time growing their own food; the industrial and tertiary sectors are tiny beside the food-producing sector. To keep the country ticking over and hold it together, peasants are the key. To pursue equality, as Mao is doing, the peasants are also, of course, the key.

Soldiers stands for the international defense of the revolution, and also for a crucial fact about the politics of the revolution. Peking’s leaders won power by the gun. They have always felt threatened by U.S. encirclement. At any moment it may have been necessary once more, as against Japan, to mount “people’s war.” Soldiers are in this way central to China’s revolutionary drama.

But the People’s Liberation Army is also the linchpin of China’s politics today. For it is the *bridge between the peasant reality of China and the modernizing tasks*. It is a peasant army. As such it is the national institution which best represents the political reality of China. Better than the Party, better than the state administration. That is why Mao used it in the Cultural Revolution for a political task—as he had used it before. It is his weapon against “revisionists” (but perhaps they are China’s most orthodox Marxists!) who put their socialist faith in histori-

cal process propelled by transformation of the material base, and would leave the peasants behind. It is his weapon against “ultraleftists” (but perhaps they are China’s purest Maoists!) who took Mao’s idea of uninterrupted revolution all too seriously, and spiraled into the factionalism of 1967.

Workers, peasants, soldiers. Like so many slogans in China, it has a practical kernel. It ties together aims, methods, and resources. It is a myth with roots in reality.

I cannot say in blanket fashion whether this Mao Myth is “good or bad.” For the ordinary Chinese it seems to give meaning to things. He can see such spectacular benefits from this present government that the collective drama—which the Mao Myth expresses—seems an acceptable way to try and get the further improvements in his life that he would like. It also stirs his national pride. The “privatistic” alternative, anyway, in a country with *per capita* income perhaps one twentieth of America’s, is not a glittering one.

It is the intellectual who pays the big price. A scholar in a Chinese city, at the end of an evening’s conversation, said three big things have happened since Liberation. China has “stood up.” Class exploitation has gone. The nation is being “proletarianized.” The first two he elaborated effectively, but he didn’t convey much of the third. Either the idea seemed forced, elusive to him, or he had regrets about the way it has worked out.

Was he thinking of how the Mao Myth had “proletarianized” his field of study, twisting bits of the past to prettify the collective drama? I thought of his daughter, a bright graduate of a major university now working as a farm laborer. He had said of her in a rather flat way: “We hope that later she may be given a job that will make use of her abilities.” For this man, the Mao Myth leaves high and dry his own concerns (and those of three of his children, and many of his colleagues). Whether the spoiling of these “careers” is worthwhile for the sake of the Chinese millions whose interests are put first—it is a question of values, in Peking as in Boston. In a new way, each man still has his China, as he has his Rousseau.

I can only say that the feeling of painful separation on the train from Canton was a tiny glimpse of how hard I think it is for Chinese intellectuals to accept the Mao Myth. Of course they can and do support the revolution’s nationalism. That China has “stood up” puts a flash of pride in any Chinese eye. Yet they can hardly approve—especially since the Cultural Revolution, which several seemed embarrassed to talk about—of Dictatorship by Idea.

People ask, “Is China free?”, but there is no objec-

The flux of 1971 may turn out a watershed in the way people look at China.

tive measure of the freedom of a whole society. Observation in China, as study of China, suggests that the revolution has been good for workers and peasants but problematic for intellectuals. It is hard to go on from there and make overall value judgments that are honest.

First, there are so many gaps in our knowledge of China that it can be like judging America on the basis of Kent State and Angela Davis' case (I know this because I used, before I came here, to judge the United States mainly by its spectacular lapses). Second, our experience has been so different from China's. Not having plumbed the depths of brokenness and humiliation that China did in the century following the Opium Wars, we cannot know the corporate emotion that comes with the recovery. Third—a related point—the relatively powerful should judge the less powerful with caution. It is easy for the rich man to scorn the loose morals of the poor man who steals his dinner. Easy for pluralist America, which has 6 percent of world population and about 35 percent of its wealth, to attack the regimentation of China, which has about 25 percent of world population and 4 percent of its wealth. Easy, too, for tired America to shake its head at the psychological simplicities of China's nation-building mood, and forget that America was itself once in a proud, naïve stage of nation-building, bristling with a sense of innocence and mission.

Yet at one point we and China face the same value judgment. Which gets priority: the individual's freedom or the relationships of the whole society? Which *unit* is to be taken for policy and moral judgment alike: the nation, trade union, our class, my cronies, me? This is the hinge on which the whole issue turns. Professor Fu at S.Y.S.U. did not make his own decision to take up the problem of insect pests—it was handed him. Is that wrong? The writer, Kuo Mo-jo recalled, cannot now do books for 3000 or at most 8000 readers, as Kuo used to in Shanghai in the 1930s, but must write for the mass millions—and he's judged by whether he can do that well or not. Is that wrong?

I am not a good guide here. I felt the double emotion on the train from Canton because I am both moved by the collective priorities of China's new order and sad at the lack of individuality and choice. As a democratic socialist (not an American, but an Australian), I am (to use caricatures) against both the "jungle" of capitalism and the "prison" of Communism. This is not a popular position today, when revolution and reaction snarl a *pas de deux*. I criticize the Dictatorship by Idea in China, but not with capitalism's yardstick. To put a big matter in three sen-

tences, I criticize China not for lacking capitalism's freedom, but for distrusting the creative personality. The yardstick used—the dignity of each person, the fellowship of all persons—is the same as what I use against capitalism. Capitalism opens the door to tyranny of wealth; Chinese Communism opens the door to the tyranny of a corporate design.

After leaving China, I met in Hong Kong a young man caught between "jungle" and "prison." Vincent swam from Kwangtung Province to Hong Kong, ten hours by night in the water, mainly to get better educational opportunities. (In 1971 some 20,000 will leave China for Hong Kong, many of them young people who wanted to go to college and got sent to a village instead.) But his father, a teacher of Japanese in Hong Kong, would not or could not pay the big sum of money needed to educate him, so Vincent went to work in a factory. Now he is disillusioned with Hong Kong. "I work hard—and for nothing. To work hard for my country, that's all right. But here, it's not for China; it's not for anything. All you can do in Hong Kong is spend." Vincent is capable, and left China because he wasn't using his abilities there. Now the lack of social purpose and the jumbled priorities of Hong Kong weigh on him. As we parted he asked my advice—should he go back?

I am not going to end with moral judgments, because history is just now scrambling up our moral categories rather drastically, not least those used between Americans and Chinese. A symbol catches the change. In Taiwan today you watch Chinese boys play baseball—America's game. In Hong Kong you watch Chinese boys play cricket—Britain's game. This year Peking launched its new America policy with table tennis—China's game.

The point is that China, so long the object of our policies and our judgments, is no longer a passive but an active factor in the world. Moral judgments are inescapable, but the formulation of the issues is often at history's mercy. The flux of 1971 may turn out a watershed in the way people look at China. What we think of China will matter a little less. What China thinks of us will matter a little more.

This happens by delicate nuance; yet it adds up to a major historical mutation. The Chinese are going to start asking some of the questions. No doubt they will be just as odd as some of our questions. A Chinese official who follows American affairs asked me in a train one day: "Why do you think the novel is dead in America?" Another, unable even to conceive that Daniel Ellsberg may have acted alone in divulging the Pentagon Papers, inquired in a confidential tone: "Are the Morgans or the Rockefellers behind him?" □

(Coming: Part 2, China and The World)

Profiles in Courrèges



"And for the benefit of our television audience, I should explain this tie. As we were flying out to Kansas on Air Force One, Senator Pearson and Senator Dole and the members of the Congressional delegation and others presented this tie to me, and they said, 'You must wear it when you speak at Kansas State.' And so I put it on. And then the television director for today saw it and he said, 'You can't wear that tie.' And I said, 'Why not?' He said, 'Because purple doesn't go with a blue suit.' All that I could say is 'I'm proud to wear the purple of Kansas State.'"

PRESIDENT RICHARD M. NIXON
KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY. SEPTEMBER, 1970

by Calvin Trillin

LeROY TOLLIVER, SOUTHERN GOVERNOR

It was only five minutes before Governor LeRoy Tolliver was due to address the annual Fourth of July picnic of the Hawkins County Soy Bean Raisers Gun Club, and Bill Tom Maxwell, his young press aide, was worried that five minutes wouldn't be enough time for the Governor to calm down. LeRoy Tolliver was pacing back and forth in the Presidential & Honeymoon Suite of the Silo-Vu Motor Court. He was wearing what the national press always called his "come to the speakin' clothes"—baggy pants, brown suspenders, and a white pre-stained shirt with collars that a special tailor in Memphis had trained to curl up at an angle of precisely forty-five degrees. Governor Tolliver was shouting at Hillary Bancroft, the media consultant assigned to him by Pol/Image Ltd. "Why, you don't know no more about clothes than a hound dog knows about soda pop," he said. "You got the brain of a drop-out boll weevil."

Hillary Bancroft was cowering in the corner of the suite, trying to keep the color television set between himself and the governor. He was wearing square-toed shoes in two tones of brown, suede mattress-ticking bell-bottoms, a chartreuse Gypsy Caravan Driver's Jacket from Bonwit's, and a chocolate pop-sicle in his lapel. "I repeat, Governor," he said, lisping slightly even though the remark contained no sibilants. "You really shouldn't go out there in those suspenders. They're simply ghastly."

"Gos-a-lee, are they!" Tolliver said. "Well, let me tell you something, boy: I'm *proud* of these suspenders. My daddy wore these suspenders when he was a poor dirt farmer who didn't even own a hole in a sock to stick his big toe through, and he was proud to wear these suspenders right here in Hawkins County when he was Governor of the whole state, and let me tell you something, fancy-britches: my daddy carried this hick county eight elections in a row. And I'm proud of *that*, too." On the bandstand, a block away, The Hawkins County Consolidated High School Galloping Gators Band struck up a march, and LeRoy Tolliver walked out of the suite toward the picnic, snapping his suspenders in time to the music.

"But it's simply not done," Hillary Bancroft said, weakly. "Brown suspenders absolutely ruin the line of the shirtfront."

"Listen, Bancroft," Bill Tom Maxwell said. "That

man who just walked out the door may be too square to wear square shoes, but he's worth twenty of you. Because he's proud. And *he's* carried this hick county *twelve* elections in a row."

"Well, I've never been so insulted in my life," Bancroft said. He moved away from the color television, having noticed that the green of the golf tournament on the screen clashed with the chartreuse of his Gypsy Caravan Driver's Jacket.

The governor had stopped a few yards from the door and called back to Bill Tom Maxwell.

"Yes sir, Governor," Bill Tom said eagerly.

"Bill Tom," the Governor said. "Have someone drive that Yankee flit down to the Trailways bus station and get him out of town."

MICHAEL J. (BIG MIKE) O'ROURKE
BOSTON MAYOR

It would be the fortieth year that Mayor Michael J. O'Rourke had served as the grand marshal of the 9th Ward Regular Democratic Club's annual St. Patrick's Day parade. In a small anteroom off the mayor's office, preparations were being made, as usual, by Dumb Dan McShane, the mayor's childhood friend, loyal companion, bodyguard, court jester, chauffeur, masseur, and shrimp peeler. "Hizzoner will be at the clubhouse in exactly fifteen minutes," Dumb Dan was saying to the parade chairman on the phone. "Hizzoner wants for you to know that he will shake hands only with registered Democrats, that anyone who approaches him with a baby who has sticky hands will be banned from all city and county jobs for three generations, and that Hizzoner will leave the reviewing stand immediately if Father Fitzpatrick mentions air pollution, the Vietnam war, police brutality, or housing problems among the jig-aboos."

"It's always an honor to have Hizzoner," the parade chairman said.

The door to the mayor's office was open, and as he sat at the great desk, idly crossing Italian names off a



list of people seeking civil service jobs, Big Mike O'Rourke half listened to what Dumb Dan was saying. The mayor always felt good on St. Patrick's Day—a day to reflect on his triumphs. It was his city. The poor Irish boy from Bethune Street had but to press a buzzer on the great desk to summon a lawyer from one of the great Protestant law firms or a communications expert from one of the great Protestant advertising agencies. He was wearing a crimson blazer that had been presented to him by the Harvard Club of Beacon Hill. On the blazer's pocket, in a crest of dignified simplicity, were the words *Quid Pro Quo*—an allusion to the University's having awarded the mayor an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree on the same week that the city building department awarded the university a zoning variance necessary for the construction of a new parking lot for the medical school.

"Dan, my lad," Mayor O'Rourke shouted. (He never bothered with the buzzer to call Dumb Dan McShane.) "Bring me my green tie. We'll see if we can contribute a pleasant greeting or two to the festivities and perhaps brighten the day of an ailing widow and maybe get through the ceremony without that Bolshevik priest comparing Ho Chi Minh to Our Savior."

"Coming right up, Big Mike," Dan McShane said.

"Excuse me, sir," another voice came from the anteroom. It was the communications expert on duty that week, one of those well-bred young Harvard men whose manner of speaking always made Big Mike suspect that their jaws had been wired together



at birth by an exceedingly expensive Protestant orthodontist. The young man entered the mayor's office hesitantly, walking with a normal gait despite the burden of a tweed suit that Big Mike judged to weigh about sixty pounds. "What I mean to say, sir," the young man went on, "is that a green tie on St. Patrick's Day may be customary, but I'm not sure it goes very well with your jacket. Green and red look sort of, well, Christ-mas-y. Kind of the wrong holiday."

Profiles in Courrèges

Big Mike O'Rourke sat for a few moments without saying anything. Dumb Dan looked apprehensively for the Big Mike Scowl that had signaled ferocious attack ever since they were lads on Bethune Street. But then the mayor smiled.

"Well then, young man, I'll change the jacket," he said. "And there's a lesson for you in that, young man: politics is the art of compromise. Also, everybody in the 9th Ward hates Harvard anyway." The mayor tied his green tie, and slipped on the green blazer that Dumb Dan McShane had already selected. At the door, the mayor smiled again at the young communications expert. "Especially," he said, "since you arrogant bastards tore down those houses to build that parking lot."

SENATOR ROLAND BELL MATTHEWS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

As the chartered jet flew over Nebraska toward South Dakota, Senator Roland Bell Matthews lay sleeping across a row of seats, dreaming that the election was over and he was already president. In the dream, he lived in the White House and never saw traffic. A shiny helicopter awaited his instructions at all times. The White House projectionist would show him Abbott and Costello movies over and over again whenever he wanted. A colonel followed him everywhere with a box containing the nuclear deterrent code; a lieutenant colonel followed him everywhere with a box full of M & M's and Mars bars. He had a jet with a bed long enough to sleep in without getting a cramp in his leg.

When Matthews stirred and started trying to rub the cramp out of his leg, his campaign aides gathered around him, all of them making last-minute notes on clipboards. "What's next?" Matthews said.

"Farm speech, Missouri State Fair, Sedalia," the schedules man said.

"Alfalfa parity issue is the big one here," the issues man said.

"You'll wear your down-on-the-farm hat," the clothing man said. "It's being stomped on now."

"Here's the list of important people," the contacts man said. "Floyd Scroggins, editor of the *Missouri Alfalfaman*, Senator Thomas F. . . ."

"Wait a minute," Matthews said. "Haven't I already done that one? Who were all those farmers at the last stop?"

The aides looked at each other, then at their clipboards, then back at each other. There was a long silence.

"Right, Senator," the schedules man finally said. "Sedalia was the last stop. Next stop is the Tall Face Sioux reservation at Running Springs, South Dakota."

"I hope the warrior's headdress doesn't shed this time," Matthews said.

"I'm not sure you should pose in an Indian headdress," the clothing man said. "After you wore one in Oklahoma

last week, a lot of columnists said it made you look like a turkey."

"Our contact man there says the Tall Faces would be offended if you didn't," the minorities man said.

"I'd be proud to wear the headdress," Matthews said. "I only hope it doesn't shed."

"On the other hand," the schedules man said, "you're having dinner tomorrow night with thirty-five Texas oilmen at the Nuevos Ricos Country Club in Houston."

"And they might be offended if you posed in a Tall Face Sioux headdress while the Tall Faces are trying to stop the oil companies' explorations up here," the contacts man said.

"The Tall Face Sioux are fine people," Matthews said.

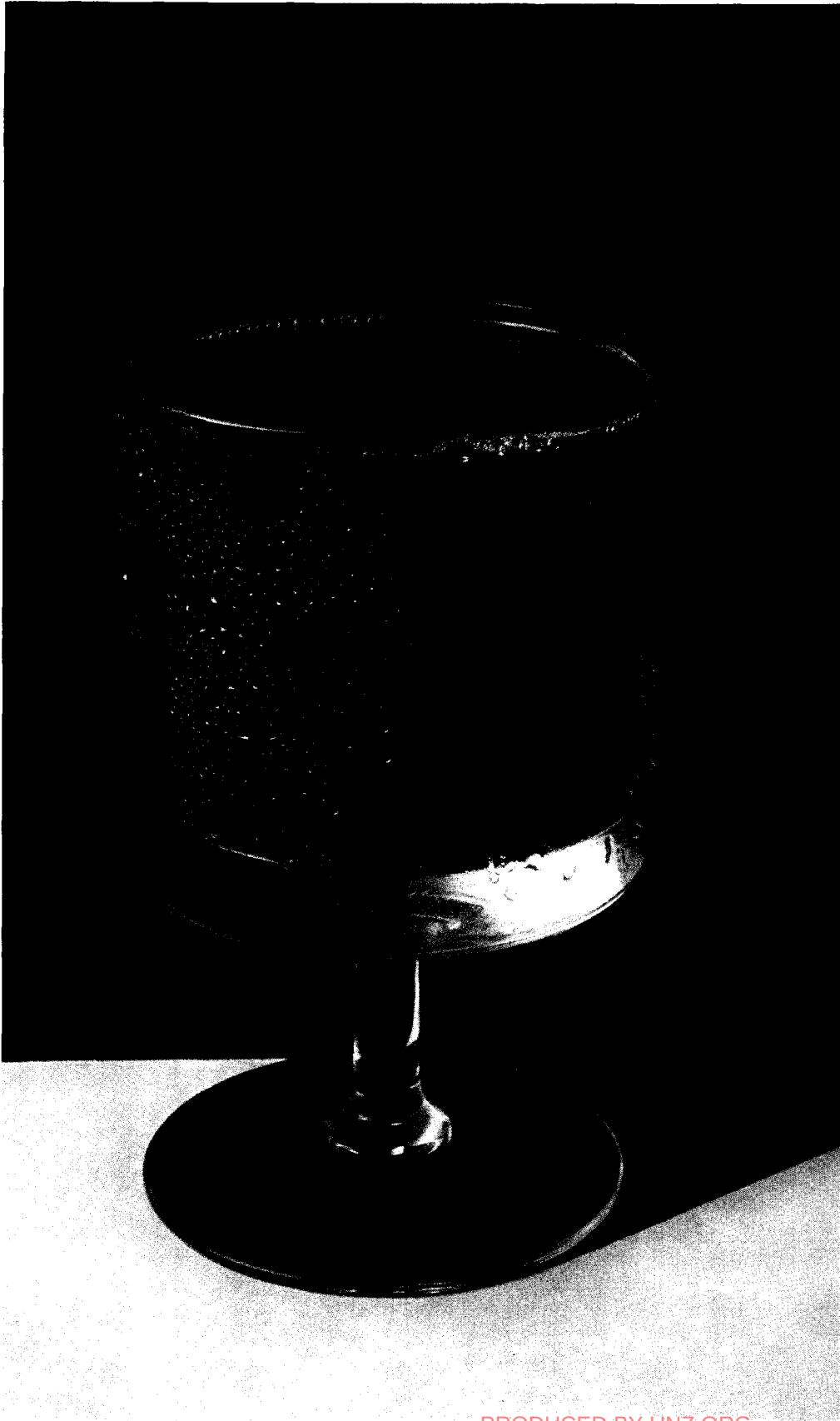
"And the total campaign contributions the oilmen are considering come to approximately seventeen million dollars," the finance man said.

There was a long silence. "They're such fine people that after I'm President the very first Indian headdress I'm going to wear is a Tall Face Sioux headdress," Matthews said. He settled in again across the row of seats and fell asleep.

The speeches man went to prepare a series of Indian-on-the-warpath jokes. The clothing man started brushing a Stetson hat for Matthews to wear during the deplaning pictures. Matthews began dreaming of a White House chef who was on call twenty-four hours a day to deliver peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, heavy on the jelly. □



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AN ODE TO OBJECTIVITY

Does God Play At Dice?

by Gunther Stent

On Jacques Monod's *Chance and Necessity*

Common sense tells man that he is the center of the universe. Onward from the first days of his infancy, he perceives the world in an expanding series of concentric spheres—his own person, his family, his neighborhood, his town, his province, his nation—within which, with increasing distance from him, events assume an ever diminishing emotional significance. His own toothache causes him more pain than the broken leg of his brother, which in turn causes him more pain than the death of a neighbor, of a dozen strangers, of a hundred foreigners. It is hardly surprising therefore that the traditional beliefs of nearly all peoples incorporated this man-centered view, to which the unfolding of modern science has done ever increasing violence. Since the Copernican revolution of the sixteenth century, astronomy has taught that not only does the Earth revolve around the Sun but that the Sun, hundreds of thousands of times bigger than our Earth, is itself but a tiny speck in our galaxy, which is itself only one of a myriad of other galaxies lost in an immensity of space. And since the Darwinian revolution of the nineteenth century, biology has taught that even in the history of our own astronomically utterly insignificant Earth, man figures only in the very last of many epochs, not the product of a special act of divine creation but evolutionary descendant of and close relative to lower forms of life. No wonder that for the past century belief in God, that source of law and order in the man-centered universe, has waned as these scientific notions gained wider and wider currency.

But what *is* it that has been taking the place of God in men's minds? Perhaps because of His being

rooted in common sense He has not been dying after all, and modern atheistic ways of thought, in particular scientism, or the belief that philosophical insights and ethical values can be derived from science, are no more than old divine wine in new bottles. Admittedly, ever since Darwin man could no longer regard himself as something extra special. But it seemed still possible that there was deep mystery connected with life itself, since science had been unable to explain the basic processes that distinguish living matter from dead. Finally, during the past quarter century, the branch of science now known as molecular biology has lifted the veil even from that last mystery and shown how life can be explained in the terms of ordinary physics and chemistry.

Three years ago, readers of this magazine were treated to an autobiographical account by James D. Watson of the most important breakthrough in molecular biology: his discovery of the DNA double helix in collaboration with Francis Crick. Now another principal architect of the edifice of molecular biology, Jacques Monod, has written a very different, wholly philosophical book, *Chance and Necessity* (translated from the French by Austryn Wainhouse; Knopf, \$6.95). In this book, Monod describes what he believes to be the implications of the achievements of molecular biology for man's relation to the universe. In 1965, Monod shared the Nobel Prize with his Paris colleagues André Lwoff and François Jacob for his monumental contributions to the understanding of cell function. And far from the misfit, social-outsider image of Young Jim the Scientist that Watson drew of himself in his autobiography, Monod is very much a man of the world: a politically engaged person, leader in the wartime French Resistance, accomplished musician, superb lecturer, elegant writer, and since this spring director of the Pasteur Institute of Paris. Hence a statement of the philosophical insights reached by this extraor-

dinary man should be of interest to a public much wider than an audience of his scientific colleagues. And indeed, *Chance and Necessity* became an instant success last year in France, where it remained on the best-seller list for many weeks, ranking just behind the French translation of *Love Story*.

Monod begins what he subtitles his "Essay on the Natural Philosophy of Modern Biology" by drawing attention to three general properties that characterize living beings and distinguish them from the rest of the universe. The first of these is *teleonomy*, which means that living beings are objects endowed with a purpose. The second general property is *autonomous morphogenesis*, which means that living beings are self-constructing machines. And the third general property is *reproductive invariance*, which means that among living beings, like begets like. Of these three general properties, scientific analysis can more readily fathom the second and third than the first. For however amazing may seem on first sight the existence of objects capable of self-construction and faithful self-reproduction, there is no longer any reason to doubt that a complete account can be given of these faculties. Indeed, molecular biology has now gone very far toward providing a full physico-chemical explanation of biological self-construction and self-reproduction, and Monod devotes about one third of his essay to giving a summary of the studies carried out during the past quarter century on proteins and nucleic acids—on enzymes and genes and their relation via the genetic code—that have shown how cells transact the business of life. But when we try to deal with biological purpose we run into trouble because, as Monod points out, attribution of purpose to any natural object involves us in a contradiction with what he calls the *principle of objectivity*. For "the cornerstone of scientific method is the postulate that nature is objective. In other words, the *systematic* denial that 'true' knowledge can be got at by interpreting phenomena in terms of final causes—that is to say, of 'purpose.'" Thus while the purposive character of life is *prima facie* apparent, scientific objectivity obliges us to deny it. "This self-same contradiction is in fact the central problem of biology."

How have philosophers of the past tried to deal with this problem? Mainly by positing some general or cosmic principle that drives creation and of which any purposive character or behavior is but a particular manifestation. And Monod assigns such philosophers to two general schools, the *vitalist* and the *animist*. The vitalist school, of which "there has probably been no more illustrious proponent than Henri Bergson," believes that the general teleonomic principle, the *élan vital*, pertains only to life. Indeed it is this mysterious life-force that sets apart living from nonliving matter.

The animist school, by contrast, projects into *all*

nature, living and nonliving, "man's awareness of the intensely teleonomic functioning of his own central nervous system. Animism is, in other words, the hypothesis that natural phenomena can and must be explained in the same manner, by the same 'laws,' as subjective human activity, conscious and purposive." The animist hypothesis must be of very high antiquity and probably came into being when early man began to formulate his very first philosophy of nature. In those faraway days "animism established a covenant between man and nature, a profound alliance outside of which seems to stretch only terrifying solitude."

Though nowadays animism is usually thought of only in connection with the beliefs of primitive peoples of the Australian bush or the headwaters of the Amazon, two very popular modern European philosophies of nature are nothing but animism. One of these is the Christian evolutionary theory of Teilhard de Chardin that posits an "ascending energy" in the cosmos leading to ever higher things. Monod is "struck by the intellectual spinelessness of this philosophy," which "would not merit attention but for the startling success it has encountered even in scientific circles." And the other animist holdover is the dialectical materialism of Marx and Engels, particularly its "vulgate" version that has been guiding Communist philosophical thought for the past fifty years. Dialectical materialism asserts that the universe is in a state of perpetual evolution because movement is inherent in matter. This movement embodies a dialectic of contradictions, and since out of these contradictions there arise new and better things, evolution necessarily leads to progress. Monod finds that dialectical materialism is in a state of "epistemological bankruptcy," not only because it violates the principle of objectivity but also because it has been an obvious hindrance, rather than an aid, to the progress of science.

How is the dilemma of biological purpose to be resolved? Monod believes "that we can assert today that a universal theory, however completely successful in other domains, could never encompass the [living world], its structure, and its evolution as phenomena *deducible* from first principles." Instead of searching for a universal theory we must seek the explanation of life's purpose in *chance*. That is to say, the living world does not contain a predictable class of objects or of events but constitutes a particular occurrence, compatible indeed with first principles, but not deducible from those principles, and therefore essentially unpredictable. That is a bitter pill to swallow, since "we would like to think ourselves necessary, inevitable, ordained from all eternity. All religions, nearly all philosophies, and even a part of science testify to the unwearying, heroic effort of mankind in desperately denying its own contingency."

But how can purpose arise from chance? Charles Darwin provided the answer: through an evolutionary process in which not “life-force,” not “ascending energy,” not “matter in motion,” but *natural selection* operating on random variations creates purposeful structures. So what is new? Surely everybody, including Bergson, Teilhard, and Marx and Engels, has known all about Darwin’s theory since it was proposed more than a century ago. What is new, according to Monod, is that the recent discoveries of molecular biology have finally resolved a logical contradiction hidden in the Darwinian theory, namely how, despite their breeding true, organisms can constantly sport variants which, if natural selection favors them, once more breed true to give rise to a new line of variant offspring. We now know that organisms carry their hereditary information encased in DNA molecules and that reproductive invariance is but a consequence of the capacity of DNA for faithful self-replication, and of the capacity for self-assembly of the other cell constituents over whose synthesis the DNA molecules preside. Hereditary variants, or *mutants*, arise merely as occasional random imperfections of the DNA replication process. “And so one may say that [this] source of fortuitous perturbations, of ‘noise,’ which in a non-living (i.e. non-replicative) system would lead little by little to disintegration of all structure, is the progenitor of evolution in the [living] world and accounts for its unrestricted liberty of creation, thanks to the replicative structure of DNA: that registry of chance, that tone-deaf conservatory where the noise is preserved along with the music.”

After discussing the present frontiers of knowledge in evolutionary biology, particularly the riddles of the origin of life itself, of the higher nervous system, and of such peculiarly human attributes as language from the purview of molecular Darwinism, Monod finally spells out the philosophical implications for the actual human condition of this solution to the problem of biological purpose. He is *not* concerned with the specter of deliberate molecular biological manipulation of the human hereditary capital, or “genetic engineering,” the possibility of which Monod declares to be “an illusion, spread by a few superficial minds.” No, his concern is the modern soul, which he perceives to be in distress. Now that man finds himself to be nothing more than the result of a series of chance errors in the replicative history of DNA molecules, the millennia-old animist covenant between man and nature, which “discloses the meaning of man by assigning him a necessary place in nature’s scheme” and thus satisfies his innate desire for a complete explanation of the cosmos, has been dissolved. And the replacement for that covenant—namely adherence to *objectivism*, or belief that “objective knowledge is the *only* authentic source of truth”—leaves “nothing in place of that precious bond [between man and nature] but an anxious quest in a frozen universe of solitude.”

So our first order of business is to prepare a thorough, objective revision of our ethical premises, since the values to which man has been, and is still, beholden are based on the old animist covenant. Thus, “for their moral basis the ‘liberal’ societies of the West still teach—or pay lip service to—a disgusting farrago of Judeo-Christian religiosity, scientific progressivism, belief in the ‘natural’ rights of man and utilitarian pragmatism.” How shall we go about making that revision? *Not* by adopting “the position once and for all that objective truth and theory of value constitute eternally separate, mutually impenetrable domains.” Monod finds *that* position “absolutely mistaken,” despite its having been “taken by a great number of modern thinkers, whether writers or philosophers, or indeed scientists,” and despite his own hardly different view that “knowledge in itself is exclusive of all value judgment . . . whereas ethics, in essence *nonobjective*, is forever barred from the sphere of knowledge.” Although the principle of objectivity “prohibits any confusion of value judgments with judgments arrived at through knowledge, these two categories inevitably unite in the form of action, discourse included.” What is now needed, therefore, is *authentic* discourse or action, which combines objective truth and values and yet manages to preserve the distinction between these two categories. This is to be contrasted with “*inauthentic* discourse where the two categories are jumbled [and which] can lead only to the most pernicious nonsense.” Having mastered the art of authentic discourse one realizes that adherence to the principle of objectivity “*constitutes an ethical choice* and not a judgment arrived at from knowledge,” that is to say, is an expression of what Monod calls *the ethic of knowledge*.

What is the difference between the new ethic of knowledge and the old ethic of animism? The animist ethic claims to descend from immanent laws which assert themselves over man, whereas it is man in his terrible solitude who prescribes the ethic of knowledge for himself.

And what would be some concrete examples of the changes in values wrought by adherence to the ethic of knowledge and abandonment of Judeo-Christian-scientistic pragmatism or Marxist dialectical materialism? Monod does not provide any examples, possibly for the very good reason that the ethic of knowledge seems to let one go right on believing in what the animists have believed in all the while. Judeo-Christians can find comfort in the thought that “as for the highest human qualities, courage, altruism, generosity, creative ambition, the ethic of knowledge both recognizes their sociobiological origin and affirms their transcendent value in the service of the ideal it defines.” And Marxists must find some solace in the conclusion that socialism, that great vision of the nineteenth century which “to the young in spirit

... continues to beckon with grievous intensity," can finally be built upon the ethic of knowledge, after the betrayals it has suffered and the crimes committed in its name. For in his final paragraph Monod declares socialism to be "the conclusion to which the search for authenticity necessarily leads. The ancient covenant is in pieces: man knows at last that he is alone in the universe's unfeeling immensity, out of which he emerged only by chance. His destiny is nowhere spelled out, nor is his duty. The kingdom above or the darkness below: it is for him to choose."

I think this is an important book, mainly because I agree with what Monod calls in the preface his only excuse for it: "the duty which more forcibly than ever thrusts itself upon scientists to apprehend their discipline within the larger framework of modern culture, with a view to enriching the latter not only with technical findings but also with what they may feel to be humanly significant ideas arising from their area of special concern. The very ingenuousness of a fresh look at things (and science possesses an ever-youthful eye) may sometimes shed new light upon old problems."

But because of the very importance of this philosophical statement by one of the major scientific figures of our time, it must be subjected to critical analysis, as no doubt (in line with the beliefs he offers here) Monod himself would be the first to wish it to be. Alas, I find it difficult to make any such analysis of the last, and for Monod possibly the most important, part of his essay: the promulgation of his "ethics of knowledge." For my feelings about this attempt to provide an "objective" basis for ethical values are more or less those which Monod expresses for the work of Henri Bergson, namely that it is written in "an engaging style and a metaphorical dialectic bare of logic but not of poetry." As far as I do understand it, the ethic of knowledge seems to be, if not outright scientism, a kind of underground crypto-scientism. In any case, Catholic as well as Marxist philosophers of France have already risen to the challenge of seeing their beliefs and ideas summarily consigned to the ash can and have made vigorous counterpoetical attacks on Monod's ethic of knowledge. And Monod's account of the molecular biological explanation of life's self-organization and self-replication needs no critical analysis. No one who is familiar with Monod's scientific writings will be surprised to learn that he has provided here for a general audience an excellent summary of the field in whose development he has loomed so large. Indeed, he has managed to view from interesting new perspectives such seemingly workaday phenomena as enzyme reaction and protein structure.

But when it comes to what I consider to be the philosophical core of this essay, namely objectivity and the end of animism, critical comment both is needed and can be readily given. Like Monod, I be-

lieve that an age-old covenant between man and nature is being dissolved in our days and that this dissolution signals an important milestone in the evolution of the intellect. However, I find that Monod has not correctly described either the implications for science of that covenant or what is about to replace it. Unfortunately, Monod fails to provide explicit definitions of many of his key concepts—of "science," "objectivity," "solitude," or "true knowledge"—which is troublesome because internal evidence suggests that he endows some of these terms with unconventional meanings. For instance, the only clue he gives to his meaning of "science" occurs in the preface of his essay, where he declares his belief that "the ultimate aim of the whole of science is indeed to clarify man's relationship to the universe." However, in ordinary philosophical parlance *that* aim happens to be the very goal of *metaphysics*, a branch of knowledge which Monod obviously believes to be in conflict with the principle of objectivity and for which, in contrast to science, he has little use.

So let us begin our analysis with animism, which Monod does define as the hypothesis that natural phenomena can and must be explained by the same laws as conscious and purposive human activity. (Here is another example of Monod's unconventional use of philosophical terms, since "animism" is generally understood to designate a more specific hypothesis, namely the belief that all natural objects have a soul, or *anima*.) Certainly the most basic of the laws projected by man into nature is *causality*, or the belief that the events he observes in the outer world resemble his own conscious acts in their being connected as cause and effect, rather than occurring haphazardly. And since the belief in causality, or in the orderliness of events, is the fundament on which almost all of man's past attempts at analyzing nature were based, science, as I understand that term, far from being incompatible with what Monod means by animism, is one of its most important manifestations. Indeed, even the most elementary dimensions in terms of which scientists attempt to describe the very events that causality is supposed to connect, such as time, space, mass, and temperature, are nothing more than projections into nature of man's own physiology and anatomy.

Now what does Monod mean by "objectivity"? If he intends it to imply freedom from *any* subjective projections into nature, then the postulate that nature is objective cannot be, as Monod insists it is, the "cornerstone of the scientific method," and the principle of objectivity cannot be "consubstantial" with science. However, these two assertions *could* be true if "objectivity" were to designate a more limited stricture, namely the refusal to posit any cause-effect relation between events, such as purpose, that observation cannot in principle ei-

ther prove or disprove. This was more or less the principle of objectivity which the philosophers of logical positivism of the 1920s and 1930s held "consubstantial" with science. Like Monod, the logical positivists disdained metaphysics, but unlike him they found problems such as man's relationship to the universe to be pure nonsense.

But if Monod does intend the positivistic meaning of objectivity, then a major part of his essay, namely the explanation of the origin of biological purpose in chance rather than necessity, would fail the test of objectivity. First of all, Monod does not seem to have noticed that Darwin's principle of natural selection, on which he places such a heavy reliance, is not itself an objective scientific proposition. The essence of the theory of natural selection is the concept of *fitness*: the fitter an organism, the higher its rate of reproduction relative to other organisms in its environment. Since the criterion of fitness is reproduction, there is no conceivable observation or experiment that could lead one to the conclusion that evolution has *not* proceeded by a process in which the fittest organisms reproduce most prolifically—no more than, as Monod points out, it is possible "to imagine an experiment which could prove the *non-existence* anywhere in nature of a purpose." The slogan "survival of the fittest" actually means no more than "survival of the survivors." This critique is not to suggest that the principle of natural selection is false; on the contrary, it is logically but not "objectively" true.

It so happens that a controversy currently agitating the students of evolution illustrates the nonobjectivity of the natural selection idea. In the past two or three years, probably after Monod completed his original manuscript, some biologists have inferred from comparative analyses of the detailed molecular structure of particular proteins of presently living organisms, from yeast, worms, and insects to fish, frogs, fowl, and man, that natural selection cannot have played the all-important role attributed to it by Darwin. These non-Darwinian molecular evolutionists assert that most of the genetic mutations that were responsible for the present differences in protein structure between living species represented *neutral* changes. In other words, in denial of the point central to Monod's argument that these very molecular changes account for the genesis of purposeful structures, the bulk of historical mutations did not affect the function of proteins at all. This claim of the non-Darwinians is being hotly denied by the Darwinian True Believers, who insist that no mutation which survived the rigors of evolutionary selection *can have been neutral*. In this dispute, the non-Darwinians are obviously fighting a losing battle, since *by definition* the test of the superior fitness of the historical mutations is the fact that they are now carried by modern organisms which have reproduced more prolifically than those less fortunate ancient creatures that have fallen by the evolutionary wayside.

In addition to its reliance on natural selection, Mo-

nod's argument in favor of chance rather than necessity as the origin of biological purpose harbors a second nonobjective proposition. That is his claim that the biological innovations on which evolution feeds arise by chance. Here Monod seems to have overlooked the point that chance origin is part and parcel of the very concept of innovation. From a pre-ordained universe such as "Laplace's world from which chance is excluded by definition," innovation would also be automatically excluded. That is, since in a totally deterministic world the whole future is immanent in its initial conditions, nothing really new *could* ever arise. Hence the philosophical problem at issue is not whether or not innovation arises by chance but whether innovation is *possible*, a metaphysical question (whose affirmative answer Monod, of course, takes for granted) that cannot be settled by recourse to any principle of objectivity.

From the viewpoint of natural selection, adherence to the animist covenant contributed to man's evolutionary fitness, since by making science possible it has allowed man to dominate nature. In our time, the ancient covenant is finally breaking up, not, I think, because as Monod declares, after so many thousands of years it has finally dawned on people that "objective knowledge is the *only* authentic source of truth" but because science has finally shown that in nature there *is* no "truth." Or, out there, as Gertrude Stein once said of Oakland, California, there is no there there.

Scientific subversion of the covenant began to become a serious matter at the turn of this century when physics had evolved to the stage at which problems could be studied involving either tiny subatomic or immense cosmic events on scales of time, space, and mass billions of times smaller or larger than the scales on which man originally projected these basic dimensions into nature. Then it was first found that phenomena on very large or very small scales could not be given an adequate description in ordinary, everyday language and that time, space, and mass had to be denatured from their original, wholly intuitive meanings into formal concepts that run counter to common sense. Soon thereafter it appeared also that even the notion of cause and effect was not a useful one for giving account of events at the subatomic level.

Science, while gaining much greater scope by abandoning ideas such as that mass is conserved, that space is straight, that time is absolute, and that events are connected, was to pay a heavy price for this contravention of common sense. Albert Einstein, himself one of the key figures in this development, wanted to hold fast to cause and effect—being unwilling to admit that, as quoted by Monod, "God plays at dice." This attitude in what was surely one of the greatest minds of our time shows that in our animist heart of hearts we know the truth of cause and effect to be self-evident. Or, as Niels Bohr, who for many years tried to convince Einstein that God *does* play at

dice, pointed out, the denaturing of common-sense concepts, such as attributing to light the properties of *both* particles *and* waves, is an *irrational* albeit scientifically useful procedure.

The covenant is coming to the end of the road because nature in its deepest aspects turns out to be incompatible with rational thought, that capital feature of man's central nervous system selected by evolution for its fitness to deal with phenomena on *existential* dimensional scales commensurate with direct human experience (give or take a few factors of ten).

It is my belief that this development—the dissolution of the covenant—presages the end of science, since there is little use in continuing to push the limits of our knowledge further and further if the results have less and less meaning for man's psyche. And instead of continuing in his efforts to analyze nature by the old rational-scientific methods, another frankly irrational and characteristically Eastern approach to fathoming nature is already gaining ground. Monod writes: "It is hard to understand . . . why [the idea that nature is objective] never cropped up in some of the loftiest civilizations, such as the Chinese, which had to learn it from the West." I suspect that the Chinese knew all about the principle of objectivity when two millennia ago they reached the highest level of civilization, cultural as well as technological, seen until then on the face of the Earth. Once the Chinese had attained that pinnacle they weighed and found

(and for the first time in history could *afford* to find) the principle of objectivity wanting. While the Dark Ages were setting on the West, China turned toward Taoism, a kind of animism in reverse that projects nature into man, rather than man into nature. This turnabout changed man's ancient quest from *dominion over* to *harmony with* nature. Upon this profound change in attitude, Chinese science stagnated, while after their emergence from the Dark Ages, the Judeo-Christians of the West resumed efforts to improve their lot by dominating nature. Finally, the Western barbarians overtook China and taught it not so much the principle of objectivity as the soon-to-become-bankrupt concept of dialectical materialism.

Now it seems to be the turn of the West to learn Natural Philosophy from the East, in the form of Tao and its various Hindu antecedents and Japanese derivatives. In the West, the ancient covenant was still intact, as long as the account of man's relation to the universe changed merely from the story of Genesis to the tale of Darwinian evolution. No, dissolution of the covenant is coming only these very days, when the attempt to fathom life is ever more being based on the sixty-four elements of the *I Ching*, the Chinese *Book of Changes*, rather than on the sixty-four elements of the genetic code, and when the notion of law and order is disappearing, not merely from our streets, but from the very universe. □

GROUND

This stuff is what we are born of. Before my eyes
And between my fingers—grainy, sticky, chalky—
The conditions lie at hand for life to burst out of.
How stubbornly it behaves, baked hard as biscuits
In summer, yet, thawed by spring, spreading wide
To swallow a hundred horses, and in winter
Rigid enough to scrape knuckles and crack bones.
It would seem to yield no passage, except that roots
As delicate as hairs can pierce hardscrabble
Without a bruise or blister and hold their course
Whether opposed by gravel or mud. By tasting it
Farmers can guess at what may come of its favors,
Whether their crops will require manure or limestone.
We savor in the first-plucked leaf of lettuce
The lingering fragrance of Sun, which slips away
To the soil that bestowed it almost within the hour,
Just as fish lose their colors out of water.
Just as I would despair, if you were dead.

by Peter Davison

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LIFE & LETTERS

LIFE IS SUFFERING BUT . . .

by Melvin Maddocks

THE TENANTS
by Bernard Malamud
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95

Here comes Everyman, or at least Everyman's failed Jewish uncle: the Malamud hero. The reader may meet him almost anywhere, duck walking across Piazza Dante in Rome or Third Avenue in New York—against the light. The Wandering Jew as baggy-pants comic. No matter where he may be, he lives in exile, a man whose citizenship is composed of lost pasts. He smacks of Yiddish folk tales, Dostoevsky subplots, and the bleachers at Ebbets Field. Don't be fooled by appearances. Beneath his disguise as a *schlemiel*, he is a man of Apocalypse. Balding, running to flab, nearsighted, a genius at clumsiness, he contains in his improbable middle-aged body the demonic, the absurd urges of a lover, an artist, and a trainee saint.

Here comes Harry Lesser—the name is pure Malamud—the latest of the line. He slops into view carrying a brown paper bag of groceries across an East Side street—and he is, for a fact, walking against the light, soaking sneakers in the slush. Like Fidelman in *Pictures of Fidelman*, like Levin in *A New Life*, Harry is still God's and Malamud's favorite joke. But never, not even with Bok in *The Fixer*, have Malamud and his *schlemiel* seemed more of a case of humor *in extremis*. Never have all the antic diversions provided so little camouflage for Malamud's basic message: *Life is suffering*.

Before *The Tenants*, Malamud always managed to say, in effect: *Life is suffering but . . .* He has composed rather famous canons of affirmation, like Levin's "Order, value, accomplishment, love." Malamud endings—delicately balanced exercises in moral irony—have generally allowed his schnook Jobs to duck walk off as they duck walked on: failed artists, failed lovers, certainly failed saints, but as durable as legends.

Here Malamud's control of suffering—by wit, by the last reflexes of religious faith—falters. *The Tenants* is a flawed novel in a way that earlier Malamud novels have not been flawed. The cracked imperfections are honorable ones—those of an author who has put himself under more pressure, for once, than he can handle. Malamud bears witness to the suffering; for the moment, he can no longer resolve it, he can no longer manage that *but . . .*

At first, Harry Lesser seems no more than normally obsessed for a Malamud man. Thirty-six years old, a bachelor, he is a writer—and almost nothing else: "He lives to write, he writes to live." Even his face records his stories rather than his experiences. The author of one good novel that didn't sell and one bad novel that did (at least, to the movies), Harry is now hung up on finishing his third novel, almost ten years in progress.

Harry is carrying that brown paper bag—bread, milk, half a dozen apples—to a brick tenement (vintage 1900) on the corner of 31st and Third. Malamud is a master of the dismal

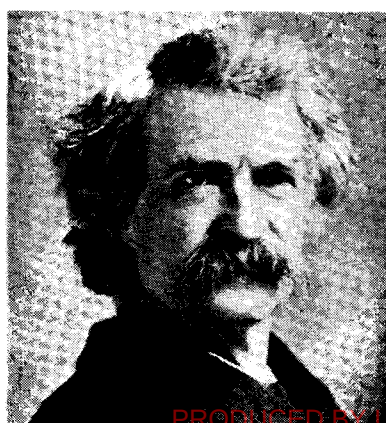
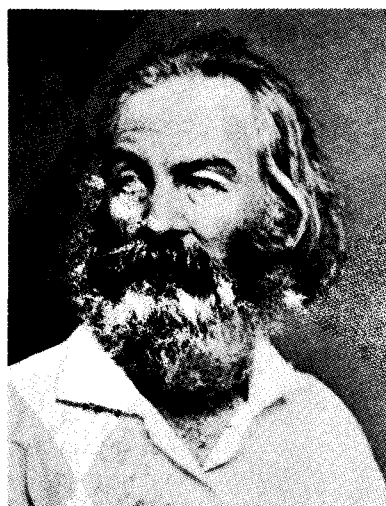
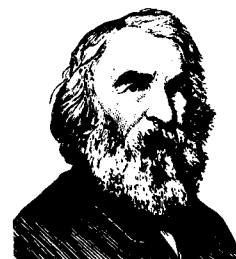
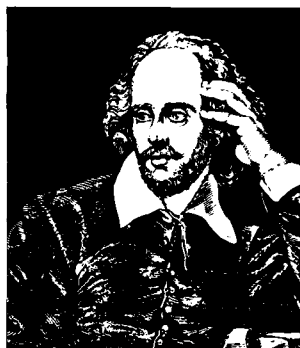
cityscape, but he surpasses himself here. Dirty seagulls hover in smoggy skies like inept birds of doom. The blanket of snow "through which indigenous soot seeps" promises the filth beneath rather than hiding it. The staircase to Harry's sixth-floor apartment smells of "urine, vomit, emptiness." Graffiti and obscene cartoons cover the walls. For the building has been posted for demolition, and only Harry has refused to leave—not until he finishes his novel. Down on the street stands a battered ash can full of "thousands of torn-up screaming words and rotting apple cores, coffee grinds, and broken eggshells, a literary rubbish can, the garbage of language become the language of garbage." Barricaded behind the three locks on his door, in his monstrous parody of a temple of art, Harry compulsively types on.

"This forsaken house"! Never has Malamud made art seem so beleaguered—the ultimate ghetto. Never has he made the artist seem so lonely—the ultimate Jew. In the ruins, Harry clings desperately to his desk—his "anchor, gyroscope, magic mtn."—and works "as though he had heard the end of the world falling in the pit of time and hoped to get his last word written before then."

Malamud may well be the last American novelist to treat art as religion, even metaphorically. *The Tenants* is the excruciating test of Harry's and Malamud's faith. The first tester to appear with bad advice for schnook-Job is that stock comic villain, mine enemy the landlord. Nine

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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



In September, 1966, an unsolicited manuscript by an unknown writer caught the attention of one of the Press readers. It was an extraordinary firsthand story of peasant life in an impoverished village in Southern Italy. The reader turned the manuscript over to one of our Senior Editors, who agreed that there was indeed a publishable book in the material. What was needed was *more*.

Two and a half years later **Ann Cornelisen's *Torregreca*** appeared, instantly won wide acclaim, and has become a classic on Southern Italian life.

In **VENDETTA OF SILENCE**, Miss Cornelisen turns to the novel as the best vehicle to tell what happened in a remote hill-town she calls San Basilio. While working on a project of her own, the narrator comes upon some journals in her house that disclose a touching love affair ending in tragedy. In piecing together the facts and personalities, and in becoming involved in the life of the town, she is suddenly caught up in another drama that bursts into violence on her doorstep.

What is unearthed is an appalling tale of dark passions, repressed primitive fears, of hypocrisy and the implacable injustice that still victimize the peasant. With compassion and humor that color her limpid prose, Ann Cornelisen exposes to us in this memorable novel the complexities and secrets of an alien yet profoundly human society in Southern Italy.

VENDETTA OF SILENCE
by Ann Cornelisen

\$6.95 at your Bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

months now after he posted the demolition notices, Levenspiel offers Harry \$1000 to leave. The bribe will go up to \$10,000. Levenspiel is a not unkindly Philistine: the known, identified tempter every artist is prepared for. And he is just a warm-up for Harry's real antagonist.

One day Harry hears another rhythm—another typewriter!—in his empty building. He stalks down the stolid drumming until he comes upon an old L. C. Smith, pre-World War I, with a black man in front of it: overalls cross-strapped over a green hand-knit sweater, white tennis socks braced to the floor beside shucked-off orange work shoes. Willie Spearmint, fellow novelist, fellow man-obsessed.

Harry, the artist-ideologue, feels guiltless, indeed morally superior before poor Levenspiel. When Harry strikes his really outrageous posture—"he would never abandon this novel"—it is the more or less innocent landlord, claiming mere property rights, who must feel guilty. But before Willie, Harry feels like a landlord himself. Maneuvering for a decent liberal's position—selfless writing coach? color-blind friend?—Harry seems to be earning half-success. He even wins tentative admittance to Willie's circle. Then he gets clobbered. In a brilliantly agonizing scene—almost a tribal rite—Harry undergoes ordeal-by-insult from Willie and his friends. Later Willie sneers: "You think you are the Chosen People. Well, you are wrong on that. *We* are the Chosen People from as of now on."

Silence, and, worse, writer's block on Harry's part. For with another stroke Willie cuts even closer to the heart of Harry's self-respect: "You talk and you act like some priest or fuckn rabbi. Why do you take writing so serious?"

Why do you take writing so serious? Easy to answer when it is Levenspiel asking. But what do you say to a black man who looks at your whitey typewriter and prints in block letters on the wall: "Revolution is the real art"? Malamud spends the last half of the novel stammering for an answer—any answer—and not finding one.

Instead, Harry and Willie, locked into misunderstanding, commit unforgivable crimes against each other. Harry steals Willie's white girl; Willie destroys Harry's manuscript. Malamud tortures himself with a parody-

fantasy of one of his old love-and-forgiveness endings. Rabbis and African witch doctors mingle at a surrealistic love feast, blessing interracial marriages. "Someday God will bring together Ishmael and Israel to live as one people. It won't be the first miracle."

THE END, writes Malamud. But it is not the end; he knows it and goes on bitterly to another atavistic dream.

Harry and Willie meet in a jungle clearing—ax against razor—and fight. It is resolution time, the time when Malamud antagonists discover in the suffering they cause each other . . . what? If not forgiveness, an instinct—involuntary as a muscle spasm—to claim responsibility, to acknowledge the common humanity of persecutor and victim: victims both, but just a little less victims for recognizing the fact.

That slim marginal victory is forfeited here. All that Malamud can manage is a fellowship in pain. "Each," Malamud writes, "feels the anguish of the other." Life is suffering with no "but . . ."—only a last strangled cry for mercy.

Willie is Harry's black *dybbuk* and Malamud's, and for now, there is no exorcising him. He is the wail from another throat that makes a Jew feel like a Gentile. With his very wounds, he persecutes as no oppressor can. He is the new elitist at suffering who leaves all other victims looking like dilettantes.

Yet it would be a mistake to read *The Tenants* as Malamud's novel on black anti-Semitism. A better guess is that Willie crystallizes a self-doubt within Malamud finally come due. The fact that Willie exists primarily as a problem to Harry's image of himself is both the most important point—and the most serious weakness—to be noted in this novel.

Willie stands for all in life that can't be charmed by Malamud—all that can't be made to yield to his admirable moral earnestness and literary tact. One measure of a writer is the obstacles with which he chooses to confront himself. *The Tenants* is almost certainly Malamud's make-or-break novel. He has placed everything he has lived by—including, of course, writing itself—on the line. He has backed himself into a corner from which his customary stratagems—all the ingenious paradoxes of sardonic piety, all the wry aesthetic manifeftoes—cannot extract him.

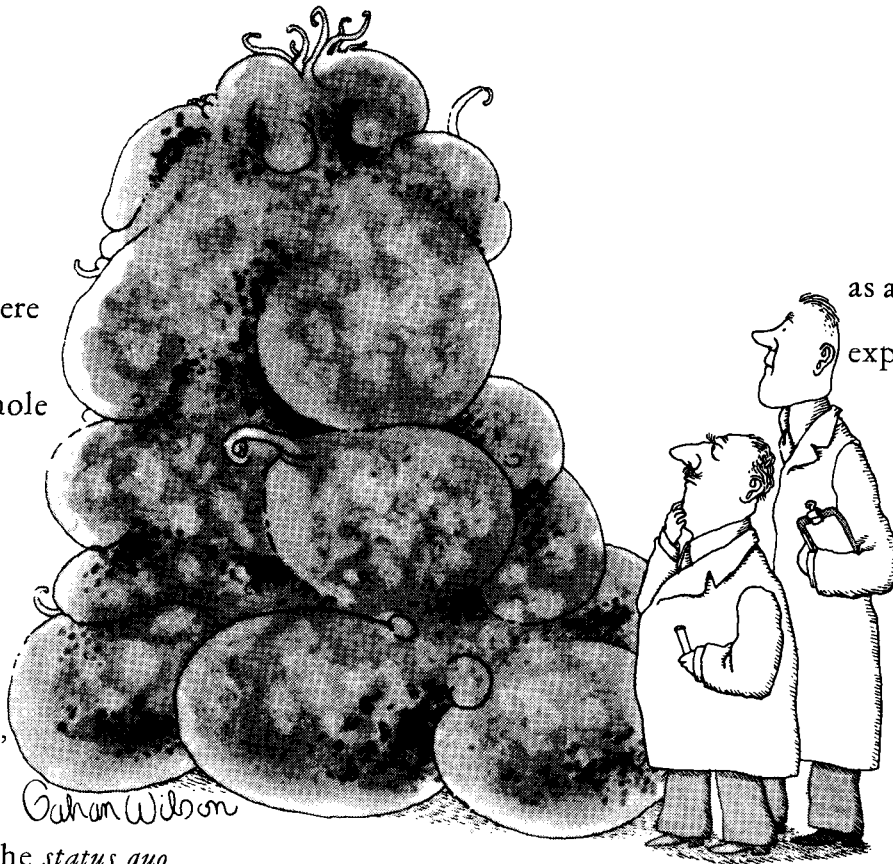
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"Don't work your roots on me," Willie commands Harry, and the reader seems to hear Malamud giving the same ultimatum to himself. He has cleared the ground. He stands alone, unauthorized. Is he a very good novelist who superbly states twentieth-century American questions, then

gives all the best nineteenth-century European answers? Of does he have the extra touch of genius to describe his times so accurately, so achingly that his stories will transcend all formulated questions and answers to become inspired statements of need? The next novel or two should tell.

cal life, the real Franklin D. Roosevelt eludes us here except in small flashes which illuminate the surface but seldom penetrate the heart. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, State Senator from New York's Dutchess County, Undersecretary of the Navy, President of the United States for thirteen years, Commander-in-Chief through World War II, dominated the headlines of the world. But Eleanor Roosevelt, in this book at least, was center stage.

A WOMAN FOR THE PEOPLE

by Marya Mannes

ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN
by Joseph P. Lash
Norton, \$12.50

The clubhouse snorts and salon sniggers that followed in the wake of Eleanor Roosevelt's rising power have long since faded into silence, even though her husband's initials and the words "New Deal" can still shoot a twinge of hate through sclerotic veins.

Those who lived through those thirteen White House years knew the full measure of venom with which Americans who resisted change enveloped this couple: a President and his wife who recognized change as the only means of common salvation, who knew forty years ago that unless this country lived up to its stated aims of equal opportunity for all its people, depressions, wars, and racial and economic divisions would tear us apart.

Joseph Lash leaves no doubt that of the two, Eleanor was the major, more consistent, impassioned agent for change. The title alone is clue enough to her human ascendancy, stronger and stronger as her political education—mainly through Louis Howe and Harry Hopkins and the master, Franklin himself—changed her over the years from tireless "dogooder" to tough and subtle strategist. Rather than diminish her profound humanity, these acquired skills helped her to translate it—through her own actions and through the contiguous forces of her husband's mind and will—into the climate of government itself.

How this happened is as much the story of Eleanor as it is of the nation in years of major crisis. Franklin is there, of course: mysterious complex of courage and expediency. Idealist

and pragmatist, extrovert charmer and enclosed loner, he is still susceptible to wildly diverse public judgment: great President; agent of socialism (traitor to his class); devious manipulator; would-be dictator. And, at the end—in Yalta and failing health—either heroic casualty of war and strain or a faltering mind that sold us out.

This wholly absorbing and richly documented book is subtitled "The story of their relationship based on Eleanor Roosevelt's private papers" and is written by a man who in his twenties was virtually adopted by Mrs. Roosevelt as a fifth son and knew her intimately from his young radical days as head of the American Student Union to the end of her life. And though, experienced journalist that he is, he presents this life with an objectivity almost as complete as that with which she viewed herself, the allegiance is clearly to her. His allegiance, it should be added, is shared by hundreds of Americans who knew her well, thousands who worked with her or for her or met her once, and the millions, here and throughout the world, who saw and heard her only on television or radio.

In contrast, Franklin the President, Franklin the man, Franklin the husband is seen mainly through the eyes of others: his closest advisers, his secretaries, his children, and, of course, his wife. Eleanor destroyed the letters he wrote her throughout their courtship, though he kept hers. The other woman who loved and was loved by him remained silent. And although some of his inner circle, his sons, and a number of distinguished historians, among them Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (who wrote the foreword to this book), have published memoirs, accounts, or interpretations of his politi-

Nobody seemed less equipped for the role. Her own memoirs made it clear; and Lash fills out the story of the anguished childhood of a homely girl whose mother, Anna Hall, society beauty, called her "Granny" and died when she was eight, and whose father, Elliott Roosevelt, died when she was ten. Anna—cold, rigidly conventional, caste-obsessed—was no deprivation. The loss of a brilliant, dashing, outrageous father was devastating; he was the only one who really loved this child. His death from drink and waste and flight from reality left her with a dream relationship with him that somehow sustained her through a tortured adolescence. So too did her years at Elmswood, a school in Paris run by a remarkable Frenchwoman. Mlle. Souvestre was not only an atheist (shock enough to the devout Eleanor), but her "uncompromising intolerance of pettiness and sham" set in clear focus the stifling environment of social convention to which her mother and grandmother had clung.

Souvestre's unwavering purpose was to cultivate in her girls a lively sense of personality, curiosity, and intellectual independence without loss of the grace which she felt was "the charm and smile of life." Elmswood played no small part in forming the woman Franklin chose for life.

In the meantime this serious, tall, ungainly girl with protruding teeth, a receding chin, unbecoming clothes, and a deep seriousness held her own among the enormous Roosevelt clans of Hyde Park and Sagamore (Uncle Teddy's brood) only through a shining sweetness and quiet intelligence which the perceptive recognized and valued. Her few social swains (before Franklin), both younger and older, were drawn by two things: her large, blue, light-filled eyes, and her capacity for listening as well as responding.

Among her other survival assets

were a rugged constitution inherited from both Roosevelt strains and lasting throughout her life, an aversion to drink and the purely frivolous pursuits which fragmented her father, and a deep Christian ethic which sustained these disciplines of body and spirit. What pleasures of the flesh she enjoyed through life were closeness to nature and to children, and she was to know in time only too well how her basic puritanism failed the needs of the man she loved. Franklin, gregarious, loving good food and wine, needing—desperately, in times of stress—a certain frivolity of talk and lightness of touch, eventually turned to others for what she could not give.

This lack makes even more poignant the letters she wrote to the courting Franklin at Groton and Harvard: first so tentative, so guarded, so “correct”; later slowly blossoming into open admissions of love.

“Dear Franklin,” she wrote him at Harvard in October of 1903, “Many thanks for your note & the ‘token from the sea,’ which I think you should have sent to someone else however, don’t you? . . .

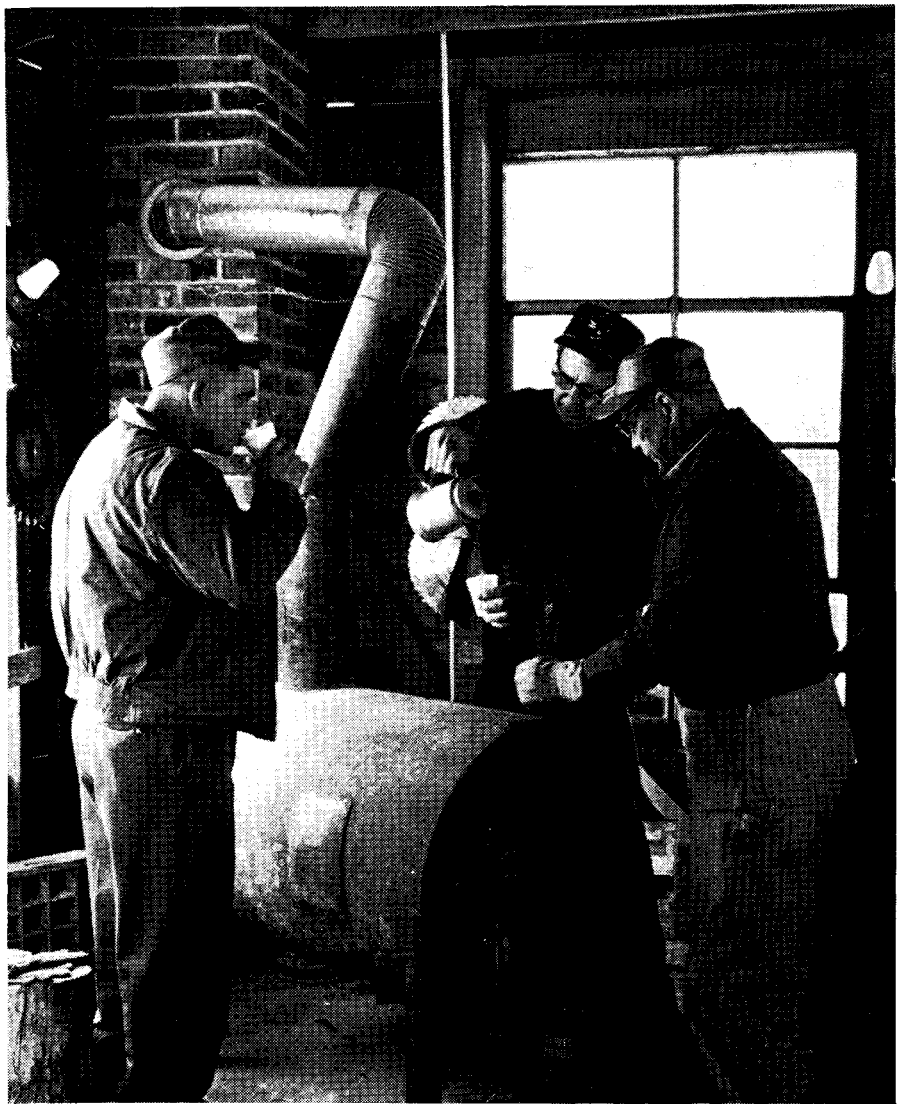
“I am so anxious to hear what you have decided to do this year & also whether you can come here on the 16th. . . .

“Please don’t do anything you don’t want to do however as I shall quite understand if you decide to go to Hyde Park instead of coming here.”

Three months later she wrote: “Dearest Franklin, Though I only wrote last night I must write you just a line this morning to tell you that I miss you every moment & that you are never out of my thoughts. . . . Everything is changed for me now. I am so happy. Oh! so happy & I love you so dearly. . . .”

That this enormously attractive and bright young cousin had sought her out was miracle enough. That he was determined to marry her (an act of wisdom which even his harshest critics would concede, if only in terms of clairvoyant expedience) overwhelmed her. They both knew what they wanted: not only each other, but a life of public service which was part of the Roosevelt code of privilege. The fortunate must give to the less fortunate; the proud must care for the humble.

No better picture of how each Roosevelt, Franklin and Eleanor, in-



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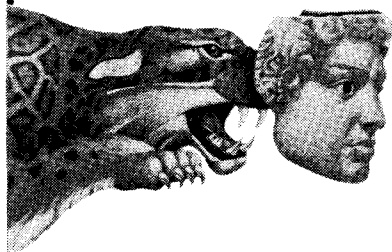
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terpreted this code can be found anywhere than in this book: Eleanor living it wholly in terms of specific human and social needs to be met by direct action and fundamental change, Franklin seeing it inexorably bound with political power and its complex manipulation toward gradual progress.

Franklin's ambitions were personal in the sense that he knew his manifest political talents were the agents of the power he relished: his steady climb to a majority mandate for highest office was proof enough. There seems no question that he chose to use this power—sometimes deviously, sometimes reservedly—for the public good. Whether he would have gone as far as he did in his first and second terms without Eleanor's constant prodding, however, is, on the accumulated evidence of this book, in serious doubt.

One thing is sure: the President needed his wife as much as she needed him. Not, ever, in the sense of dictation by her: this Eleanor was far too wise to impose. Too wise in the light of her love and admiration for him and in the knowledge of how their political opponents would use her "meddling" against him (and did). Her job was, through intimate knowledge and contact with fellow Americans and their urgent needs, to bring these needs tirelessly and specifically to the President's attention.

Lash quotes Rexford Tugwell as saying, "No one who ever saw Eleanor Roosevelt sit down facing her husband, and, holding his eye firmly, say to him, 'Franklin, I think you should . . . ' or, 'Franklin, surely you will not . . . ' will ever forget the experience. . . . And even after many years he obviously disliked to face that devastatingly simple honest look that Eleanor fixed him with when she was aware of an injustice amenable to Presidential action or a good deed that he could do. . . ."

Her ceaseless efforts to do this are here given evidence. There was no area of life, no human condition that Eleanor did not explore, know, and work with. These she made the President—often through others closer to him in government—both notice and react to, preferably through persuasion of Congress. Passionately she fought for the poor, the blacks, the dispossessed, the young, the refugees from Hitler's war.

Of all these, the common and over-

riding priority for both President and wife was peace: an end to war through the League of Nations, through any supranational agency which a reluctant Congress could grow to accept in the name of world survival.

As the list of her involvement on all these fronts proliferated, Eleanor's position as First Lady became, as time went on, First Woman in charge of humanity.

That this expansion engendered as much derision as admiration is no surprise. Even after the victorious fight for suffrage, even after Carrie Chapman Catt and the number of highly qualified women in the ranks of political action (to say nothing of the brilliant female cadre working with the President's wife), the sight of the first lady being in twenty places a day, from coal mines to battlefields, from Negro conferences to hospitals, from schools to slums to farms to breadlines, generated a rash of jokes and cartoons as well as serious criticism.

She was a naïve busybody; she was leading the President by the nose; she should stay in the White House where she belonged—or the kitchen, or nursery, or Woman's Place. Of these, the charge of naïveté had some foundation. Even as she grew in political knowledge and techniques, she would expose herself needlessly to ridicule by mothering some hapless individual and finding jobs for which she or he was clearly unsuited. She would attend gatherings of young people, whose aims she generally approved and supported until she would find to her dismay that they would lie to her about their Communist affiliations. The Communists were then joining the isolationists while both she and Franklin felt strongly, even before Pearl Harbor, that this country would have to join the fight against Hitler's Reich.

Her critics would also loudly decry her inadequacies as a mother. "No wonder those Roosevelt kids are no good: she's never home!"

If this book proves one thing, it is that Eleanor was, if anything, too much a mother. Even before Franklin was stricken by polio and later overwhelmed with the President's office, he was either absent from their various homes or merely a fun-loving, genial father who enjoyed their "high-jinks" and games but found it

distasteful to discipline them, in spite of his wife's pleas. It was not until they were fully grown that he achieved intimacy, especially with his daughter Anna, and with James and Franklin, Jr.

Eleanor, therefore, compensated by being with them in every crisis or need, even when she had to leave Franklin and her other multiple duties to do so: always available for counsel or succor. When they were fully grown with wives and families of their own, she would fly across country to perform acts of maternal devotion which the wives, at least, might have found superfluous.

Yet these, in any case, were not her burdens even when her younger sons gave her pain or displeasure as they failed to live up to her standards.

Nor, on that awful day in 1921 when Franklin lost the use of his legs, was he a burden. The descriptions of her tireless nursing, day and night, from a cot by his bed, trying to massage his legs back into life, are as deeply moving as his invincible courage throughout the endless ordeal.

No. Eleanor Roosevelt's major burdens as a woman were two: the first was Sara Delano Roosevelt, her mother-in-law, oppressor, tyrant, self-appointed possessor of her son Franklin and every thing and person close to him. Eleanor was under her thumb: forced to live with her and Franklin in homes in Hyde Park and New York where Sara presided, managed, governed. It was part of the deal, and the stakes were Franklin. How she endured this servility and bondage with consummate tact and displayed affection for so long remains a mystery.

No mystery at all is her other burden of anguish borne through Franklin's love affair with Lucy Mercer, a lovely young woman of impeccable background whom Eleanor had employed in 1913-1914 as a part-time social secretary and who soon thereafter became a household familiar.

During Eleanor's many absences from Washington before Pearl Harbor (at that time she was a "double agent"—a spokesman inside the White House for the hopes of the peace movement, and her husband's deputy within the peace movement arguing for realism"), Lucy's familiarity with her husband became an open secret.

To Eleanor it was an open wound. "Here is a case," she wrote in the last

years of her life, "where . . . I cannot meet the need of someone whom I dearly love. . . . Either you must learn to allow someone else to meet the need, without bitterness or envy, and accept it; or somehow you must make yourself learn to meet it. . . ."

Her own intense need for that affectionate intimacy, that complete communication with the man she loved, had seldom been met. Now the lines were irrevocably cut. She was on her own. Her allegiance to Franklin the President and Franklin the husband would never waver. But Eleanor Roosevelt now could speak for herself as a human being, standing alone.

But that she had been long before: before she espoused the rights of women to live in parity with men (she came late to this cause), before she became a president's wife. Outwardly Eleanor might defer, and often did, not only to her husband but to the fact and rituals of male dominance, learning humbly from the men in power the techniques of rule. Inwardly she never lowered her sights, never betrayed her passionate humanity, never played any role but her own.

Toward the end of FDR's third term, men close to him and women close to her pleaded that she become vice president in the event of a fourth. Since Eleanor had never really wanted to be First Lady at any time (twelve years of unrelenting formal duties coupled with her multiple causes and responsibilities had been ordeal enough), her rejection was unequivocal. Her heart was always more with the governed than the governing.

Yet one cannot read Joe Lash's book without seeing Eleanor, unique as she was, as the prototype of a new breed of women who will govern in equal partnership with men on the basis of human priorities.

With few exceptions, First Ladies have been little more than ceremonial accessories, super-housekeepers, and shadow-wives: the ever-smiling consorts on campaign platforms and Most-Admired Lists. Presumably it is the desired image.

But not, one hopes, much longer in a world which Eleanor knew must change or perish.

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A QUEER BUSINESS

by Frank Kermode

MAURICE
by E. M. Forster
Norton, \$6.95

In 1913, E. M. Forster returned from a visit to India and began work on his fifth novel. He wrote, it appears, seven chapters and some bits, and in one of the bits arranged for a young Englishwoman to be assaulted by an Indian in a cave. Then he got stuck, and put this book aside. Meanwhile, since he was staying in Yorkshire, he visited Edward Carpenter, the yogi-Christian socialist-homosexual reformer-poet—"a rebel appropriate to his age," Forster remarks. "He was sentimental and a little sacramental. . . . He was a socialist who ignored industrialism and a simplifier with an independent income and a Whitmannic poet whose nobility exceeded his strength and, finally, he was a believer in the Love of Comrades, whom he sometimes called Uranians." As Forster says, the prestige of Carpenter is now hard to understand, and it has been his fate to become a footnote in books on Lawrence, and now on Forster, whose reticent note on the centennial of Carpenter's birth in 1944 mentioned *Love's Coming of Age* and *The Intermediate Sex* only in passing, for it was still necessary to conceal the fact that in Forster's own homosexual loneliness he saw Carpenter as a possible savior.

The only thing that happened worth mentioning on Forster's visit was that George Merrill, Carpenter's Uranian comrade, touched the novelist's buttocks. The effect of this was striking; Forster went straight back to Harrogate and began a new novel about homosexual love. It proved easier to write than any of his other books, he says, and he finished it in 1914, strengthened it a bit, and put it away, certain that since it had a happy ending it stood no chance of unmolested publication. He was still sure of this in 1960, when he wrote the Terminal Note from which I have quoted, though as it happens he was wrong. The recommendation of the Wolfenden Committee of 1957 was

eventually accepted by Parliament, and homosexual behavior between consenting adult males became legal, a reform which Forster, who thought it could never happen because—as a doctor says in his book—"England has always been disinclined to accept human nature," lived long enough to see. At the same time, the law on obscene publications relaxed a little, and Forster's Uranian story could have been published without the least danger of its undergoing the sort of ordeal suffered by Radclyffe Hall's lesbian novel *The Well of Loneliness* in 1928.

Meanwhile, to get back to 1914, the war came, and it was not until it was well over that Forster could make the second and indispensable visit to India. On his return he had an arduous time finishing and revising the book he had put aside in 1913. The hard one was *A Passage to India*, published in 1924, and the easy one was *Maurice*, only now before us.

"It's a queer business," says one of Forster's men to another as they discuss the history of their coming together. And so is the novel. Forster himself says that there are necessarily a lot of "anachronisms"—half-sovereign tips, pianola records, and the like—but not to the extent where the reader would conjecture that the whole conduct of homosexual affairs has changed radically since 1914, and that sex itself, the mere biological basis, is no longer quite what it was. The only alternative is to attribute the oddness or queerness of the book to Forster's own imaginative needs and perhaps his social limitations. In a measure greater than any other of his novels, this one is a fairly simple wish-fulfilling fantasy; it has symbolic patterns in the usual Forster way, and these will no doubt be made much of, but they seem to be relatively inert and self-indulgent—almost shamefully so if you think of *A Passage to India*.

Of course, *Maurice* belongs with the four prewar novels and not the later one; and theirs is a world we may find increasingly hard to inhabit. It is worth remembering that while

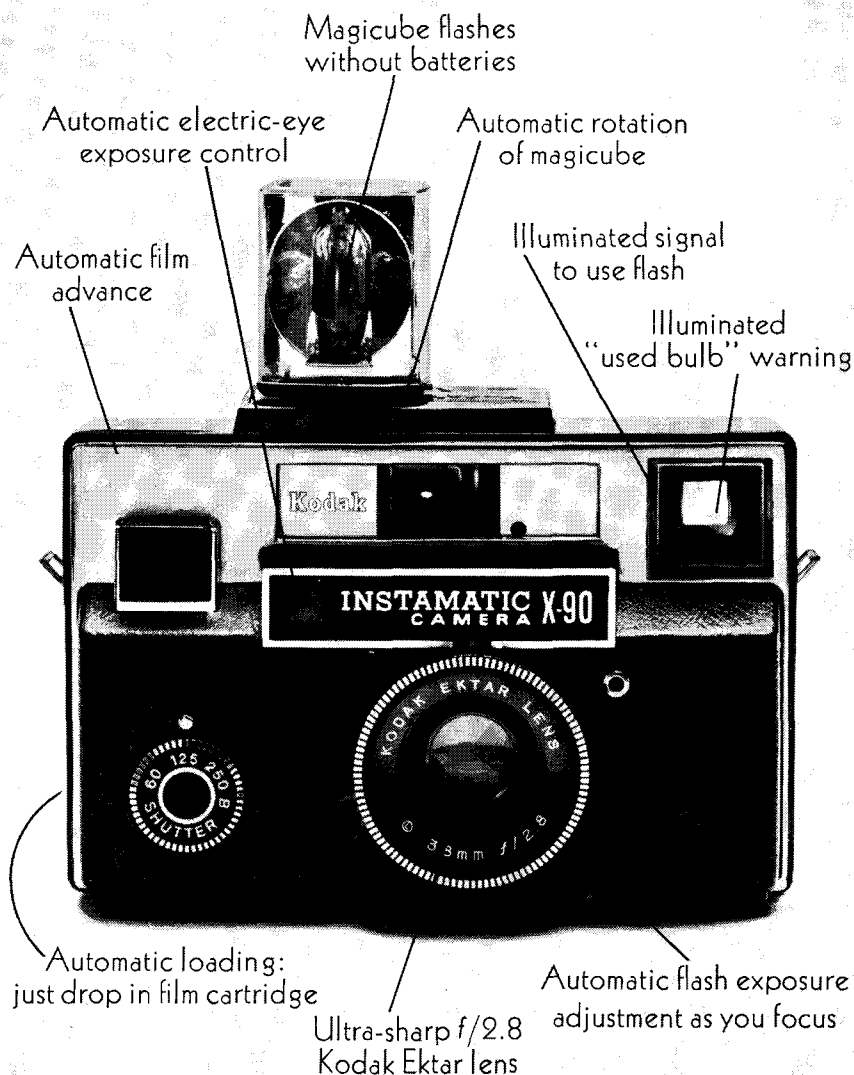
Forster was writing *Maurice*, Lawrence was at work on *Sons and Lovers*, a work which seems to belong to a different genre and to deal with a different society. In fact it was a different society. What Forster knew about was the way in which members of the upper classes sin against passion and truth, how they "go into the dark." Rickie, in *The Longest Journey*, does it by marrying; Lucy, in *A Room with a View*, by not. The crisis such characters face is one which the poor are spared. Through no fault of their own they are "inferior to most rich people," unless they are Italians or children of nature like Stephen Wonham. Forster, who admitted that he hated but respected money, also hated and respected class; Leonard Bast in *Howards End* is killed on its electrified fence, though inside the fence there are mostly Wilcoxes and Pembrokes and people who send their children to Sawston school. There is of course a small elite in there too—"the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky" will do to describe them. They are usually men who have been awakened at Cambridge from the barbarous sleep of Sawston. Leonard Bast was not eligible. Such people are in the habit of saying, modestly and firmly, exactly what they mean, and acting in accordance with their beliefs; but these may include the belief that people who do not resemble them do not exist, a view held by Ansell in *The Longest Journey*. Women rarely belong, unless old and fey.

This unfair (but not inaccurate) characterization of Forster's prewar world may help us with *Maurice*, and *Maurice* may help us with the earlier books. To begin with, it is well known that in those books effective lovers are scarce and usually ungentelemanly—handsome Italians, or desirable peasants like the one at the funeral in *Howards End*. Nothing passes between Gerald and Agnes in *The Longest Journey* that could not be predicated of a prefect and a handsome boy. When there is real fun and comradeship, the arrival of ladies puts an end to it, as in the bathing scene of *A Room with a View*. At least in *Maurice* we are dealing with the real thing, with sexual good and evil; and if it helped the author to handle the sex in *Passage to India*, it justified its writing on that ground alone.

However, the sex is still very odd. The opening chapter is set in a school. Maurice is fourteen and three quarters, and about to leave, "healthy but backward, to receive upon undefended flesh the first blows of the world"; that *backward* is rich in itself. A master takes him for a walk on the beach and undertakes an explanation of the facts of life, which he illustrates with diagrams scratched in the sand. The boy takes a polite interest, but is bored. In one of the heavily sententious intrusions of the author (Forster always did them, but never, I think, so irritatingly) we are told that "puberty was there, but not intelligence, and manhood was stealing on him, as it always must, in a trance"; Maurice cannot be got at "before his hour." As they walk off, ladies appear, and the teacher panics because he has forgotten to erase those diagrams. Fortunately the tide, as in a Petrarchan sonnet, has come in and washed the love emblems away, just in time. For an instant the boy despises the man: "Liar, coward, he's told me nothing"; then he sinks back into his protracted latency.

This is neat and interesting, but the boy, after all, is fourteen and three quarters. Off he goes to his suburban home, to astonish himself and his mother by weeping because the gardener's boy has been fired. "Who was George? Nobody—just a common servant." And he wins the servile approbation of the gardener and his wife by bullying them. The importance of this lies in the fact that the book concerns itself with the relation between homosexual freedom and the breaking down of the class barriers. In the end Maurice acknowledges his love for a successor to George and goes off to live with him. Where? Not in society, of course, but in the "greenwood." Forster says in his note that the biggest anachronism of all is this greenwood, which ceased to exist after 1914; you could no longer drop out into it. All that was left, until the law changed, were antisocial substitutes—secret affairs, guardsmen, Italian boys.

Maurice's protracted adolescence, here portentously allegorized as a descent "into the Valley of the Shadow," yields two prophetic dreams which, since Forster was a master of the contrivance he admired in Meredith, have high structural importance. One is of George running



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naked toward him, but he wakes up on contact. The other is of a face, later compared to that of God at the end of the *Paradiso*, and a voice saying, "That is your friend." The coming of the friend, recurrent in *Maurice*, is a theme Forster realized finally in the coming of Krishna, after many failed invocations, in *A Passage to India*. Here the friend is a Cambridge product. Maurice has already experienced, among the dreary banalities of his school, a revulsion from women, but he knows nothing whatever about sex except that it is obscene, and when he meets his comrade he sees no significance in the romping and stroking they go in for. When the other boy primes him with the *Symposium* and then tells him he loves him, Maurice is outraged.

This is just about credible. But then Maurice gets the point, and goes to his friend's room at night (from the outside; there is a lot of symbolism about this kind of love coming in from the dark outside), and they call each other by their first names and sleep together. Nothing else; for Clive, the other boy, has long recognized in himself "the impulse that de-

stroyed the City of the Plain," and determined that "it should not ever become carnal." He is an intellectual, a Hellenist. The relationship goes on for three years ("precarious, idealistic and peculiarly English," Forster remarks in his Terminal Note; "what Italian boy would have put up with it?"), outfacing Mother Nature, who enters the text saying, "with even voice, 'Very well, you are thus; I blame none of my children. But you must go the way of all sterility.'" This sentence of genetic death, for all its obtrusiveness, has weight; a weight that is lacking at the big moment of *Room with a View* when Lucy is accused of sinning "against Eros and Pallas Athene, and not by any heavenly intervention, but by the ordinary course of nature, those allied deities will be avenged." At least we are now talking about something real. When Clive gets sick he feels a spurt of desire for a nurse, and then goes to Greece to commune with Pallas Athene, "motherless and a virgin"; but Hellas has the surprising effect of normalizing Clive. He seems to have been confusing love with death; or he had homosexuality in the head.

That he continues the relationship with Maurice on a best-friend footing, though now disliking him physically, shows class. "Blessed are the uneducated, who forget [love] entirely," says the novelist. Maurice goes through a bad time, for Clive now has a "horror of masculinity" and even takes an interest in Maurice's sister. Clive marries and at once becomes one of those characters for whom Forster can find nothing but nasty things to say, as he admits in his Note. Maurice goes into a sexual slump but emerges when he finds himself lusting for an inaccessible young gentleman, and finally falls in love with Clive's under-gamekeeper. Forster claims that this bisexual peasant is "senior in date to the prickly gamekeepers of D. H. Lawrence," which is not true, since Annable appeared in *The White Peacock* in 1911; but it probably is true that he owes "nothing to their disquisitions." Forster's young man is simply an animated greenwood, a dream of the situation where comrades of different classes can get together outside.

The novel foresees this criticism, and strives for a verisimilitude which will defeat it, and a symbolic patterning which will transcend it. This is attempted by means of what Forster calls "rhythms": a particularly laborious one uses a recurring figure of evening primroses, and there is repeated calling and coming. In the end Maurice is "saved" (Forster's word, borrowed directly from the secularized evangelism of Bloomsbury). What is he saved from? Lucy Honeychurch was saved, but her lover was only a bit like a peasant, only a little of the outer darkness; it is more complicated with women. Maurice is diagrammatically saved from the joyless but compulsorily heterosexual lives going on all round him, from the conventional chivalry and intellectual falsity of Clive, from the rotting society and its ruined boys.

Lytton Strachey told Forster that Maurice's relation with his gamekeeper was based on curiosity and lust, and would not last six weeks. Forster himself could not write the ending he wanted, a Carpenterian vision of Uranian woodcutters. What he knew for sure was that the only kind of love worth having was this kind, so difficult to get. He displays a society in which women are all bores,

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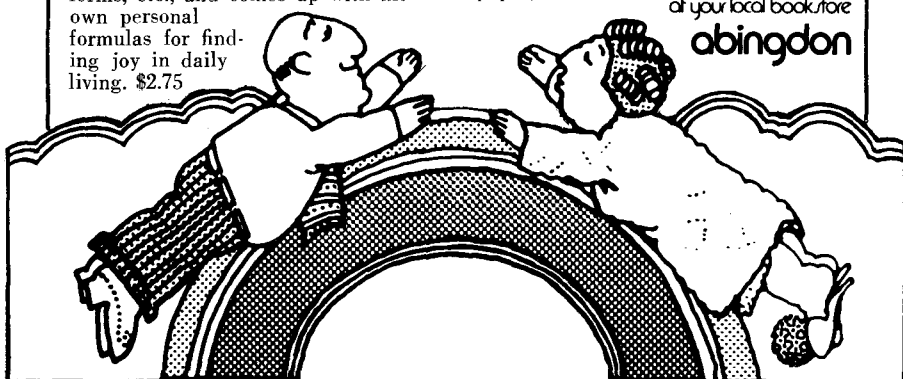
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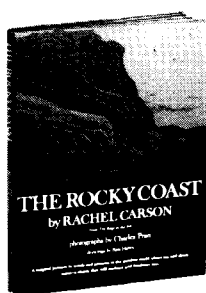
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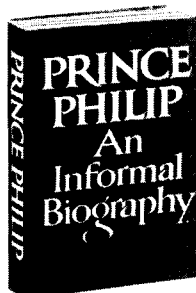
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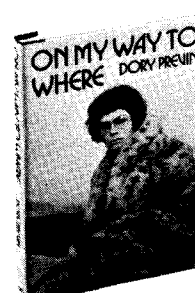
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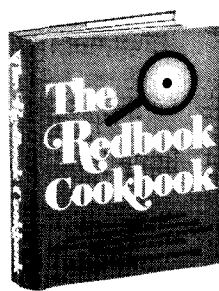
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nuisances, substitutes, interrupters, and powerful rivals; they have Nature on their side and are more powerful than the motherless Greek virgin. Because this display is so unqualified, so revealing, *Maurice* is valuable as an explanation of what restricted Forster in the earlier books. It makes the liberated sexual vision of *A Passage to India* the more remarkable; but even in that book the only sexual contact—between Heaslop and Adela on the Marabar road—is evil, and indicates the absence of Krishna; a woman's sexual fantasy produces the catastrophe; and Fielding finds no sexual satisfaction in his new wife. Aziz, straightforwardly heterosexual, has no profound feelings for women,

and is, in any case, not English.

Maurice is, however, "peculiarly English." English society created the conditions under which Uranian love could best flourish, and at the same time held that kind of love in horror. Consequently there grew up within that society a secret society—that aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the proud—which cultivated the love that dared not speak its name, and gave it a cultural frame of reference (Plato, Whitman, Swinburne, etc.). Under such conditions it was possible to regard ordinary non-Uranian love—pandemic, Venerean—as *déclassé*, base, and finally unintelligible. *Maurice* is a monument to this very queer business.

framework for the character provided by Perry and writer Pete Hamill. Acts of meaningless violence, filmed with blood-gushing realism, don't simply reflect the prevalence of violence in our society, they become part of it. Unless the filmmakers make a firm attempt to *understand* violence, they are merely playing the old exploitation game—no matter how "radical" or contemporary their attitudes may be. (As it turned out, when I saw *Doc* a sizable portion of the audience identified with the villains—Earp and Holliday—because they had the more powerful weapons and were obviously going to *win*. So much for the revisionist Western.)

At the higher levels of aspiration the same pointless nastiness prevails. In his lifeless adaptation of Paula Fox's *Desperate Characters*, Frank D. Gilroy turns the heroine's husband, an intelligent, suffering man who loves his wife, into a surly, supercilious heavy who nearly rapes his wife. Miss Fox's excellent novel was not about a woman stuck with the wrong man, but that's what the movie manages to suggest. The change was typical: when screenwriters and directors know they are incapable of capturing the special atmosphere of a good novel, they throw in a little extra violence to hold the audience's attention—even if the addition ruins what *has* come through from the book.

The cheaply made crime, horror, and adventure films that play exclusively in neighborhood theaters and drive-ins have almost always been crude in feeling and tone; but at this point, sophisticated, ambitious movies, knowingly fashioned for the art-house audience, are exhibiting a comparable harshness and insensibility. Many of the recent films taken seriously by this audience—like *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, *Joe*, *Little Murders*, *Husbands*, and the Jules Feiffer-Mike Nichols *Carnal Knowledge*—have been possessed by an almost obscene distaste for their own characters, an almost hysterical insistence on their exposure and humiliation. Why is this so? Self-laceration has long been part of the Freudianized consciousness of the educated audience (who knows this better than Jules Feiffer?); now that film content has been freed of its remaining taboos, screenwriters and directors are seizing the opportunity to exam-

MOVIES

OUR MISANTHROPIC MOVIES

by David Denby

The Anderson Tapes, one of the sizable hits of the summer, was a crime-caper movie pretty much like any other in that genre, but one element in it rather surprised me—the film's refusal to extend any sympathy to the victims of the crime. As the band of housebreakers, led by Sean Connery, forces its way into the apartments of a posh New York building, the apartment dwellers are revealed as foolish or comically inept or vicious, and one almost feels they deserve to be terrorized. Of course, no one deserves that; the film is shrewdly and rather brutally releasing the audience from its normal inclination to sympathize and identify with the victim. In big movie markets like New York, muggings and housebreakings have become so commonplace that the filmmakers may have decided that the audience would rather *not* feel anything—that if they did identify, the experience would be unbearable. Such a strategy is understandable, although I don't think *Schadenfreude* is a particularly admirable emotion to induce in the audience. Trivial as the film and the genre may be, it's a fair example of the progressive coarsening of sensibility now evident throughout the American cinema.

Certainly we are in the midst of a ghastly period in American film. Since the early spring there have

been exactly two and a half satisfying American movies, *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*, *Klute*, and the early portions of *Drive, He Said*, and only a few more that were tolerable. Most movies are joyless or incoherent and, in their attitudes toward people, either heartless or intolerably sentimental; one gets very little clear-sighted affection for human beings and practically no effort to recognize and honor their better qualities. The characters in American movies have been so unappealing recently that it's no surprise the audience has been wandering off to look at bugs (*The Hellstrom Chronicle*) and sharks (*Blue Water, White Death*). I could reconcile myself to the absence of likable characters if the films were making an effort to comprehend the lives of dislikable ones. But they aren't: man's inhumanity to man has become the excuse for an inhumane cinema.

The depredations, major and minor, continue to pile up, and hardly anyone bothers to point them out anymore—it's too humorless, too wearying. In Frank Perry's *Doc*, a Western which revises old movie legends, turning Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday into villains and the Clanton Boys into victims, Holliday gratuitously murders a young boy at the end of the movie, and it makes no sense at all—not even in the new

Before this year is ended, mankind may have witnessed the monumental human catastrophe of modern times. In an area of south Asia called Bengal, nine million people are dying of starvation, disease, and despair. The East Pakistanis.

**Give us a hand. Let's see
if we can save a people.**

For six months now, the victims of civil war in East Pakistan have been pouring into the surrounding provinces of India seeking sanctuary. Nine million refugees have made the dash, fleeing mayhem and arbitrary death, a shattered family, a burned village. There are probably twice again as many broken people wandering around inside East Pakistan, homeless, or hiding, or headed for India. It is the greatest sudden displacement of a people in history.

It follows closely an unimaginable natural disaster—a cyclone which lashed East Pakistan's delta region in November of last year, killing five hundred thousand people and effectively removing the country's food supply for a year.

This is Bengal, the region of the Ganges River basin. It is one of the two or three most densely populated places on earth. In such regions of overcrowding, any calamitous event—an earthquake, a disruption of crop weather, a war—is amplified to the absurd. The East Pakistanis have been doubly victimized during the past year. The result is a scale of human suffering so extraordinary that its simplest, sparest descriptions sound like sensational lies.

The nine million whose suffering we can see (the number may by twelve million by winter time) are clinging to life. In the refugee camps, their circumstances are not particularly degrading because they have no circumstances. They live in the open. In the rain. It will soon be winter. Their wounds will not heal. Nor will the open pustules of their diseases close. And the diseases are many. Especially virulent are cholera, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid, typhus, conjunctivitis, and dysentery. Mealtime is passed waiting in a mile-long line for a cup of rice. The children's population in these camps of fragmented families is, predictably, huge. A child whose parents are missing must learn to scavenge. If he doesn't or can't, there is often no one in particular who is guarding against his death.

We are faced with an unavoidable and final fact. As a burgeoning world population struggles with a finite world's finite resources, it develops that twenty million Pakistanis can be rushed toward famine almost before the world's peoples realize it. Americans are reminded that even in these—for us—lean times, we enjoy a superabundance, a relative comfort, that might be shared when another part of our globe cries out, from vile and abject misery, for help.

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Project Relief is always searching for, and working through, those agencies which provide the greatest percentage of actual relief produced and distributed for each dollar donated. For example, much of the money Project Relief now receives is routed through the Oxfam-America Fund, whose reputation for the efficient

management of funds in the field, in the refugee camp, is exceptional. A gift made to Project Relief purchases direct relief: medicine and field hospitals; food and powdered milk and vitamins; blankets and simple plastic shelters; basic clothing and children's smocks. Donations also work to produce more donations, hence more relief, by bringing the plight of the Pakistani refugees to Americans through magazine and newspaper advertising. Project Relief, as a non-profit, charitable organization, pays no salaries and accepts only donated service as a staff.

Once or twice in every year, it seems, the side of a mountain falls on a remote string of villages. Or an army wars on a land for its resources and a people is largely destroyed. Or a typhoon strikes a crowded shoreline and a city is lost. As we begin to understand the calamity, watching newfilm in the evening and, over breakfast, noticing grisly pictures in the paper, we are most often frustrated because things are over and done with. The event has come and gone, almost casually, and its effects are irreversible. Damage done, we can only count the dead.

For our sakes, the situation in Bengal right now is different. The refugees have been set aside and marked by circumstance for death. The killing ground has been prepared. It is the filthy, wet, cold refugee camp. But the wholesale dying is only just beginning. The end for millions of people—first the children, then the aged, then everyone—is holding off. We have a couple of months to work with.

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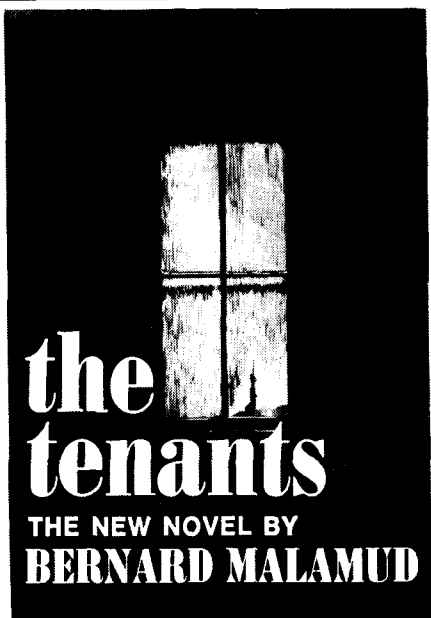
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ine the sexual and moral life of the middle-class marriage, regaling the audience with scenes of antagonism and humiliation. They know that the audience will enjoy the general emotional violence and the invasion of old privacies and at the same time think well of itself for "facing up to the truth."

I'm certainly not against this kind of subject matter (isn't the subversion of domestic piety one of the key accomplishments of the modern novel?), as long as it's done with a little compassion. *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* (1969) made fun of two California couples who were trying to liberate themselves with sensitivity routines and human-relations jargon; but despite the strong satirical thrust they gave the movie, Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker preserved an unmistakable respect for their characters—the two couples' earnest striving for self-transcendence, however absurd and self-deceiving, was still an admirable impulse, and they were not really diminished by their failure. Those who were looking for a simple attack on the new California style or a swinging sex comedy were put off by its ambivalence; it's no surprise that the same critics who dismissed *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* have embraced a much cruder, less intelligent, and less humane satire, *Carnal Knowledge*.

I was dismayed at the very beginning of *Carnal Knowledge*; I'm bored and angered by satire of stupid people, and that seemed to be what Feiffer and Nichols were offering. The two college roommates, giggling and shrieking their way through the final stages of virginity, are simply too limited to sustain much attention. Yet Feiffer and Nichols keep banging away at them as if they had located the rotten soul of America and were going to finish it off for good. The lines of attack are immediately made clear: for these two (and, by implication, for so many other young men), talking and boasting about sex are more important than their actual relationships with women. In fact, women don't fully exist for them—in response to the cultural pressures to act out "masculine" roles, they reduce women to sexual organs and a banal talent for "sensitivity." The filmmakers are persistent, but are they really serious? As the obscenity and abuse of women continued through

scene after scene, going way past the point of satire and taking on an obsessive importance of its own, I decided that Feiffer and Nichols had simply devised a way to be as coarse as possible while going through the motions of attacking coarseness. Their "devastating" exposure of male chauvinism turns out to be a shrewdly commercial piece of work in which the satirical attitudes have roughly the same cynical function as "redeeming social importance" in a pornographic movie.

After the college scenes, fifteen years elapse and we see what the men have become: Jonathan (Jack Nicholson), a successful tax lawyer, is a rancorous would-be stud who loathes women; Sandy (Arthur Garfunkel), a doctor, has settled into a boring suburban marriage with his college girl friend. Yet they haven't changed at all, and we hear the same obsession with women's bodies, the same emptiness and self-absorption. The point, of course, is that American men do not grow up; they just get older and more sour, losing in their years of experience the awkwardness that makes them at least partly likable in adolescence. The two men aren't even granted the powers usually given to a stereotype created in hate: they have no grasp, no reach, no understanding of anybody or anything, no interests or affections, achievements or aspirations; in other words, they are pathetic, and the satire directed at them is rather like stones thrown at the blind. I have no idea whether men like Jonathan actually suffer from impotence, but in the simplified moral context of *Carnal Knowledge* Jonathan's troubles appear to be a malicious punishment—something as arbitrary and gratuitous as the convention of forties movies whereby a woman who had committed adultery would pay for her sins by driving off a cliff or falling down an elevator shaft.

And what about the women in *Carnal Knowledge*? As it turns out, Feiffer and Nichols treat the women just as brutally as their male characters do. Candice Bergen appears at the beginning of the movie as the simultaneous girl friend of both men and then is never seen again—even though she marries Sandy. I imagine that if she had been kept in the movie it would have been harder to show that Sandy is incapable of growth;

she would have provoked a crisis, forcing him to act and possibly to change, and the filmmakers would have had to complicate their notion of the character. They take the easy way out by removing her. As a sexy, not-too-bright show girl who shacks up with Jonathan, Ann-Margret provides the best moments in the film (and inspires Jack Nicholson's best, too), but this interesting character is swept aside after a few scenes, and Rita Moreno comes on in the concluding sequence—conceptually, the ugliest I've ever seen—as a prostitute who coaxes him into potency by acting out his fantasies. The women are thus restricted by the filmmakers to the role of sexual objects. In this impoverished view of American life, everyone is reduced.

I see nothing wrong with filmmakers incorporating the latest critiques of social and sexual relationships into their work, and I can imagine a variety of comedies using the material of women's liberation; but *Carnal Knowledge* savagely misuses its critical position, throwing so much dirt on everyone and everything that one comes out of the theater feeling soiled.

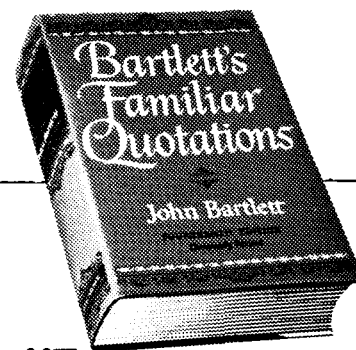
Why do people fall for a movie like *Carnal Knowledge*? I can only guess. Intellectuals used to say that American movies were too soft and reassuring; more recently that talk has been overwhelmed by the propaganda for film as the central art form of our time. The educated audience has at various times been engulfed by both these attitudes, so when they see a movie which is not reassuring but is harshly accusatory and seems to be attacking them, they assume it must be serious; it must be art and truth. In their eagerness to take their place in the celebration of film as the dominant art form, they fail to notice that the old sugar-coated lies have simply been replaced by new, acid-coated ones.

The movies don't give us many experiences of art; *McCabe & Mrs. Miller* is the only first-rate American movie released thus far in 1971. *Klute* isn't art—anyone can see that—but it reminds us of the days when movies were made with a sense of responsibility to the audience's pleasure and understanding. It resolves whatever thematic material it chooses to introduce (an accomplishment that has become increasingly rare), and it has

at its center a completely created character. The call girl embodied so faultlessly by Jane Fonda is as complex and attractive and intelligent as one of those upper-class tomboys that used to be Katharine Hepburn's specialty, and the audience responds to her spiritedness with gratitude and relief. For once, a character who is neither vicious, stupid, nor soft!

Klute has the information and detail of a superior piece of journalism; it allows us to comprehend a certain kind of life without forcing us to make an immediate judgment. Neither the scriptwriters (Dave and Andy Lewis) nor the director (Alan J. Pakula, whose first movie was *The Sterile Cuckoo*) are very good at the murder-melodrama stuff, but they have a very solid feeling for character and milieu. As Bree Daniel (Miss Fonda) and Klute (Donald Sutherland) search New York for missing friends, they descend into the sad and malevolent city of sleazy discothèques, whorehouses, junkie pads, and finally the East River, whose depths yield up a corpse—the final truth of Bree's world. It's a world that is saturated with violence, but the movie itself has very little brutality or sensation; the filmmakers work through suggestion rather than shock. Essentially, they are interested in character; the milieu has been created so that we can see how Bree simultaneously resists and is drawn to its sordidness and disintegration, and how she finally escapes by clinging to a stolid and all-but-silent man who embodies the opposite qualities.

This story of regeneration—a Prostitute's Progress—completely engages our emotions while our reason tells us that tales like this shouldn't have happy endings. We ignore the improbability because Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland make an amusing and satisfying couple: the sullen, neurotic, quick-witted city girl and the very silent, very straight small-town cop. His quietness is almost a form of aggression (in New York people are expected to talk a lot), and she responds belligerently and then seductively, trying to find a vulnerable point, a way of controlling him. But his steadiness gains her respect and, to her surprise, she finds herself attracted to him. *Klute* plays the old movie game of combining male and female opposites in a melodramatic crisis; it's one of the best



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Klute is an old-fashioned movie; it doesn't introduce new techniques or ideas but satisfies us with its attention to character; the pleasure we get from it reminds us of the qualities that are missing from nearly every other American movie.

In the modern city, without the movies and other forms of mass entertainment we would probably all go crazy. But going to the movies has lately become such a discordant and

unsatisfying experience that I'm beginning to wonder if the movies still help to keep us sane. I'm sure that miserable, mean little pictures like *The Anderson Tapes* don't do a thing for anyone. It's a difficult period in American life; if today's movies can't provide the consolations of art, they could at least try to reconcile us to one another. At this moment, a little humanity would go a long way in the American cinema; it might even bring people back into the theaters.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

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by Ralph B. Martin
Prentice-Hall, \$8.95

As all the world knows, Winston Churchill inherited from his American mother, Jennie Jerome of New York, certain qualities, including what Theodore Roosevelt called "Bulldoggish-hang-onitiveness," which are not found conspicuously in the Churchill line today. Her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill was a Gibson Girl romance, bitterly opposed by his parents; to it she brought her "dark, full-figured beauty," her wit, and an extraordinary political acumen with which she promoted her husband and later her eldest son. When it was discovered that Lord Randolph was incurably ill with syphilis, their romance ended, but she nursed and defended him. In the lavish country houses where the Court circle spent their weekends, she had won the respect, sometimes the warmer emotions, of Lord Randolph's peers, and in that discreet freedom of English society she now felt free to accept lovers, including the Prince of Wales, and the man dearest to her heart, the Austrian diplomat, Count Kinsky. She was equally charming to men and women, and she sailed without scandal at a time when, as Mrs. Patrick Campbell said, "It doesn't matter what you do in the bedroom as long as you don't do it in the street and frighten the horses."

This second volume of uninhibited biography, covering the years 1895 to 1921, shows Jennie as she rode the crest, passionate, versatile, and devoted in her concern for her young sons, Winston and Jack. As the biographer well says, she was a woman "of so many facets that it seemed she needed a variety of men to suit them." After Lord Randolph's death, she knew that she had also lost Kinsky, for he had made a marriage of convenience at his father's insistence. During this lull, while she was recuperating in France, the tempestuous Bourke Cockran, congressman from New York, a famous orator, with money and gusto, strode into her life; and in their affair, which was never settled, she resisted marriage for years because it would have taken her away from London and the championship of her sons.

In her letters to and from Winston, what we have not seen before are the strings she pulled and the formidable influence she exerted in his formative years. She regarded his commission in the Fourth Hussars as a stepping-stone to Parliament. She was as eager as he for publicity, and when he got into trouble, as he so frequently did, her letters to his commanding officers and to the Prince of Wales were little masterpieces of persuasion. Both she and Winston were extravagant, and as the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough had cut her off, she ran her well-staffed house on Great Cumberland Place on £10,000 a year—and on loans she was able to engineer in various insurance offices. The debts

caught up with her, of course, and when they were in excess of £17,000 and had to be paid, Winston, in his early twenties, scolded her in one of the most delightful letters about extravagance I have ever read. But it is Jennie who sends him the eight volumes of Gibbon, twelve volumes of Macaulay, Plato's *Republic*, *Politics of Aristotle*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and twenty-seven volumes of the *Annual Register* to read in the heat of India. After his adventures in Cuba, Egypt (how Lord Kitchener tried to keep Winston out of that Expeditionary Force!), and the Boer War, it was Jennie who coached him for his first political speeches, who glossed over the impediment in his speech, his inability to pronounce the letter "s," and Jennie who with her charm took the stump until he was elected.

Bourke Cockran had been Winston's ideal as a speaker, and to Cockran Winston wrote after his escape from the Boers, "I am 25 today—it is terrible to think how little time remains!" But to Jennie, at forty-six, age was a real adversary: she had launched her two sons—Jack, the younger, a quiet nonentity; she had raised the money for a hospital ship and sailed with it to South Africa; she had founded and edited that fantastic magazine, the *Anglo-Saxon Review*; and then she fell in love with a much younger man, George Cornwallis-West, who was born the year she married Lord Randolph. She was bound that she would marry him, though all her friends and her sons disapproved. And she did.

The letters and the reminiscences are what give this book its special appeal. One remarks how sensibly the Prince of Wales advises both Jennie and her brash boy, and how accurately Winston characterizes himself, as a polo-playing Hussar made suddenly aware of books, "an empty, hungry mind, and with fairly strong jaws and what I got, I bit."

WONDERLAND

by Joyce Carol Oates
Vanguard, \$7.95

A novel of such intense thematic material and with such a baffling hero as Miss Oates has created is exceedingly difficult to judge, but I must acknowledge at the outset that the compelling power of Miss Oates's

Facing Life:

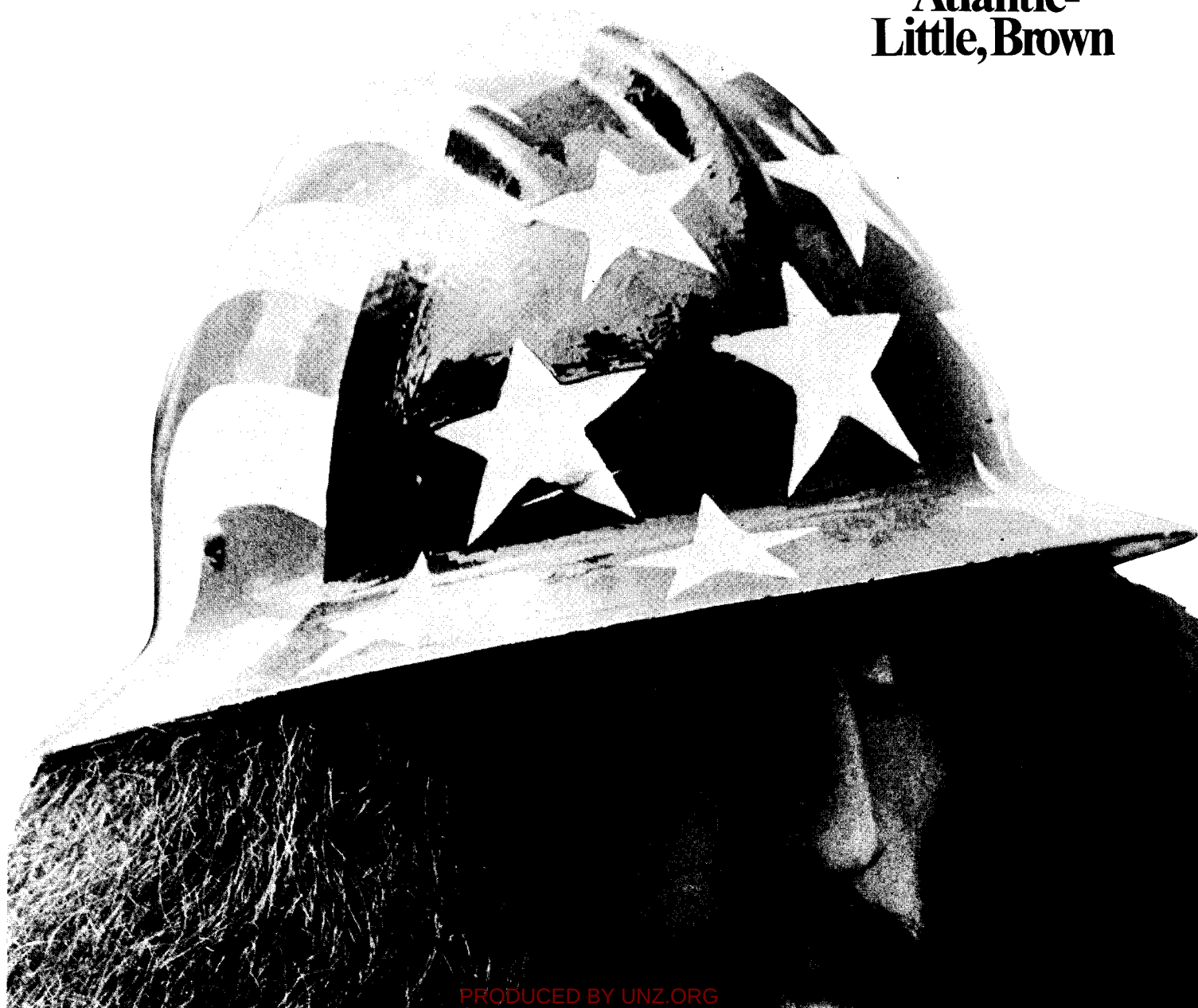
Youth and the Family in American History

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Today's youth culture seems threatening and inexplicable, especially to parents. In *Facing Life*, Oscar and Mary Handlin explain it. Their brilliant and innovative book, a worthy successor to the Pulitzer-Prize-winning *The Uprooted*, traces the historical origins of the generation gap from earliest America, when a hard world forced young men to leave home and fend for themselves at 14 or 15, to the present, when collegiate and professional training keeps young men and women dependent on their families—and rebellious against them—until their middle 20s.

This is a book of crucial importance. Arthur Mann, Professor of American History at Chicago, says, "*Facing Life* is likely to be a landmark in American historiography." Kenneth S. Lynn, Professor of History at Johns Hopkins, adds, "In this extraordinary book, the Handlins . . . climax their story with an assessment of youth culture and the contemporary university that is as brilliantly written, as Biblically wrathful, and . . . as profoundly pessimistic as Mark Twain's 'To the Person Sitting in Darkness'." \$7.95

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Photo: Philippe Halsman

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prose and her utter absorption in what she is writing about continue to draw us deeper into her long and serious story. The theme is the chaotic, hard-driven, often merciless state of medical practice in America today, a theme so controversial that it will touch every family that has needed the emergency ward, psychiatric help, or one of the few remaining G.P.'s.

The man whose experiences exemplify the changes in medical emphasis is an orphan whose family had been wiped out when his father went berserk with a shotgun. Jesse Harte, a blond, skinny fourteen-year-old, had been wounded in the fray, but long after his shoulder healed he was emotionally numb. For a time he hardened his muscles working on his grandfather's farm, and when he runs away from that odious place for temporary refuge with a kindly aunt and uncle, it is they who reluctantly commit him to an orphanage. Up to this point there has been hardly a trace of love in Jesse's life, and there is hardly a trace more when he is adopted by Dr. Karl Pedersen. Dr. Pedersen is an avaricious psychiatrist with a large practice and hypnotic power over his patients. Intelligent, domineering, he has browbeaten his family into submission, and he is determined to educate Jesse as his assistant. The doctor's practice and probing pervade every meal, and it is through his slave driving that Jesse begins his preparation for the University of Michigan.

When the boy is finally thrown out by the doctor, with a check for \$1000, he has enough ability to make it on his own. The undergraduate years at Ann Arbor, concentrated in two pages, are the least persuasive part of the narrative, for these were the years of the Second World War when Jesse might have been drafted or at least had some feeling for the country. All we are told is that the boy had incurred debts and at twenty-one took his grandfather's name of Vogel. Not until his last year at the Medical School does he find a friend in the eccentric pathologist, Trick Monk, a mistress in the pretty nurse, Anne-Marie, and a hero in the Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Cady of Harvard. Cady had made his fame in medical research, but Jesse's one visit to the pathology farm with its repulsive vivisection (Miss Oates at her blazing best) convinces him that his calling is

to treat people, and when he marries Helene, Dr. Cady's daughter, he is all set for his internship in an emergency ward in a large Chicago hospital.

Tough-fibered, conscientious, unsparing, Dr. Vogel is not broken by the forty-eight-hour shifts, nor by the sterner tests he meets as his authority grows. And just as he had rebelled against the scheming and charlatanism of Dr. Pedersen in his youth, so in maturity Jesse is repelled by the vision of Dr. Perrault, who has been groping for the transplant of the brain. But at home, as at the hospital, he has become almost an automaton, and his lack of tenderness hastens the neuroticism of his wife and isolates him from his daughters. Long before the ending is reached, the reader is asking if this is the price one must pay for doctoring, and whether Jesse, with his stark strength and frozen feelings, is typical of his profession.

UP AND DOWN AND AROUND
by Cass Canfield

Harper's Magazine Press, \$8.95

In 1899 the revered firm of Harper & Brothers, suffering from a serious cash shortage, went into receivership, and would have expired had not J. Pierpont Morgan come forward with loans which kept the publishers in business. For the next thirty years Mr. Morgan's picture hung in the board room above the president's chair, and the man most responsible for liquidating those loans, and incidentally for the removal of the picture, was Cass Canfield, a native New Yorker, educated at Groton and Harvard, an indefatigable traveler with a nose for books and a capacity to drink and talk with authors until the dawn. He has estimated that his total consumption of hard liquor to date would fill a tank 10 x 13 x 2 feet and that his intake of wine would fill a small pond of the same depth but twice the area. In all this he is one of the shrewdest listeners I have ever known.

Up and Down and Around is a panoramic, often candid, fast-moving memoir by an avid publisher with a gusto for life; it had its origin in his record for the Columbia Oral History Program, and this he later amplified with the account of his friendships, his aspirations, and his captures. Like the good publisher he is, he would hatch an idea and then search for the

right man to develop it. This he did with John Gunther, hounding the reporter to write *Inside Europe* (and all the *Inside* books that followed), despite John's initial resistance. This memoir is studded with lively and important names, and it is impressive that Cass could have run down so many people in so many different fields. He does not sketch writers deftly, and while his own self-portrait is paramount, only those who come close to his affections like Gunther or Thornton Wilder, or a figure as striking as Leon Trotsky, whom he visited in Mexico City when Trotsky was working on his life of Stalin, are recalled with vividness.

Canfield began his uphill fight to restore the Harper imprint with a doggedness that never slackened: he would mail his business card together with an announcement of the Harper Prize Novel Contest to a dozen promising authors he coveted for his list, and when this tactic worked, as it did in the case of Thornton Wilder, who left Albert and Charles Boni for Harper's after the success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Cass applied the same enticements to literary agents. He defends his lack of scruple by saying that "publishers in 1971 are more business oriented than they were . . . with the result that the tender feelings of competitors are largely ignored." This may be true, but here he is speaking not as an editor whose work depends on loyalties but as a businessman.

As the Harper prestige grew, Cass gave less attention to editing and more to pursuit. Luck favored him, as when two unknowns, E. B. White and James Thurber, brought him their first collections of prose and drawings; and when he lost authors like George Orwell, for lack of time to read *Animal Farm*, he made up for it elsewhere. In his exuberant travels, which have taken him everywhere and which have yielded some of his liveliest passages, he was always listening for a clue to new writing, and with his charm and leather legs he often found it. In his war work, in his enthusiasm for Adlai Stevenson, in his presidency of Planned Parenthood, Cass was still the publisher on the trail. It disturbs me that he should have ignored a man who worked in close counsel with him for many years, the dedicated Frederick Lewis Allen, whose best book, *Only Yesterday*, helped to get Harper's out of

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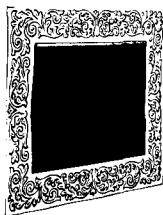


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hock, and whose record as the editor of *Harper's* magazine stands high.

FISHLESS DAYS, ANGLING NIGHTS
by Sparse Grey Hackle
Crown, \$7.50

Sparse Grey Hackle is the nom de plume of Alfred W. Miller, one of the last of the great anglers who knew the untrammelled trout streams of the Northeast before the Army Engineers began to dam and flood them. A companion of Edward R. Hewitt and George M. L. LaBranche and a welcome visitor to a score of camps, he distills in his reminiscences the lore and the friendship of half a century, the remembrance of those days when legs and heart were young, the sadness of seeing great pools demolished, and the everlasting fascination of discovering and proving the trout-lies in a new stream.

Fishless Days, Angling Nights is a medley of adventures, advice, descriptive pieces as perfect as his "Night Fishing," and tales of literary pursuit such as his quest of the now famous Theodore Gordon. All are told in a personal style, charged with unexpected similes, and full of the shrewd geniality which is his special brand of humor. I heartily commend this volume with its folio of enchanting illustrations for those who like to read and dream through the icebound months.

SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN by Robert Penn Warren. Random House, \$7.95. There is also a limited edition at \$17.50 for those wishing to overinvest in Southern Gothic chestnuts, of which this novel offers a plantationful. A disappointment from an author of Mr. Warren's reputation.

WHEN I WAS OLD by Georges Simenon. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.50. During three years of the kind of middle-aged melancholia that drives weaker men to the bottle or the divorce court, Mr. Simenon merely kept a journal. His do-it-yourself therapy has resulted in a book of considerable interest, not for profound thoughts or startling revelations, but

for the lucid description of very ordinary anxieties.

GOAT SONGS by John Weston. Atheneum, \$6.95. Three stories with powerfully evoked backwoods settings. The two short ones are about boys beginning to grow up, while the long one implies, with teasing obliquity, that artists never can grow up because the Triple Goddess (detectable in all the female characters) forbids it. Mr. Weston writes a flexible, effective, distinctive prose.

LES GUERRILLERES by Monique Wittig. Viking, \$4.95. This small fiction consists of disjointed, sometimes pictorially fascinating, scenes which appear to represent a young girl's dreams of Amazonian glory. So much ingenuity has gone into the thing that one hesitates to call it flapdoodle—but that is nonetheless the word that applies for employment. Translated by David LeVay.

JEEVES AND THE TIE THAT BINDS by P. G. Wodehouse. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. At age 90, Mr. Wodehouse has permitted a faint shadow of reality to intrude on his Never-Never Land. Specifically, the ineffable Bertie and the indispensable Jeeves get entangled in an election campaign involving a lot of what Ambrose Bierce called bad-egging and dead-catting.

THE BRASS RING by Bill Mauldin. Norton, \$7.95. Mr. Mauldin's "sort of a memoir" contains much information on how to publish an army newspaper while the army is on campaign, and a clutch of anecdotes, some grim, others comic, on which the author has presumably been sitting until everyone concerned was safely dead or retired. Readers who recall "that other war" should find the book highly readable; the younger crowd may find it both incomprehensible and barbarous. Illustrations, including a number of the mordant Joe and Willie cartoons.

VON STROHEIM by Thomas Quinn Curtiss. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$12.95. No matter how fervently described (and the usual biographical pitch is idolatry), the achievements of a motion picture director are likely to remain mysterious to any reader who has not seen his films. This is not true of Mr. Curtiss' book on Erich von



MacInnes MESSAGE FROM MALAGA

A defector, a young American scientist, and a beautiful Spanish dancer set the whirlwind pace in this new best seller by the master of suspense, Helen MacInnes.

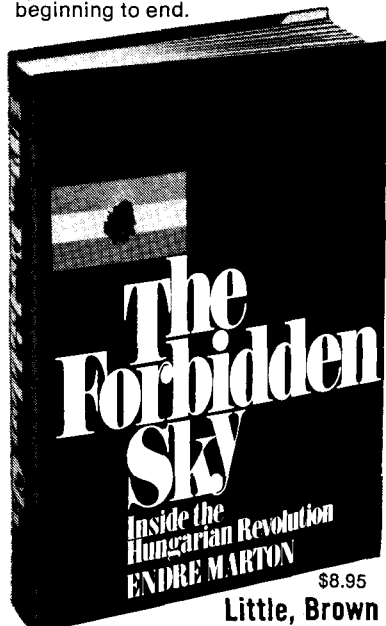
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Photo by Gilbert Highet

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Stroheim. The numerous illustrations reveal a striking, unmistakably personal cinematic style; and quite apart from his work, Von Stroheim's life is genuinely interesting.

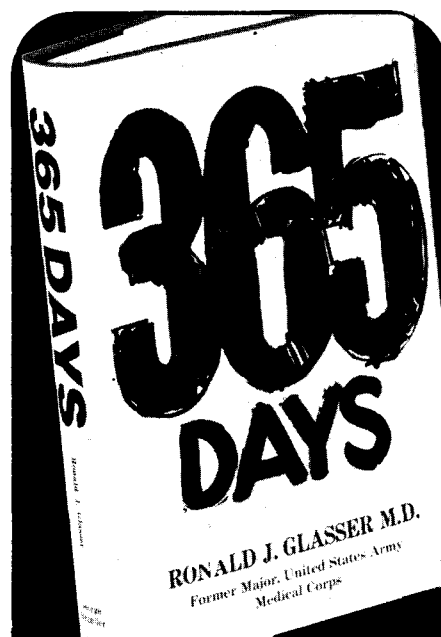
THE MORTGAGED HEART by Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95. Unpublished stories and previously uncollected magazine pieces, chosen and edited by Margarita Smith, whose introduction provides an understated, touching portrait of her indomitable sister. The early stories are notable for their precocious handling of standard adolescent themes.

OUT OF THE SILENCE, photographs by Adelaide de Menil, text by William Reid. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey for the Amon Carter Museum, \$7.95. Superb photographs of Northwest Coast totem poles, taken wherever possible against the water and lush evergreens that are their proper setting. The text tries hard but comes to little in competition with the Indians' weather-battered demons.

GLORY by Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill, \$6.95. This last of Mr. Nabokov's early Russian novels to be put into English, like the others, suggests that genius starts a jump ahead of where the average artist finishes. Translated by Dmitri Nabokov.

LENNON REMEMBERS by John Lennon. Straight Arrow, \$4.95. Admirers of the Beatles as a group may be disappointed, but admirers of John Lennon's attempts to understand and explain the phenomenon of which he was a part, or of his efforts to convert frenetic musical prestige into beneficent social influence, will undoubtedly find these interviews (conducted by Jann Wenner) absorbing. As a form, the interview is always a bit clumsy in print, but this is a minor fault in a generally informative confession by a remarkable man.

STRANGE STORIES by Robert Lee Wolff. Gambit, \$8.95. The author sets out to discuss the uses of neurosis and the supernatural in Victorian fiction, but manages to ramble entertainingly through book collecting, the formidable peculiarities of Harriet Martineau, and the anti-Darwinism of Bulwer-Lytton (an excerpt from this section appeared in the September *Atlantic*) on his way to proving, ul-



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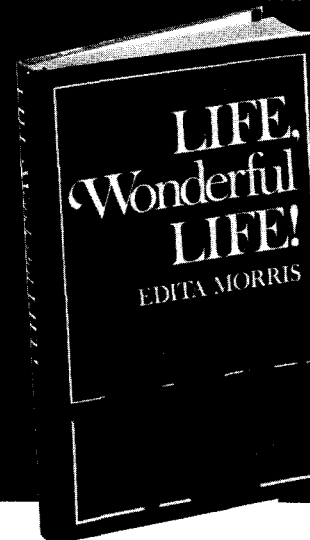
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"Stenerson's biography reveals how Mencken's basic attitudes—militant agnosticism, libertarian individualism, cultural nonconformity—remained the same in maturity as in youth despite vast changes in the country whose most provincial prejudices he belabored with brilliantly satiric jibes. Although he loved and hated his country, Mencken, in Stenerson's view, needed America as much as it needed him."
—Publishers' Weekly *

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timately, nothing in particular—except the wide range of intellectual curiosity in nineteenth-century Britain.

THE HOURS OF ETIENNE CHEVALIER by Jean Fouquet, preface by Charles Sterling, introduction and legends by Claude Schaefer. Braziller, \$17.50. In the mid-fifteenth century, Fouquet painted brilliant, gold-spattered miniatures for a socially ambitious nobleman, whose seventeenth-century heir was fool enough to part with the manuscript they adorned. At some later date, the whole volume was dismantled and the paintings scattered abroad. One can only be grateful to the luck that preserved some of them, the scholarly persistence that has identified and explained them, and the careful printing that makes them available in a modern book.

THE MORNING AFTER by Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95. These essays cover books, plays, films, and politicians, and while some of the subjects are long and deservedly forgotten, Mr. Sheed's remarks remain pertinent—probably because he thinks with originality even about a turkey.

KENNEDY JUSTICE by Victor Navasky. Atheneum, \$10.00. An excerpt from this study appeared in last November's *Atlantic*.

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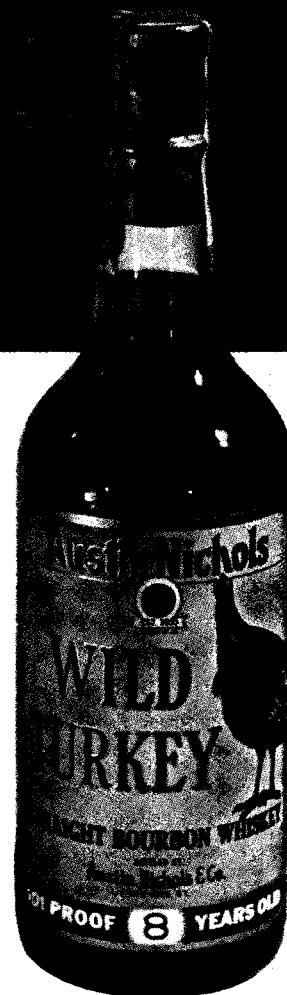
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